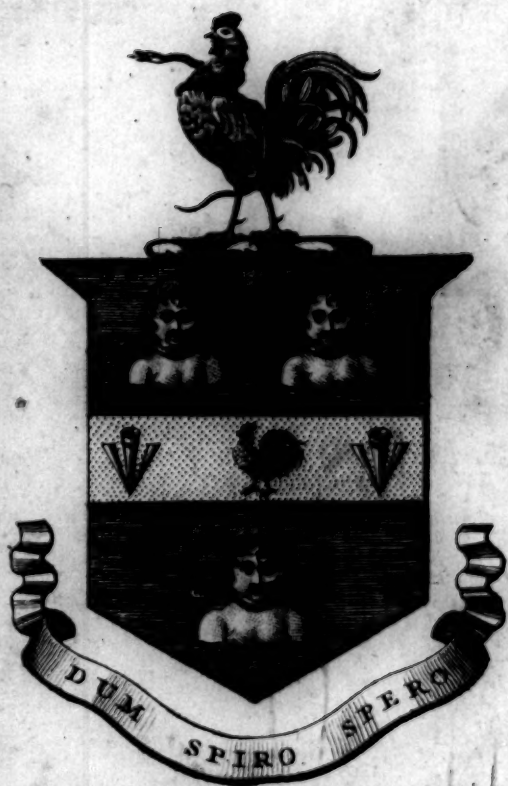
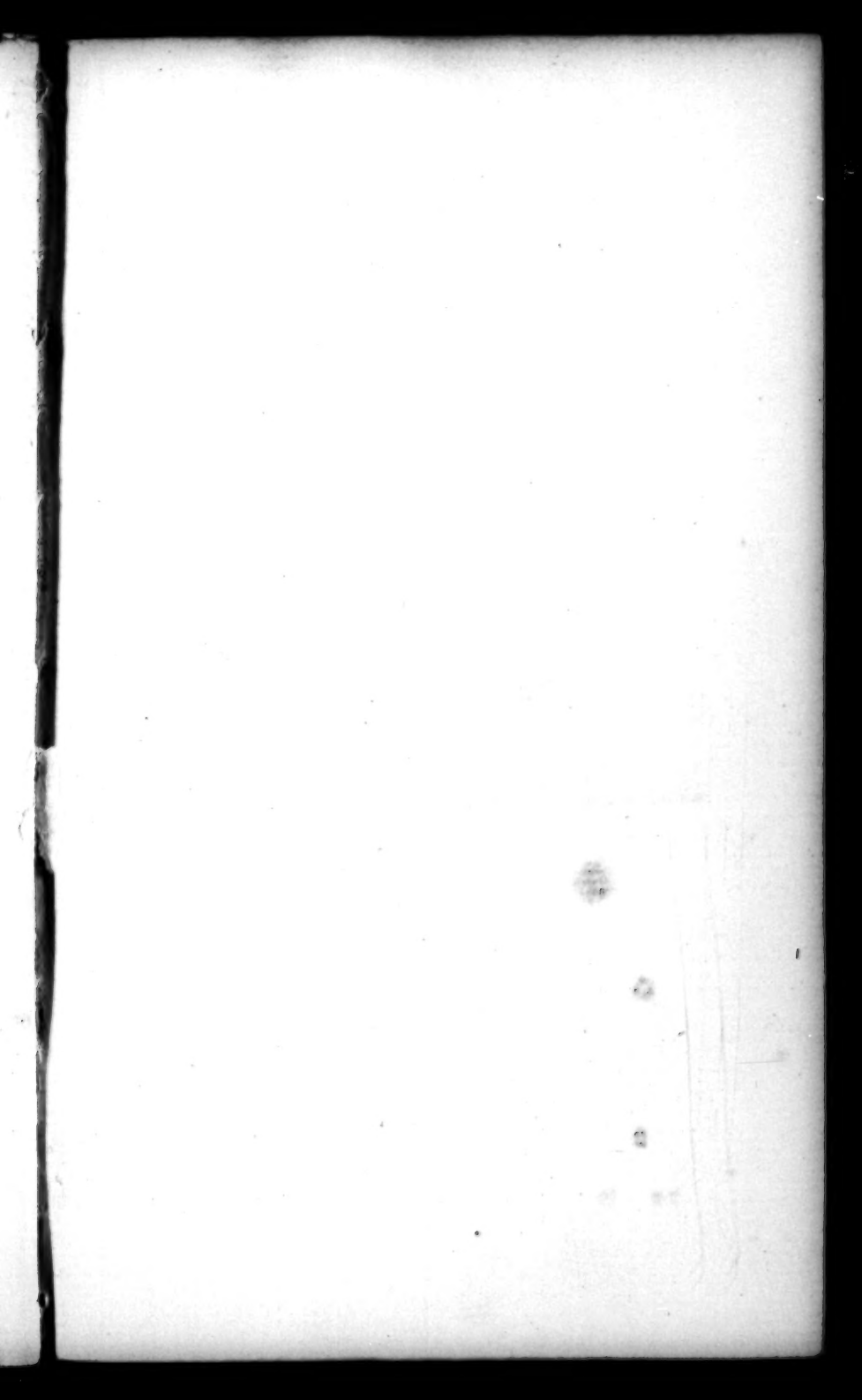


John Morice.



John Morice.



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THE
DRAMATICAL WRITINGS

OF
WILL SHAKSPERE.

Bell's Edition

OF

SHAKSPERE.

THE STATE OF NEW YORK

IN SENATE

JANUARY 18, 1891

REPORT

OF THE

COMMISSIONERS OF THE LAND OFFICE

IN RESPONSE TO A RESOLUTION PASSED BY THE SENATE

AT ITS SESSION ON JANUARY 10, 1890

ALBANY:

JOHN B. LEECH, PRINTER.

1891.

FOR SALE BY THE COMMISSIONERS OF THE LAND OFFICE

AT THE OFFICE OF THE COMMISSIONERS, ALBANY, N. Y.

PER ORDER OF THE COMMISSIONERS.

THE
DRAMATICK WRITINGS
OF
WILL. SHAKSPERE,

With the Notes of all the various Commentators;

PRINTED COMPLETE FROM THE BEST EDITIONS OF
SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS.

Volume the Sixth.

CONTAINING
LOVE's LABOUR's LOST.
MIDSUMMER NIGHT's DREAM.

L O N D O N :

Printed for, and under the Direction of,
JOHN BELL, British Library, STRAND,
Bookseller to His Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES.

M DCC LXXXVIII.

DRAMATICK WRITINGS

WILL. SHAKSPEARE

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CONTAINING

LOVE, LABOUR, AND LOSS

AND SUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

LONDON

Printed for and under the Direction of
JOHN BELL, Third Assistant Secretary
Resident to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.
MDCCLXXIII.

Bell's Edition.

LOVE's LABOUR's LOST.

BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE:

Printed Complete from the TEXT of

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,

And revised from the last Editions.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal SHAKSPERE rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'ful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And uncalculated Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the direction of,

JOHN BELL, British-Library, STRAND.

MDCCLXXXV.

Well's Edition.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE.

Printed Copied from the TEXT of

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEPHENS.

And revised from the last Edition.

When I was a young man, I was
first read of the State, immortal
Race (a race of many nations) the
civilized world, and then I was
taught to know him as a man of
And having thus read him in
his power, and seeing that he
and ourselves, I was not of the

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the direction of,
John Bell, Printer, Strand.

MDCCLXXXV.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE Fable AND Composition OF

LOVE's LABOUR's LOST.

I HAVE not hitherto discovered any novel on which this comedy appears to have been founded ; and yet the story of it has most of the features of an ancient romance. STEEVENS.

In this play, which all the editors have concurred to censure, and some have rejected as unworthy of our poet, it must be confessed that there are many passages mean, childish, and vulgar ; and some which ought not to have been exhibited, as we are told they were, to a maiden queen. But there are scattered through the whole many sparks of genius ; nor is there any play that has more evident marks of the hand of Shakspeare. JOHNSON.

Dramatis Personae.

MEN.

FERDINAND, *King of Navarre.*

BIRON,

LONGAVILLE,

DUMAIN,

BOYET,

MERCADE,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, *a fantastical Spaniard.*

NATHANIEL, *a Curate.*

DULL, *a Constable.*

HOLOFERNES, *a Schoolmaster.*

COSTARD, *a Clown.*

MOTH, *Page to Don Adriano de Armado.*

A Forester.

WOMEN.

Princess of France.

ROSALINE,

MARIA,

KATHARINE,

JAQUENETTA, *a Country Wench.*

Officers, and others, Attendants upon the King and Princess.

SCENE, *the King of Navarre's Palace, and the Country near it.*

This enumeration of the persons was made by Mr. Rowe.

JOHNSON.



LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Navarre. The Palace. Enter the King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN.

King.

LET fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live registred upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
When, spight of cormorant devouring time,
The endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour, which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors!—for so you are,
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires,—
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force;
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;

Our court shall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.
You three, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville,
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,
My fellow scholars, and to keep those statutes,
That are recorded in this schedule here:
Your oaths are past, and now subscribe your names;
That his own hand may strike his honour down, 20
That violates the smallest branch herein:
If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep oath, and keep it too.

Long. I am resolv'd: 'tis but a three years fast;
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:
Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankerout the wits.

Dum. My loving lord, Dumain is mortify'd;
The grosser manner of these world's delights
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves: 30
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;
With all these living in philosophy.

Biron. I can but say their protestation over,
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
That is, To live and study here three years.
But there are other strict observances:
As, not to see a woman in that term;
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there.
And, one day in a week to touch no food;
And but one meal on every day beside; 40
The which, I hope, is not enrolled there.
And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,

And

And not be seen to wink of all the day
(When I was wont to think no harm all night,
And make a dark night too of half the day);
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there.
O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep;
Not to see ladies, study, fast, nor sleep.

King. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.

Biron. Let me say, no, my liege, an if you please;
I only swore, to study with your grace, 51
And stay here in your court for three years' space.

Long. You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.

Biron. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.—
What is the end of study? let me know.

King. Why, that to know, which else we should
not know.

Biron. Things hid and barr'd (you mean) from
common sense?

King. Ay; that is study's god-like recompence.

Biron. Come on then, I will swear to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know: 60
As thus,—To study where I well may dine,

When I to feast expressly am forbid;
Or, study where to meet some mistress fine,

When mistresses from common sense are hid:
Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth.

If study's gain be thus, and this be so,
Study knows that, which yet it doth not know:
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say, no. }

King. These be the stops that hinder study quite,
And

And train our intellects to vain delight. 71

Biron. Why, all delights are vain; but that most
vain,

Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain:

As, painfully to pore upon a book,

To seek the light of truth; while truth the while

Doth falsely blind the eye-sight of his look:

Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile:

So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,

Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.

Study me how to please the eye indeed, 80

By fixing it upon a fairer eye;

Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,

And give him light that was it blinded by.

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,

That will not be deep search'd with saucy looks;

Small have continual plodders ever won,

Save base authority from others' books.

These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,

That give a name to every fixed star,

Have no more profit of their shining nights, 90

Than those that walk and wot not what they are.

Too much to know, is, to know nought but fame;

And every godfather can give a name.

King. How well he's read, to reason against read-
ing!

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding!

Long. He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the
weeding.

Biron.

Biron. The spring is near, when green geese are a breeding.

Dum. How follows that? [Reading.]

Biron. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing. 100

Biron. Something then in rhyme.

Long. Biron is like an envious sneaping frost,
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

Biron. Well, say I am: why should proud summer boast,

Before the birds have any cause to sing?
Why should I joy in an abortive birth?

At Christmas I no more desire a rose,
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows;
But like of each thing that in season grows. }

So you, to study now it is too late, 110
That were to climb o'er the house t'unlock the gate.

King. Well, sit you out: go home, Biron; adieu!

Biron. No, my good lord; I have sworn to stay
with you.

And, though I have for barbarism spoke more,
Than for that angel knowledge you can say,

Yet confident I'll keep what I have sworn,
And bide the penance of each three years' day.

Give me the paper, let me read the same,
And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name. }

King. How well this yielding rescues thee from
shame!

Biron. Item, That no woman shall come within a mile
of my court. [Reading.] Hath this been proclaimed?

Long.

Long. Four days ago. 123

Biron. Let's see the penalty.—*On pain of losing her tongue.*—[*Reading.*] Who devis'd this penalty?

Long. Marry, that did I.

Biron. Sweet lord, and why?

Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

Biron. A dangerous law against gentility!

Item, [Reading.] *If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such publick shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise.*— 133

This article, my liege, yourself must break;

For, well you know, here comes in embassy

The French king's daughter, with yourself to speak,—

A maid of grace, and complete majesty,—

About surrender-up of Aquitaine

To her decrepit, sick, and bed-ridden father:

Therefore this article is made in vain, 140

Or vainly comes the admired princess hither.

King. What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.

Biron. So study evermore is overshot;

While it doth study to have what it would,

It doth forget to do the thing it should:

And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,

'Tis won, as towns with fire; so won, so lost.

King. We must, of force, dispense with this decree;
She must lie here on mere necessity.

Biron.

Biron. Necessity will make us all forsworn. 150

Three thousand times within this three years
space:

For every man with his affects is born;

Not by might master'd, but by special grace:

If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,

I am forsworn on mere necessity.

So to the laws at large I write my name:

And he, that breaks them in the least degree,

Stands in attainder of eternal shame:

Suggestions are to others, as to me;

But, I believe, although I seem so loth, 160

I am the last that will last keep his oath.

But is there no quick recreation granted?

King. Ay, that there is: our court, you know, 165

haunted

With a refined traveller of Spain;

A man in all the world's new fashion planted,

That hath a mint of phrases in his brain

One, whom the musick of his own vain tongue

Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony;

A man of compliments, whom right and wrong

Have chose as umpire of their mody: 170

This child of fancy, that Armado might,

For interim to our studies, shall relate

In high-born words, the worth of many a knight

From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.

How you delight, my lords, I know not, if;

But, I protest, I love to hear him lie;

And I will use him for my minstrelsy.

Biron.

Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire, new words, fashions own knight.

Long. Costard the swain, and he, shall be our sport;
And, so to study, three years is but short.

Enter DULL, and COSTARD, with a Letter.

Dull. Which is the duke's own person?

Biron. This, fellow; What would'st?

Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for I am
his grace's tharborough: but I would see his own
person in flesh and blood.

Biron. This is he.

Dull. Signior Arme—, Arme,—commends you.
There's villainy abroad; this letter will tell you
more.

Cost. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching
me.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

Biron. How low soever the matter, I hope in God
for high words.

Long. A high hope for a low baying: God grant
us patience!

Biron. To hear; or forbear hearing?

Long. To hear meekly, sir; and to laugh mode-
rately; or to forbear both.

Biron. Well, sir, be it as the stile shall give us
cause to climb in the merriness.

Cost. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Ja-
quenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with
the manner.

Biron.

Biron. In what manner?

Cost. In manner and form following, sir; all those three: I was seen with her in the manor house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is, in manner and form following. Now, sir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman in form,—in some form.

Biron. For the following, sir?

Cost. As it shall follow in my correction; and God defend the right!

King. Will you hear the letter with attention?

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken, after the flesh.

King. [Reads.] *Great deputy, the welkin's viceregent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's God, and body's fost'ring patron,—*

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet:

King. So it is,—

Cost. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so, so.

King. Peace.

Cost.—be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

King. No words.

Cost.—of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

King. So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black oppressing humour to the most wholesome physick of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time, when?

About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper. So much for the time when: Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walk'd upon: it is yeilded, thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous wretch, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebony-colour'd ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest: But to the place, where,—It standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden: There did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth, (Cost. Me.) that unletter'd small-knowing soul, (Cost. Me.) that shallow vassal, (Cost. Still me.) which, as I remember, hight Costard, (Cost. O me!) sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, with,—with—O with,—but with this I passion to say where-with—

258

Cost. With a wench.

King. With a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him, I (as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet grace's officer, Anthony Dull, a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.

260

Dull. Me, an't shall please you, I am Anthony Dull.

King. For Jaquenetta (so is the weaker vessel called which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain), I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy work.

B

sweet

sweet notice, bring her to trial. *Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,*

Don Adriano de Armado.

Biron. This is not so well as I look'd for, but the best that ever I heard.

King. Ay, the best for the worst. *But, sirrah, what say you to this?*

Cost. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Cost. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaim'd a year's imprisonment to be taken with a wench.

Cost. I was taken with none, sir; I was taken with a damosel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed damosel.

Cost. This was no damosel neither, sir; she was a virgin.

King. It is so varied too; for it was proclaim'd, virgin.

Cost. If it were, I deny her virginity; I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

Cost. This maid will serve my turn, sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce sentence; You shall fast a week with bran and water.

Cost. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And Don Armado shall be your keeper. My lord Biron, see him deliver'd o'er.

And go we, lords, to put in practice that
Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.

[*Exeunt.*]

Biron. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,

These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.—

Sirrah, come on: 299

Cost. I suffer for the truth, sir: for true it is, I was
taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl;
and therefore, Welcome the sour cup of prosperity!
Affliction may one day smile again, and 'till then, Sit
thee down, sorrow! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

ARMADO's House. Enter ARMADO, and MOTH.

Arm. Boy, what sign is it, when a man of great
spirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

Arm. Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing,
dear imp.

Moth. No, no; O lord, sir, no. 310

Arm. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy,
my tender juvenal?

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working,
my tough signior.

Arm. Why tough signior? why tough signior?

Moth. Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenile?

Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent
epitheton,

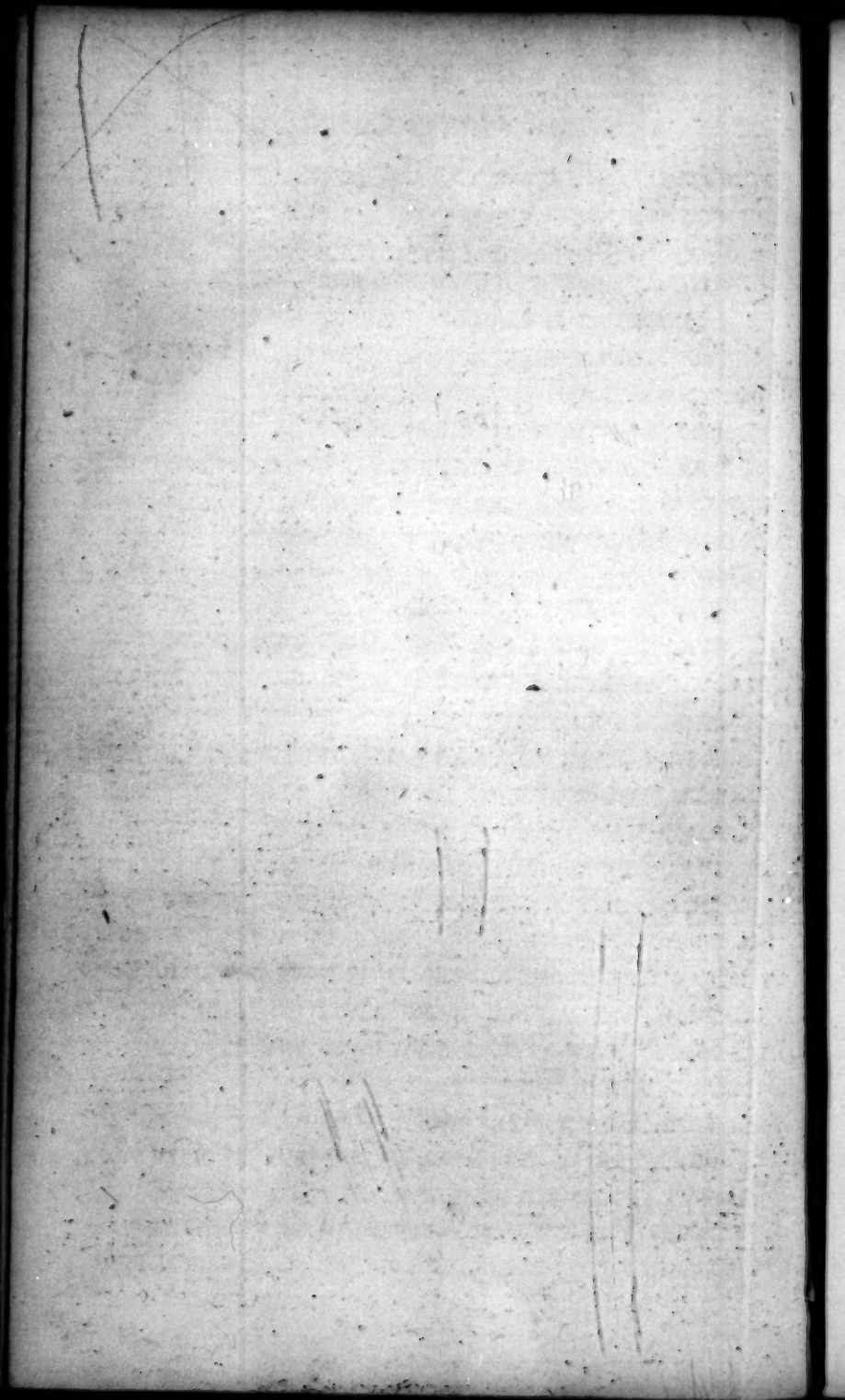


LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Act. I. *Boy what sign is it when a man
of great spirit grows melancholy.*

Act. I.

Act. I.



epitheton, appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate, tender. 320

Moth. And I, tough signior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name, tough.

Arm. Pretty, and apt.

Moth. How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little pretty, because little: Wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master? 330

Arm. In thy condign praise.

Moth. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

Arm. What? that an eel is ingenious?

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do say, thou art quick in answers: Thou heat'st my blood.

Moth. I am answer'd, sir.

Arm. I love not to be cross'd.

Moth. He speaks the mere contrary, crosses love not him. 340

Arm. I have promised to study three years with the duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, sir.

Arm. Impossible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning, it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.

Moth. You are a gentleman, and a gamester, sir.

Arm. I confess both; they are both the varnish of a complete man. 350

Moth. Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the base vulgar do call, three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here is three studied, ere you'll thrice wink: and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you. 360

Arm. A most fine figure I

Moth. To prove you a cypher.

Arm. I will hereupon confess, I am in love: and, as it is base for a soldier to love, so I am in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take desire prisoner; and ransom him to any French courtier for a new devis'd court'sy. I think scorn to sigh; methinks, I should out-swear Cupid. Comfort me, boy; What great men have been in love? 371

Moth. Hercules, master.

Arm. Most sweet Hercules!—More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Sampson, master: he was a man of good carriage, great carriage; for he carried the town-gates on his back, like a porter: and he was in love.

Arm.

Arm. O well-knit Sampson! strong-jointed Sampson! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too.—Who was Sampson's love, my dear Moth? 382

Moth. A woman, master.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two; or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion?

Moth. Of the sea-water green, sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth. As I have read, sir; and the best of them too. 391

Arm. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers: but to have a love of that colour, methinks, Sampson had small reason for it. He, surely, affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Moth. Most maculate thoughts, master, are mask'd under such colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant. 400

Moth. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty, and pathetic!

Moth. If she be made of white and red,

Her faults will ne'er be known;

For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,

And fears by pale-white shown:

Then,

Then, if she fear, or be to blame,
 By this you shall not know ; 410
 For still her cheeks possess the same,
 Which native she doth owe.

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of
 white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and
 the Beggar ?

Moth. The world was very guilty of such a ballad
 some three ages since : but, I think, now 'tis not to
 be found ; or, if it were, it would neither serve for
 the writing, nor the tune. 420

Arm. I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that
 I may example my digression by some mighty prece-
 dent. Boy, I do love that country girl, that I took
 in the park with the rational hind Costard ; she de-
 serves well.

Moth. To be whipp'd ; and yet a better love than
 my master. [Aside.

Arm. Sing, boy ; my spirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a light
 wench. 430

Arm. I say, sing.

Moth. Forbear, 'till this company be past.

Enter DULL, COSTARD, and JAQUENETTA.

Dull. Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep
 Costard safe : and you must let him take no delight,
 nor no penance ; but a' must fast three days a-week :
 For this damsel, I must keep her at the park ; she is
 allow'd

allow'd for the day-woman. Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing.—*Maid.*

Jaq. Man.

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge. 440

Jaq. That's hereby.

Arm. I know where it is situate.

Jaq. Lord, how wise you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face?

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so farewell.

Jaq. Fair weather after you!

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away. 450

Exeunt DULL, and JAQUENETTA.

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences, ere thou be pardoned.

Cost. Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Cost. I am more bound to you, than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain; shut him up.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave; away.

Cost. Let me not be pent up, sir; I will fast, being loose. 461

Moth. No, sir; that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.

Cost. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see—

Moth.

Moth. What shall some see?

Cost. Nay, nothing, master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be silent in their words; and, therefore, I will say nothing: I thank God, I have as little patience as another man; and, therefore I can be quiet.

[*Exeunt* MOTH and COSTARD.]

Arm. I do affect the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn (which is a great argument of falsehood), if I love: And how can that be true love, which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar; love is a devil: there is no evil angel but love. Yet Sampson was so tempted; and he had an excellent strength; yet was Solomon so seduced; and he had a very good wit. Cupid's but-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn; the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not: his disgrace is to be call'd boy; but his glory is, to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me some extemporal god of rhyme, for, I am sure, I shall turn sonneteer. Devise wit; write pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio. [Exit.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before the King of Navarre's Palace. Enter the Princess of France, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, and other Attendants.

Boyet.

Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits :
 Consider who the king your father sends ;
 To whom he sends ; and what's his embassy :
 Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem ;
 To parley with the sole inheritor
 Of all-perfections that a man may owe,
 Matchless Navarre ; the plea of no less weight
 Than Aquitain, a dowry for a queen.
 Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
 As nature was in making graces dear, 10
 When she did starve the general world beside,
 And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good lord Boyet, my beauty, though but
 mean,
 Needs not the painted flourish of your praise ;
 Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
 Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues :
 I am less proud to hear you tell my worth,
 Than you much willing to be counted wise
 In spending thus your wit in praise of mine.
 But now to task the tasker,—Good Boyet, 20
 You are not ignorant, all-telling fame

Dot.

Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
'Till painful study shall out-wear three years,
No woman may approach his silent court :
Therefore to us seemeth it a needful course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure ; and, in that behalf,
Bold of your worthiness, we single you
As our best-moving fair solicitor :
Tell him, the daughter of the king of France, 30
On serious business, craving quick dispatch,
Importunes personal conference with his grace.
Haste, signify so much ; while we attend,
Like humble-visag'd suitors, his high will.

Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I go.

[Exit.

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.—
Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke ?

Lord. Longaville is one.

Prin. Know you the man? 40

Mar. I knew him, madam ; at a marriage-feast,
Between lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Faulconbridge solemnized,
In Normandy saw I this Longaville :
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd ;
Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms :
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss
(If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil),
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will ; 50
Whose

Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills
It should none spare that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry mocking lord, belike; is't so?

Mar. They say so most, that most his humours
know.

Prin. Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?

Kath. The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd
youth,

Of all that virtue love for virtue lov'd:
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill;
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good, 60
And shape to win grace though he had no wit.
I saw him at the duke Alençon's once;
And much too little, of that good I saw,
Is my report to his great worthiness.

Rosa. Another of these students at that time
Was there with him, as I have heard a truth;
Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal;
His eye begets occasion for his wit; 70
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest:
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Prin. God bless my ladies! are they all in love;

That every one her own hath garnished
With such bedecking-ornaments of praise?

Mar. Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter BOYET.

Prin. Now, what admittance, lord?

Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach;
And he and his competitors in oath
Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt,
He rather means to lodge you in the field
(Like one that comes here to besiege his court),
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled house.
Here comes Navarre.

*Enter the King, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN, BIRON,
and Attendants.*

King. Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.

Prin. Fair, I give you back again; and, welcome
I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to
be yours; and welcome to the wide fields too base
to be mine.

King. You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

Prin. I will be welcome then; conduct me thither.

King. Hear me, dear lady, I have sworn an oath.

Prin. Our Lady help my lord! he'll be forsworn.

King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will,

Prin.

Prin. Why, will shall break it; will, and nothing else. 102

King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise, Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.

I hear, your grace hath sworn-out house-keeping:

'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,

And sin to break it:

But pardon me, I am too sudden bold;

To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me. 110

Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,

And suddenly resolve me in my suit.

King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

Prin. You will the sooner, that I were away;

For you'll prove perjur'd, if you make me stay.

Biron. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Ros. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Biron. I know, you did.

Ros. How needless was it then

To ask the question! 120

Biron. You must not be so quick.

Ros. 'Tis long of you, that spur me with such

questions.

Biron. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill

tire.

Ros. Not 'till it leave the rider in the mire.

Biron. What time o'day?

Ros. The hour that fools should ask,

Biron. Now fair befall your mask!

Cij *Ros.*

Ros. Fair fall the face it covers!

Biron. And send you many lovers!

Ros. Amen; so you be none. 130

Biron. Nay, then will I be gone.

King. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;
Being but the one half of an entire sum,
Disbursed by my father in his wars.
But say, that he, or we (as neither have)
Receiv'd that sum; yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more, in surety of the which,
One part of Aquitain is bound to us,
Although not valued to the money's worth. 140
If then the king your father will restore
But that one half which is unsatisfy'd,
We will give up our right in Aquitain,
And hold fair friendship with his majesty.
But that, it seems, he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid
An hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,
On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,
To have his title live in Aquitain;
Which we much rather had depart withal, 150
And have the money by our father lent,
Than Aquitain so gelded as it is.

Dear princess, were not his requests so far
From reason's yielding, your fair self should make
A yielding, 'gainst some reason, in my breast,
And go well satisfied to France again.

Prin. You do the king my father too much wrong,

And

And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so unseemingly to confess receipt
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid. 160

King. I do protest, I never heard of it ;
And, if you prove it, I'll repay it back,
Or yield up Aquitaine.

Prin. We arrest your word :—
Boyet, you can produce acquittances,
For such a sum, from special officers
Of Charles his father.

King. Satisfy me so.

Boyet. So please your grace, the packet is not
come,

Where that and other specialties are bound ; 170
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

King. It shall suffice me ; at which interview,
All liberal reason I will yield unto.

Mean time, receive such welcome at my hand,
As honour, without breach of honour, may
Make tender of to thy true worthiness :

You may not come, fair princess, in my gates ;
But here without you shall be so receiv'd,
As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart,
Though so deny'd fair harbour in my house. 180

Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell ;
To-morrow we shall visit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair desires consort your
grace !

King. Thy own wish wish I thee in every place !

Biron. Lady, I will commend you to my own heart.

Ros. I pray you, do my commendations;
I would be glad to see it.

Biron. I would, you heard it groan.

Ros. Is the fool sick?

Biron. Sick at the heart. 190

Ros. Alack, let it blood.

Biron. Would that do it good?

Ros. My physick says, I.

Biron. Will you prick't with your eye?

Ros. Non poynt, with my knife.

Biron. Now, God save thy life!

Ros. And yours from long living!

Biron. I cannot stay thanksgiving. [Exit.

Dum. Sir, I pray you, a word; What lady is that same? 199

Boyet. The heir of Alençon, Rosaline her name.

Dum. A gallant lady! Monsieur, fare you well. [Exit.

Long. I heseech you, a word; What is she in the white?

Boyet. A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light.

Long. Perchance, light in the light: I desire her name.

Boyet. She hath but one for herself; to desire that, were a shame.

Long. Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

Boyet.

Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.

Long. God's blessing on your beard!

Boyet. Good sir, be not offended:

She is an heir of Faulconbridge. 210

Long. Nay, my choler is ended.

She is a most sweet lady.

Boyet. Not unlike, sir; that may be.

[Exit LONGAVILLE.

Biron. What's her name in the cap?

Boyet. Katharine, by good hap.

Biron. Is she wedded, or no?

Boyet. To her will, sir, or so.

Biron. You are welcome, sir; adieu!

Boyet. Farewel to me, sir, and welcome to you.

[Exit BIRON.

Mar. That last is Biron, the merry mad-cap lord;
Not a word with him but a jest. 221

Boyet. And every jest but a word.

Prin. It was well done of you, to take him at his
word.

Boyet. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to
board.

Mar. Too hot sheeps, marry!

Boyet. And wherefore not ships?

No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.

Mar. You sheep, and I pasture; Shall that finish
the jest?

Boyet. So you grant pasture for me.

Mar. Not so, gentle beast; 230

My lips are no common, though several they be.

Boyet.

Boyet. Belonging to whom?

Mar. To my fortunes and me.

Prin. Good wits will be jangling: but, gentles,
agree:

The civil war of wits were much better used
On Navarre and his book-men; for here 'tis abused.

Boyet. If my observation (which very seldom lies),
By the heart's still rhetorick, disclosed with eyes,
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.

Prin. With what? 240

Boyet. With that which we lovers entitle, affected.

Prin. Your reason?

Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make their re-
tire

To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:
His heart, like an agat, with your print impressed,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed:
His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his eye-sight to be;
All senses to that sense did make their repair,
To feel only looking on fairest of fair: 250
Methought, all his senses were lock'd in his eye,
As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;
Who, tending their own worth, from whence they
were glass'd,

Did point out to buy them, along as you pass'd.
His face's own margent did quote such amazes,
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes:
I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,
An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

Prin.

Prin. Come, to our pavilion : Boyet is dispos'd—

Boyet. But to speak that in words, which his eye
hath disclos'd : 260

I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

Ros. Thou art an old love-monger, and speak'st
skilfully.

Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news
of him.

Ros. Then was Venus like her mother ; for her fa-
ther is but grim.

Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches ?

Mar. No.

Boyet. What then, do you see ?

Ros. Ay, our way to be gone.

Boyet. You are too hard for me. 270

ACT III. SCENE I.

*The Park ; near the Palace. Enter ARMADO, and
MOTH.*

Armado.

WARBLE, child ; make passionate my sense of
hearing.

Moth. Concolinel— [Singing.]

Arm. Sweet air !—Go, tenderness of years ; take
this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him
festinately hither ; I must employ him in a letter to
my love.

Moth.

Moth. Master, will you win your love with a French brawl? 8

Arm. How mean'st thou? brawling in French?

Moth. No, my complete master: but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eye-lids; sigh a note, and sing a note; sometime through the throat, as if you swallow'd love with singing love; sometime through the nose, as if you snuff'd up love by smelling love; with your hat penthouse-like, o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms cross'd on your thin belly-doublet, like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away: These are complements, these are humours; these betray nice wenches—that would be betray'd without these; and make the men of note (do you note men!) that are most affected to these. 24

Arm. How hast thou purchas'd this experience?

Moth. By my penny of observation.

Arm. But O,—but O—

Moth. —the hobby-horse is forgot.

Arm. Call'st thou my love, hobby-horse?

Moth. No, Master; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love, perhaps, a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

Arm. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent student! learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart, and in heart, boy. 35

Moth.

Moth. And out of heart, master : all those three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove ?

Moth. A man, if I live ; and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant : By heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her : in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her ; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all these three.

Moth. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the swain ; he must carry me a letter.

49

Moth. A message well sympathis'd ; a horse to be ambassador for an ass !

Arm. Ha, ha ? what sayest thou ?

Moth. Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited : But I go.

Arm. The way is but short ; away.

Moth. As swift as lead, sir.

Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious ?

Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow ?

Moth. *Minimè*, honest master ; or rather, master ; no.

Arm. I say, lead is slow.

60

Moth. You are too swift, sir, to say so :

Is that lead slow, which is fir'd from a gun ?

Arm. Sweet smoke of rhetorick !

He

He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he:
I shoot thee at the swain.

Moth. Thump then, and I flee. [Exit.

Arm. A most acute juvenal; voluble and free of
grace!

By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy
face:

Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.

My herald is return'd.

70

Re-enter MOTH, and COSTARD.

Moth. A wonder, master; here's a Costard broken
in a shin.

Arm. Some enigma, some riddle: come,—thy
l'envoy;—begin.

Cost. No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy*; no salve in
the male, Sir: O Sir, plantain, a plain plantain;
no *l'envoy*, no *l'envoy*, or salve, Sir, but a plan-
tain!

Arm. By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly
thought, my spleen; the heaving of my lungs, pro-
vokes me to ridiculous smiling: O, pardon me, my
stars! Doth the inconsiderate take salve for *l'envoy*,
and the word, *l'envoy*, for a salve? 81

Moth. Doth the wise think them other? is not
l'envoy a salve?

Arm. No, page; it is an epilogue or discourse, to
make plain

Some

Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been said.
I will example it :

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

There's the moral : Now the *l'envoy*.

Moth. I will add the *l'envoy* ; Say the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee, 91
Were still at odds, being but three ;

Moth. Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.

Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow
with my *l'envoy*.

The fox, the ape, and the humble bee,
Were still at odds, being but three :

Arm. Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four. 100

Moth. A good *l'envoy*, ending in the goose ; Would
you desire more ?

Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose,
that's flat :—

Sir, your penny-worth is good, an your goose be
fat.—

To sell a bargain well, is as cunning as fast and loose :
Let me see a fat *l'envoy* ; ay, that's a fat goose.

Arm. Come hither, come hither : How did this ar-
gument begin ?

Moth. By saying, that a *Costard* was broken in a shin.
Then call'd you for the *l'envoy*. 110

Cost. True, and I for a plantain ; thus came your
argument in :

Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the goose that you bought;
And he ended the market.

Arm. But tell me: how was there a Costard broken
in a shin?

Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it, *Moth*; I will
speak that *l'envoy*:—

I, Costard, running out, that was safely within, 120
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Cos. 'Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arm. Sirrah, Costard, I will enfranchise thee.

Cos. O, marry me to one Frances;—I smell some
l'envoy, some goose, in this.

Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean, setting thee at li-
berty, enfreedoming thy person; thou wert immur'd,
restrained, captivated, bound.

Cost. True, true; and now you will be my purga-
tion, and let me loose. 131

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance;
and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this:
Bear this significant to the country maid Jaquenetta:
there is remuneration; [*Giving him Money.*] for the
best ward of mine honour, is, rewarding my depen-
dants. *Moth*, follow. [*Exit.*]

Moth. Like the sequel, I, Signior Costard, adieu.

[*Exit.*]

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incony-
Jew! 139

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remunera-
tion!

tion! O, that's the Latin word for three farthings: three farthings—remuneration.—*What's the price of this inkle?* a penny.—*No, I'll give you a remuneration:* why, it carries it.—*Remuneration!*—why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

Enter BIRON.

Biron. O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

Cost. Pray you, Sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration? 150

Biron. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marry, Sir, half-penny farthing.

Biron. O, why then, three-farthing-worth of silk.

Cost. I thank your worship: God be with you.

Biron. O, stay, slave; I must employ thee:

As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,

Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

Cost. When would you have it done, sir?

Biron. O, this afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it, sir: Fare you well. 160

Biron. O; thou knowest not what it is.

Cost. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

Biron. Why, villain, thou must know first.

Cost. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

Biron. It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, it is but this;—

The princess comes to hunt here in the park,

Dij

And

And in her train there is a gentle lady :
 When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her
 name, 170

And Rosaline they call her ; ask for her ;
 And to her sweet hand see thou do commend
 This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon ; go.
 [Gives him Money.

Cost. Guerdon,—O sweet guerdon ! better than
 remuneration ; eleven-pence farthing better : Most
 sweet guerdon !—I will do it, sir, in print.—Guer-
 don—remuneration. [Exit.

Biron. O !—And I, forsooth, in love ! I, that have
 been love's whip ;
 A very beadle to a humourous sigh ; 180
 A critic ; nay, a night-watch constable ;
 A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
 Than whom no mortal so magnificent !
 This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy ;
 This signior Junio's giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid ;
 Regent of love-rhimes, lord of folded arms,
 The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
 Liege of all loiterers and malecontents,
 Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,
 Sole imperator, and great general 190
 Of trotting paritors,—O my little heart !—
 And I to be a corporal of his field,
 And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop !
 What ? what ? I love ! I sue ! I seek a wife !
 A woman, that is like a German clock,
 Still a repairing ; ever out of frame ;

And

And never going aright, being a watch,
 But being watch'd that it may still go right ?
 Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worst of all :
 And, among three, to love the worst of all ; 200
 A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
 With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes ;
 Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,
 Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard :
 And I to sigh for her ! to watch for her !
 To pray for her ! Go to ; it is a plague
 That Cupid will impose for my neglect
 Of his almighty dreadful little might.
 Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and groan ;
 Some men must love my lady, and some Joan. 210

[Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Pavilion in the Park near the Palace. Enter the Princess, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, Lords, Attendants, and a Forester.

Princess.

WAS that the king, that spurr'd his horse so hard
 Against the steep uprising of the hill ?

Boyet. I know not ; but, I think, it was not he.

Prin. Whoe'er he was, he shew'd a mounting mind.
 Well, lords, to-day we shall have our dispatch

D i i j

On

On Saturday we will return to France.—
Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush,
That we must stand and play the murderer in?

For. Here by, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A stand, where you may make the fairest shoot. 10

Prin. I thank my beauty; I am fair that shoot,
And thereupon thou speak'st, the fairest shoot.

For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

Prin. What, what? first praise me, then again say,
no?

O short-liv'd pride! Not fair? alack for woe!

For. Yes, madam, fair.

Prin. Nay, never paint me now;
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glass, take this for telling true;

[Giving him Money.

Fair payment for foul words is more than due. 20

For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.

Prin. See, see, my beauty will be sav'd by merit.
O heresy in fair, fit for these days!
A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.—
But come, the bow:—Now mercy goes to kill,
And shooting well is then accounted ill.
Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:
Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;
If wounding, then it was to shew my skill,
That more for praise, than purpose, meant to kill. 30
And out of question, so it is sometimes;
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes;
When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,

We

We bend to that the working of the heart :
As I, for praise alone, now seek to spill
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

Boyet. Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty

Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their lords ?

Prin. Only for praise : and praise we may afford
To any lady that subdues a lord. 41

Enter COSTARD.

Prin. Here comes a member of the common-wealth.

Cost. God dig-you-den all ! Pray you, which is the head lady ?

Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.

Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest ?

Prin. The thickest, and the tallest.

Cos. The thickest, and the tallest ! it is so ; truth is truth. 49

An your waist mistress, were as slender as my wit,
One of these maid's girdles for your waist should be fit.

Are not you the chief woman ? you are the thickest here.

Prin. What's your will, sir ? what's your will ?

Cost. I have a letter from monsieur Biron, to one lady Rosaline.

Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter; he's a good friend of mine:

Stand aside, good bearer.—*Boyet*, you can carve;
Break up this capon.

Boyet. I am bound to serve.—

This letter is mistook, it importeth none here;
It is writ to Jaquenetta.

60

Prin. We will read it, I swear:

Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

Boyet reads. *By heaven, that thou art fair, is most infallible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth itself, that thou art lovely: More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroical vassal! The magnanimous and most illustrious king Cophetua set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar Zenelophon; and he it was that might rightly say, veni, vidi, vici; which to anatomize in the vulgar, (O base and obscure vulgar!) videlicet, he came, saw, and overcame: He came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the king; Why did he come? to see; Why did he see? to overcome: To whom came he? to the beggar; What saw he? the beggar; Whom overcame he? the beggar: The conclusion is victory; On whose side? the king's: The captive is enrich'd; On whose side? the beggar's: The catastrophe is a nuptial; On whose side? the king's?—no; on both in one, or one in both. I am the king; for so stands the comparison: thou the beggar; for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may: Shall I enforce thy love? I could: Shall I entreat thy love? I will.*

*will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; For
tittles? titles: For thyself? me. Thus, expecting thy
reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy pic-
ture, and my heart on thy every part.*

Thine, in the dearest design of industry,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar 90

'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey;
Submissive fall his princely feet before,

And he from forage will incline to play:
But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

Prin. What plume of feathers is he, that indited
this letter?

What vane? what weather-cock? Did you ever hear
better?

Boyet. I am much deceived, but I remember the
style.

Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it ere
while.

Boyet. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here
in court; 100

A phantasm, a Monarcho; and one that makes
sport

To the prince, and his book-mates.

Prin. Thou, fellow, a word:

Who gave thee this letter?

Cost. I told you; my lord.

Prin. To whom shouldst thou give it?

Cost.

Cost. From my lord to my lady.

Prin. From which lord, to which lady?

Cost. From my lord Biron, a good master of mine;
To a lady of France, that he call'd Rosaline.

Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, lords,
away.

Here, sweet, put up this; 'twill be thine another
day. [Exit Princess attended.

Boyet. Who is the shooter? who is the shooter?

Ros. Shall I teach you to know?

Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Ros. Why, she that bears the bow.

Finely put off!

Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns: but, if thou
marry,

Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry,
Finely put on! 120

Ros. Well then, I am the shooter.

Boyet. And who is your deer?

Ros. If we chuse by horns, yourself; come not
near.

Finely put on, indeed!

Mar. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she
strikes at the brow.

Boyet. But she herself is hit lower: Have I hit her
now?

Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying,
that was a man when king Pepin of France was a
little boy, as touching the hit it? 129

Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as old, that
was

was a woman when queen Guinever of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Ros. Thou can'st not hit it, hit it, hit it. [Singing.

Thou can'st not hit it, my good man.

Boyet. An I cannot, cannot, cannot,

An I cannot, another can.

[*Exeunt Ros. and KAT.*

Cost. By my troth, most pleasant ! how both did fit it !

Mar. A mark marvellous well shot ; for they both did hit it.

Boyet. A mark ! O, mark but that mark ; A mark, says my lady !

Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete at, if it may be.

140

Mar. Wide o' the bow hand ! I'faith, your hand is out.

Cost. Indeed, 'a must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout.

Boyet. An if my hand be out, then, belike, your hand is in.

Cost. Then will she get the upshot by cleaving the pin.

Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily, your lips grow foul.

Cost. She's too hard for you at pricks, Sir ; challenge her to bowl.

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing : Good night, my good owl.

[*Exeunt all but COSTARD.*

Cos. By my soul, a swain ! a most simple clown !

Lord,

Lord, lord! how the ladies and I have put him
down!

O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar
wit!

When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it
were, so fit.

Armato o' the one side,—O, a most dainty man!
To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan!
To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly a'
will swear!

And his page o' t'other side, that handful of wit!
Ah, heavens, it is a most pathological nit!

Sola, sola!

[*Shouting within.*

[*Exit COSTARD.*

SCENE II.

Enter DULL, HOLOFERNES, and Sir NATHANIEL.

Nath. Very reverent sport, truly; and done in the
testimony of a good conscience.

Hol. The deer was, as you know, *sanguis*, in blood;
ripe as a pomewater, who now hangeth like a jewel
in the ear of Cælo,—the sky, the welkin, the heaven;
and anon falleth like a crab, on the face of Terra,—
the soil, the land, the earth.

Nath. Truly, master Holofernes, the epithets are
sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least: But, sir, I
assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.

Hol.

Hol.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo*. 168

Dull. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation ! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, *in via*, in way, of explication ; *facere*, as it were, replication ; or, rather, *ostentare*, to show, as it were, his inclination—after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or, ratherest, unconfirmed fashion,—to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

Dul. I said, the deer was not a *haud credo* ; 'twas a pricket. 178

Hol. Twice 'sod simplicity, *bis coctus* !—O thou monster ignorance, how deformed dost thou look ?

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed on the dainties that are bred in a book ; he hath not eat paper, as it were ; he hath not drunk ink : his intellect is not replenished ; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts :

And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be

(Which we of taste and feeling are) for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool, 188

So were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school :

But, *omne bene*, say I ; being of an old father's mind, Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book-men ; Can you tell by your wit,

What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

Hol. Dictynna, good man Dull; Dictynna, good man Dull.

Dull. What is Dictynna?

Nath. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old, when Adam was no more;

And raught not to five weeks, when he came to five-score.

The allusion holds in the exchange. 200

Dull. 'Tis true, indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I say the allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say the pollution holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old: and I say beside, that 'twas a pricket that the princess kill'd. 208

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? and, to humour the ignorant, I have call'd the deer the princess kill'd, a pricket.

Nath. *Perge*, good master Holofernes, *perge*; so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

Hol. I will something affect the letter; for it argues facility.

The praiseful princess pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket;

Some say, a sore ; but not a sore, 'till now made sore
with shooting : 218

The dogs did yell ; put L to sore, then sorel jumps from
thicket ;

Or pricket, sore, or else sorel, the people fall a hooting.
If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores ; O
sore L!

Of one sore I an hundred make, by adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him
with a talent.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple ; a
foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures,
shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revo-
lutions : these are begot in the ventricle of memory,
nourished in the womb of *pia mater*, and deliver'd
upon the mellowing of occasion : But the gift is
good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful
for it. 233

Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you ; and so may
my parishioners ; for their sons are well tutor'd by
you, and their daughters profit very greatly under
you : you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. *Mehercle*, if their sons be ingenious, they shall
want no instruction : if their daughters be capable, I
will put it to them : But, *vir sapit, qui pauca loqui-*
tur : a soul feminine saluteth us. 241

Enter JAQUENETTA, and COSTARD.

Jac. God give you good morrow, master parson.

Hol. Master parson, — *quasi* person. And if one should be pierc'd, which is the one?

Cost. Marry, master school-master, he that is likest to a hogshead.

Hol. Of piercing a hogshead! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 'tis pretty; it is well. 249

Jac. Good master parson, be so good as read me this letter; it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armatho: I beseech you, read it.

Hol. *Fauste, pretor gelidâ quando pecus omne sub umbrâ*

Ruminat,—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice;

—*Vinegia, Vinegia,*

Chi non ti vidi, ei non te pregia. 257

Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! Who understandeth thee not, loves thee not.—*Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa.*—Under pardon, sir, what are the contents? or, rather, as Horace says in his—What, my soul, verses?

Nath. Ay, sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse; *Lege, domine.*

Nath. If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed!

Though

Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful
prove ;

Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like
osiers bowed.

Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine
eyes ;

Where all those pleasures live, that art would
comprehend ;

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall
suffice ;

Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee
commend :

All ignorant that soul, that sees thee without
wonder ;

(Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts
admire)

Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dread-
ful thunder,

Which, not to anger bent, is musick, and sweet
fire.

Celestial as thou art, oh pardon, love, this wrong,
That sings the heaven's praise with such an earthly

tongue !

Hol. You find not the apostrophes, and so miss
the accent : let me supervise the canzonet. Here are
only numbers ratify'd ; but, for the elegancy, facility,
and golden cadence of poesy, *caret.* Ovidius Naso
was the man : and why, indeed, Naso ; but for
smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy ? the
jerks of invention ? *Imitari*, is nothing ; so doth the

hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse his rider. But damosella virgin, was this directed to you? 288

Jaq. Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.

Hol. I will overglance the superscript. *To the snow white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline.* I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto:

Your ladyship's in all desired employment, BIRON.

Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath fram'd a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which, accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarry'd.—Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king; it may concern much: Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty; adieu. 303

Jaq. Good Costard, go with me.—Sir, God save your life!

Cost. Have with thee, my girl.

[*Exeunt Cos. and JAQ.*]

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and as a certain father saith—

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear colourable colours. But, to return to the verses; Did they please you, Sir Nathaniel? 311

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where if (being repast) it shall please

you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the aforesaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto*; where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention: I beseech your society. 320

Nath. And thank you too: for society (saith the text) is the happiness of life.

Hol. And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it.—Sir, I do invite you too; [*To Dull.*] you shall not say me, nay: *pauca verba*. Away; the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter BIRON with a Paper.

Biron. The king is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself: they have pitch'd a toil; I am toiling in a pitch; pitch, that defiles; defile! a foul word. Well, Set thee down, sorrow! for so, they say, the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool. Well prov'd, wit! By the lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, I a sheep: Well prov'd again on my side! I will not love: if I do, hang me; i'faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat.

throat. By heaven, I do love: and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already; the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in: Here comes one with a paper: God give him grace to groan! *[He stands aside,*

Enter the King.

King. Ay me! 348

Biron. *[Aside.]* Shot, by heaven!—Proceed, sweet Cupid; thou hast thump'd him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap:—I' faith secrets.—

King. *[Reads.]* So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives;
not

To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows;
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;
Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep;

No drop but as a coach doth carry thee, 360

So ridest thou triumphing in my woe;
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will shew:
But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.

O queen

*O queen of queens, how far dost thou excel !
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.—*

How shall she know my griefs ? I'll drop the paper ;
Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here ?
[The King steps aside.

Enter LONGAVILLE.

What, Longaville ! and reading ! listen, ear. 370

Biron. [Aside.] Now in thy likeness, one more
fool, appear !

Long. Ay me ! I am forsworn.

Biron. [Aside.] Why, he comes in like a perjure,
wearing papers.

King. [Aside.] In love, I hope ; sweet fellowship in
shame !

Biron. [Aside.] One drunkard loves another of the
name.

Long. [Aside.] Am I the first, that have been per-
jur'd so ?

Biron. [Aside.] I could put thee in comfort ; not
by two, that I know :

Thou mak'st the triumvir, the corner cap of society,
The shape of love's Tyburn that hangs up sim-
plicity.

Long. I fear, these stubborn lines lack power to
move : 380

O sweet Maria, empress of my love !
These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

Biron.

Biron. [*Aside.*] O, rhimes are guards on wanton
Cupid's nose :

Disfigure not his slop.

Long. This same shall go.—— [*He reads the Sonnet.*

*Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye
('Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument)
Persuade my heart to this false perjury ?*

Vows, for thee broke, deserve not punishment.

A woman I forswore ; but, I will prove,

390

Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee :

My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love ;

Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.

Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is :

*Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
Exhal'st this vapour vow ; in thee it is :*

If broken then, it is no fault of mine ;

If by me broke, What fool is not so wise,

To lose an oath to win a paradise ?

Biron. [*Aside.*] This is the liver vien, which makes
flesh a deity ;

400

A green goose, a goddess : pure, pure idolatry.

*God amend us, God amend ! we are much out o' the
way.*

Enter DUMAIN.

Long. By whom shall I send this ?——*Company!*
stay. [*Stepping aside.*

Biron. [*Aside.*] All hid, all hid, an old infant
play :

Like

Like a demy-god here sit I in the sky,
 And wretched fool's secrets heedfully o'er-eye.
 More sacks to the mill! O heavens, I have my wish;
 Dumain transform'd, four woodcocks in a dish!

Dum. O most divine Kate! 409

Biron. O most prophane coxcomb! [*Aside.*

Dum. By heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye!

Biron. By earth, she is not corporal; there you lie.

[*Aside.*

Dum. Her amber hair for foul hath amber coted.

Biron. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.

[*Aside.*

Dum. As upright as the cedar.

Biron. Stoop, I say;

Her shoulder is with child. [*Aside.*

Dum. As fair as day.

Biron. Ay, as some days; but then no sun must
 shine. [*Aside.*

Dum. O that I had my wish! 420

Long. And I had mine! [*Aside.*

King. And I mine too, good Lord! [*Aside.*

Biron. Amen, so I had mine: Is not that a good
 word? [*Aside.*

Dum. I would forget her; but a fever she
 Reigns in my blood, and will remembred be.

Biron. A fever in your blood! why, then incision
 Would let her out in saucers; Sweet misprision!
 [*Aside.*

Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I have
 writ.

Biron.

Biron. Once more I'll mark how love can vary
wit. [*Aside.*

DUMAIN reads his Sonnet.

On a day (alack the day!) 430

Love, whose month is ever May,

Spy'd a blossom, passing fair,

Playing in the wanton air :

Through the velvet leaves the wind,

All unseen, 'gan passage find ;

That the lover, sick to death,

Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.

Air (quoth he), thy cheeks may blow ;

Air, would I might triumph so !

But, alack, my hand is sworn, 440

Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn :

Vow, alack, for youth unmeet ;

Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.

Do not call it sin in me,

That I am forsworn for thee :

Thou, for whom even Jove would swear,

Juno but an Ethiop were ;

And deny himself for Jove,

Turning mortal for thy love.

This will I send ; and something else more plain, 450

That shall express my true love's fasting pain.

O, would the king, Biron, and Longaville,

Were lovers too ! ill, to example ill,

Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note ;

For

For none offend, where all alike do dote.

Long. Dumain, thy love is far from charity,
That in love's grief desir'st society : [*Coming forward.*
You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
To be o'er heard, and taken napping so. 459

King. Come, sir, you blush ; as his, your case is
such ; [*Coming forward.*

You chide at him, offending twice as much :

You do not love Maria ? Longaville

Did never sonnet for her sake compile ?

Nor never lay'd his wreathed arms athwart

His loving bosom, to keep down his heart ?

I have been closely shrowded in this bush,

And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush.

I heard your guilty rhimes, observ'd your fashion ;

Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion :

Ay me ! says one ; O Jove ! the other cries ; 470

Her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes :

You would for paradise break faith and troth ;

[*To LONG.*

And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.

[*To DUMAIN.*

What will Biron say, when that he shall hear

A faith infringed, which such zeal did swear ?

How will he scorn ? how will he spend his wit ?

How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it ?

For all the wealth that ever I did see,

I would not have him know so much by me.

Biron. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.— 480

F Ab,

Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me:

[*Coming forward.*]

Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove
These worms for loving, that art most in love?

Your eyes do make no coaches; in your tears,

There is no certain princess that appears?

You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hateful thing;

Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting.

But are you not asham'd? nay, are you not,

All three of you, to be thus much o'er-shot?

You found his mote; the king your mote did see;

But I a beam do find in each of three.

491

O, what a scene of foolery I have seen,

Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen!

O me, with what strict patience have I sat,

To see a king transformed to a knot!

To see great Hercules whipping a gig,

And profound Solomon tuning a jig,

And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,

And critic Timon laugh at idle toys!

Where lies thy grief? O tell me, good Dumain!

500

And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?

And where my liege's? all about the breast:—

A caudle, ho!

King. Too bitter is thy jest.

Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

Biron. Not you by me, but I betray'd to you:

I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin

To break the vow I am engaged in;

I am betray'd, by keeping company

With

With men like men, of strange inconstancy. 510

When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?

Or groan for Joan? or spend a minute's time

In pruning me? When shall you hear, that I

Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,

A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,

A leg, a limb?—

King. Soft; whither away so fast?

A true man, or a thief, that gallops so?

Biron. I post from love; good lover, let me go.

Enter JAQUENETTA, and COSTARD.

Jaq. God bless the king! 520

King. What present hast thou there?

Cost. Some certain treason.

King. What makes treason here?

Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

King. If it mar nothing neither,

The treason, and you, go in peace away together.

Jaq. I beseech your grace, let this letter be read;
Our parson misdoubts it; it was treason, he said.

King. Biron read it over. [*He reads the Letter.*]

Where hadst thou it? 530

Jaq. Of Costard.

King. Where hadst thou it?

Cost. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.

King. How now! what is in you? why dost thou
tear it?

Biron. A toy, my liege, a toy; your grace needs
not fear it.

Long. It did move him to passion, and therefore let's hear it.

Dum. It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.

Biron. Ah, you whoreson loggerhead, you were born to do me shame.— [To Cost.

Guilty my lord, guilty; I confess, I confess.

King. What? 540

Biron. That you three fools lack'd me fool to make up the mess.

He, he, and you, and you, my liege, and I,
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.

O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.

Dum. Now the number is even.

Biron. True true; we are four:—

Will these turtles be gone?

King. Hence, sirs; away.

Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay. [Exeunt COSTARD, and JAQ.

Biron. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O let us embrace!

As true we are; as flesh and blood can be: 551

The sea will ebb and flow, heaven will shew his face;

Young blood doth not obey an old decree:

We cannot cross the cause why we were born;

Therefore, of all hands must we be forsworn.

King. What, did these rent lines shew some love of thine?

Biron. Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,

That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,

At the first opening of the gorgeous east,

Bows

Bows not his vassal head ; and, stricken blind, 560

Kisses the base ground with obedient breast ?

What peremptory eagle-sighted eye

Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,

That is not blinded by her majesty ?

King. What zeal, what fury hath inspir'd thee
now ?

My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon ;

She, an attending star, scarce seen a light.

Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron :

O, but for my love, day would turn to night !

Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty 570

Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek ;

Where several worthies make one dignity ;

Where nothing wants, that want itself doth seek.

Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues—

Fye, painted rhetorick ! O, she needs it not :

To things of sale a seller's praise belongs ;

She passes praise ; then praise too short doth
blot.

A wither'd hermit, fivescore winters worn,

Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye :

Beauty doth varnish age, as if new born, 580

And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.

O, 'tis the sun, that maketh all things shine !

King. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.

Biron. Is ebony like her ? O wood divine !

A wife of such wood were felicity.

O, who can give an oath ? where is a book ?

That I may swear, beauty doth beauty lack,

If that she learn not of her eye to look?

No face is fair, that is not full so black.

King. O paradox! Black is the badge of hell, 590

The hue of dungeons, and the scowl of night;

And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.

Biron. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of
light.

O, if in black my lady's brow be deckt,

It mourns, that painting, and usurping hair,

Should ravish doters with a false aspect;

And therefore is she born to make black fair.

Her favour turns the fashion of the days;

For native blood is counted painting now:

And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise, 600

Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her, are chimney-sweepers
black.

Long. And, since her time, are colliers counted
bright.

King. And Ethiops of their sweet complexion
crack.

Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is
light.

Biron. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,

For fear their colours should be wash'd away.

King. 'Twere good, yours did; for, sir, to tell
you plain,

I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.

Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk till dooms-day
here. 610

King.

King. No devil will fright thee then so much as she.

Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

Long. Look, here's thy love ; my foot and her face see. [Shewing his Shoe.

Biron. O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,

Her feet were too much dainty for such tread !

Dum. O vile ! then as she goes, what upward lies
The street should see as she walk'd over head.

King. But what of this ? Are we not all in love ?

Biron. Nothing so sure ; and thereby all forsworn.

King. Then leave this chat ; and, good Biron, now prove 620

Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

Dum. Ay, marry, there ;—some flattery for this evil.

Long. O, some authority how to proceed ;
Some tricks, some quilllets, how to cheat the devil.

Dum. Some salve for perjury.

Biron. O, 'tis more than need !—

Have at you then, affection's men at arms :

Consider, what you first did swear unto ;—

To fast,—to study,—and to see no woman ;—

Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth. 630

Say, can you fast ? your stomachs are too young ;

And abstinence engenders maladies.

And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,

In that each of you hath forsworn his book :

Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look ?

For

For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of study's excellence,
Without the beauty of a woman's face?
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They are the ground, the book, the academes, 640
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.
Why, universal plodding prisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries;
As motion, and long-during action, tires
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes;
And study too, the causer of your vow:
For where is any author in the world,
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye? 650
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,
And where we are, our learning likewise is.
Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
Do we not likewise see our learning there?
O, we have made a vow to study, lords;
And in that vow we have forsworn our books:
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
In leaden contemplation, have found out
Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes
Of beauteous tutors have enrich'd you with? 660
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;
And therefore finding barren practisers,
Scarce shew a harvest of their heavy toil:
But, love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain;

But

But with the motion of all elements,
 Courses as swift as thought in every power;
 And gives to every power a double power,
 Above their functions and their offices.
 It adds a precious seeing to the eye, 670
 A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
 A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
 When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd:
 Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,
 Than are the tender horns of cockled snails;
 Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste:
 For valour, is not love a Hercules,
 Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
 Subtle as sphinx; as sweet, and musical,
 As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair; 680
 And, when love speaks, the voice of all the gods
 Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.
 Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
 Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs;
 O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,
 And plant in tyrants mild humility.
 From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
 They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
 They are the books, the arts, the academes,
 That shew, contain, and nourish all the world; 690
 Else, none at all in aught proves excellent:
 Then fools you were, these women to forswear;
 Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
 For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love;
 Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men;

Or

Or for men's sake, the authors of these women;
 Or women's sake, by whom we men are men;
 Let us once lose our oaths, to find ourselves,
 Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths;
 It is religion, to be thus forsworn: 700
 For charity itself fulfils the law;
 And who can sever love from charity?

King. Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers, to the field!

Biron. Advance your standards, and upon them,
 lords;
 Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advis'd,
 In conflict that you get the sun of them.

Long. Now to plain-dealing; lay these gloses by:
 Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?

King. And win them too: therefore let us devise
 Some entertainment for them in their tents. 710

Biron. First, from the park let us conduct them
 thither;

Then, homeward, every man attach the hand
 Of his fair mistress: in the afternoon
 We will with some strange pastime solace them.
 Such as the shortness of the time can shape;
 For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,
 Fore-run fair love, strewing her way with flowers.

King. Away, away! no time shall be omitted,
 That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

Biron. *Allons! allons!*—Sow'd cockle reap'd no
 corn; 720

And

And justice always whirls in equal measure:
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn;
If so, our copper buys no better treasure.

Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Street. Enter HOLOFERNES, NATHANIEL, and DULL.

Hol.

Satis quod sufficit.

Nath. I praise God for you, sir: your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this *quondam* day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. *Novi hominem tanquam te:* His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were; too peregrinate, as I may call it. 14

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

[Draws out his Table-Book.]

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such phanatical

phanatical phantasms, such insociable and point-de-vise companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak, dout, fine, when he should say, doubt; det, when he should pronounce, debt; d, e, b, t; not, d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour, *vocatur*, nebour; neigh, abbreviated, ne: This is abhominable (which he would call abominable), it insinuateth me of insanie; *Ne intelligis, domine?* to make frantick, lunatick? 26

Nath. *Laus deo, bone; intelligo.*

Hol. Bone?—bone, for *benè*: *Priscian* a little scratch'd; 'twill serve.

Enter ARMADO, MOTH, and COSTARD.

Nath. *Videsne quis venit?*

Hol. *Video, & gaudeo.*

Arm. Chirra!

Hol. *Quare Chirra, not sirrah?*

Arm. Men of peace, well encounter'd.

Hol. Most military sir, salutation.

Moth. They have been at a great feast of languages, and stol'n the scraps. [To COSTARD *aside*.

Cost. O, they have liv'd long on the alms-basket of words! I marvel, thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus*: thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon. 42

Moth. Peace; the peal begins.

Arm. Monsieur, are you not letter'd?

Moth. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book: What

What is a, b, spelt backward with a horn on his head?

Hol. Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, most silly sheep, with a horn:—You hear his learning.

Hol. *Quis, quis*, thou consonant? 50

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

Hol. I will repeat them, a, e, i.—

Moth. The sheep: the other two concludes it; o, u.

Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterranean, a sweet touch, a quick venew of wit: snip, snap, quick and home; it rejoiceth my intellect: true wit.

Moth. Offer'd by a child to an old man; which is wit-old. 61

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou disputest like an infant: go, whip thy gig.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *circum circà*; A gig of a cuckold's horn!

Cost. An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy ginger-bread: hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou half-penny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the heavens were so pleased, that thou wert but my bastard! what a joyful father wouldst thou make me? Go to; thou hast it *ad dunghill*, at the fingers' ends, as they say. 75

Hol. Oh, I smell false Latin; dunghill for *unguem*.

Arm. Arts-man, *præambula*; we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain?

Hol. Or, *mons* the hill. 80

Arm. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

Hol. I do, sans question.

Arm. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the princess at her pavilion, in the posteriors of this day; which the rude multitude call, the afternoon.

Hol. The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well cull'd, chose; sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure. 90

Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman; and my familiar, I do assure you, very good friend:—For what is inward between us, let it pass:—I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy;—I beseech thee, apparel thy head:—and among other importunate and most serious designs,—and of great import indeed, too;—but let that pass:—for I must tell thee, it will please his grace (by the world) sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder; and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement, with my mustachio: but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable; some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world: but let that pass.—The very all of all is,—but, sweet heart,

heart, I do implore secrecy,—that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antick, or fire-work. Now, understanding that the curate, and your sweet self, are good at such eruptions, and sudden breakings out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

113

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the nine worthies.—Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be render'd by our assistance,—at the king's command; and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman,—before the princess; I say, none so fit as to present the nine worthies.

120

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

Hol. Joshua, yourself; myself, or this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabæus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the great; the page, Hercules.

Arm. Pardon, sir, error: he is not quantity enough for that worthy's thumb; he is not so big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in minority: his *enter* and *exit* shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

133

Moth. An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry; *well done, Hercules! now*

thou crushest the snake! that is the way to make an offence gracious; though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the worthies?—

Hol. I will play three myself. 140

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge not, an antick. I beseech you, follow.

Hol. Via, goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir.

Hol. Allons! we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or so: or I will play on the tabor to the worthies, and let them dance the hay. 152

Hol. Most dull, honest Dull, to our sport, away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Before the Princess's Pavilion. Enter Princess, and Ladies.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart, If fairings come thus plentifully in:

A lady wall'd about with diamonds!—

Look you, what I have from the loving king.

Ros. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Prin.

Prin. Nothing but this ? yea, as much love in rhyme,

As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper, 160

Writ on both sides the leaf, margent and all ;

That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

Ros. That was the way to make his god-head wax ;
For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

Kath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

Ros. You'll ne'er be friends, with him ; he kill'd
your sister.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy ;
And so she died : had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might have been a grandam ere she dy'd : 170
And so may you ; for a light heart lives long.

Ros. What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this
light word ?

Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark.

Ros. We need more light to find your meaning
out.

Kath. You'll mar the light, by taking it in snuff ;
Therefore, I'll darkly end the argument.

Ros. Look, what you do, you do it still i' the
dark,

Kath. So do not you ; for you are a light wench.

Ros. Indeed, I weigh not you ; and therefore light,

Kath. You weigh me not,—O, that's, you care not
for me. 180

Ros. Great reason ; for, Past cure is still past care,

Prin. Well bandied both ; a set of wit well play'd.

But Rosaline, you have a favour too :

Who sent it ? and what is it ?

Ros. I would, you knew :

An if my face were but as fair as yours,

My favour were as great ; be witness this.

Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron :

The numbers true ; and, were the numb'ring too,

I were the fairest goddess on the ground : 190

I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.

O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter !

Prin. Any thing like ?

Ros. Much, in the letters ; nothing, in the praise.

Prin. Beautéous as ink ; a good conclusion.

Kath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

Ros. 'Ware pencils ! How ? let me not die your
debtor,

My red dominical, my golden letter :

O, that your face were not so full of O's ! 199

Kath. Pox of that jest ! and I beshrew all shrows.

Prin. But what was sent to you from fair Dumain ?

Kath. Madam, this glove.

Prin. Did he not send you twain ?

Kath. Yes, madam ; and moreover,
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover :

A huge translation of hypocrisy,

Vilely compil'd, profound simplicity.

Mar. This, and these pearls, to me sent Longa-
ville ;

The letter is too long by half a mile. 209

Prin.

Prin. I think no less; Dost thou not wish in heart,
The chain were longer, and the letter short?

Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.

Prin. We are wise girls, to mock our lovers so.

Ros. They are worse fools, to purchase mocking
so.

That same Biron I'll torture ere I go.

O, that I knew he were but in by the week!

How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek;

And wait the season, and observe the times,

And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhimes;

And shape his service all to my behests; 220

And make him proud to make me proud that jests!

So portent-like would I o'ersway his state,

That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

Prin. None are so surely caught, when they are
catch'd,

As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd,

Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school;

And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such
excess;

As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note, 230

As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;

Since all the power thereof it doth apply,

To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

Enter

Enter BOYET.

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

Boyet. O, I am stabb'd with laughter! Where's her grace?

Prin. Thy news, Boyet?

Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare!—

Arm, wenches, arm!—encounters mounted are
Against your peace: Love doth approach disguis'd,
Armed in arguments; you'll be surpris'd: 240
Muster your wits; stand in your own defence;
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Prin. Saint Dennis to St. Cupid! What are they,
That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.

Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore,
I thought to close my eyes some half an hour:
When, lo! to interrupt my purpos'd rest,
Toward that shade I might behold address
The king and his companions: warily
I stole into a neighbour thicket by, 250
And overheard what you shall overhear;
That, by and by, disguis'd they will be here.
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassy:
Action, and accent, did they teach him there;
Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear:
And ever and anon they made a doubt,
Presence majestical would put him out;
For, quoth the king, *an angel shalt thou see;*
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously: 260

The

The boy reply'd, *An angel is not evil ;
I should have fear'd her, had she been a devil.*

With that all laugh'd, and clap'd him on the shoulder ;
Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.

One rubb'd his elbow, thus ; and fleer'd, and swore,
A better speech was never spoke before :

Another, with his finger and his thumb,
Cry'd, *Via ! we will do't, come what will come :*

The third he caper'd, and cry'd, *All goes well :*

The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell. 270

With that, they all did tumble on the ground,

With such a zealous laughter, so profound,

That in this spleen ridiculous appears,

To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

Prin. But what, but what, come they to visit us ?

Boyet. They do, they do ; and are apparel'd thus,
Like Muscovites, or Russians : as I guess,

Their purpose is, to parle, to court, and dance :

And every one his love-feat will advance

Unto his several mistress ; which they'll know 280

By favours several, which they did bestow.

Prin. And will they so ? the gallants shall be
task'd :—

For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd ;

And not a man of them shall have the grace,

Despight of suit, to see a lady's face.—

Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear ;

And then the king will court thee for his dear :

Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine ;

So shall Biron take me for Rosaline.—

And

And change your favours too ; so shall your loves
Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes. 291

Ros. Come on then ; wear the favours most in
sight.

Kath. But, in this changing, what is your intent ?

Prin. The effect of my intent is, to cross theirs :
They do it but in mocking merriment ;
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their several counsels they unbosom shall
To loves mistook ; and so be mock'd withal,
Upon the next occasion that we meet,
With visages display'd, to talk, and greet. 300

Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us to't ?

Prin. No ; to the death, we will not move a foot :
Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace ;
But, while 'tis spoke, each turn away her face.

Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's
heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.

Prin. Therefore I do it ; and, I make no doubt,
The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.
There's no such sport, as sport by sport o'erthrown ;
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own :
So shall we stay, mocking intended game ;
And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.

[*Sound,*
Boyet. The trumpet sounds ; be mask'd, the maskers
come.

[*The Ladies mask,*

Enter

Enter the King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAINE, disguised like Muscovites; MOTH with musick, &c.

Moth. All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!

Boyet. Beauties no richer than rich taffata.

Moth. A holy parcel of the fairest dames,

[*The Ladies turn their Backs to him.*

That ever turn'd their—backs—to mortal views.

Biron. Their eyes, villain—*their eyes.*

Moth. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views!

Out—

320

Boyet. True; out, indeed.

Moth. Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe

Not to behold—

Biron. Once to behold, rogue.

Moth. Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes,

With your sun-beamed eyes—

Boyet. They will not answer to that epithet;

You were best call it daughter-beamed eyes.

Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

Biron. Is this your perfectness? be gone, you rogue.

330

Ros. What would these strangers? know their minds, Boyet:

If they do speak our language, 'tis our will

That some plain man recount their purposes:

Know what they would.

Boyet.

Boyet. What would you with the princess?

Biron. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

Ros. What would they, say they?

Boyet. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

Ros. Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone.

Boyet. She says, you have it, and you may be gone. 340

King. Say to her, we have measur'd many miles,
To tread a measure with her on this grass.

Boyet. They say, that they have measur'd many a mile,

To tread a measure with you on this grass.

Ros. It is not so: Ask them, how many inches
Is in one mile: if they have measur'd many,
The measure then of one is easily told.

Boyet. If, to come hither you have measur'd miles,
And many miles; the princess bids you tell,
How many inches do fill up one mile. 350

Biron. Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.

Boyet. She hears herself.

Ros. How many weary steps,
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?

Biron. We number nothing that we spend for you;
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without accompt.
Vouchsafe to shew the sunshine of your face,
That we, like savages, may worship it. 360

Ros.

Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

King. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do!
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine
(Those clouds remov'd) upon our watery eyne.

Ros. O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;
Thou now request'st but moon-shine in the water.

King. Then in our measure do but vouchsafe one
change:
Thou bid'st me beg; this begging is not strange.

Ros. Play, musick, then: Nay, you must do it
soon.
Not yet;—no dance:—thus change I like the moon.

King. Will you not dance? How come you thus
estrang'd?

Ros. You took the moon at full; but now she's
chang'd.

King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.
The musick plays; vouchsafe some motion to it.

Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.

King. But your legs should do it.

Ros. Since you are strangers, and come here by
chance,
We'll not be nice: take hands;—we will not dance.

King. Why take you hands then?

Ros. Only to part friends:—
Court'sy, sweet hearts; and so the measure ends.

King. More measure of this measure; be not nice.

Ros. We can afford no more at such a price.

King. Prize yourselves then; What buys your
company?

Ros. Your absence only.

King. That can never be.

Ros. Then cannot we be bought: And so adieu;
Twice to your visor, and half once to you!

King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.

Ros. In private then. 390

King. I am best pleas'd with that.

Biron. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with
thee.

Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar; there is three.

Biron. Nay then, two treys (an if you grow so
nice),

Metheglin, wort, and malmsey;—Well run, dice!
There's half a dozen sweets.

Prin. Seventh sweet, adieu!
Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you.

Biron. One word in secret.

Prin. Let it not be sweet. 400

Biron. Thou griev'st my gall.

Prin. Gall? bitter.

Biron. Therefore meet.

Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a
word?

Mar. Name it.

Dum. Fair lady,—

Mar. Say you so? Fair lord,—
Take that for your fair lady.

Dum. Please it you,
As much in private, and I'll bid adieu. 410

Kath. What, was your visor made without a tongue?

Long. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.

Kath. O, for your reason! quickly, Sir; I long.

Long. You have a double tongue within your mask,
And would afford my speechless visor half.

Kath. Veal, quoth the Dutchman;—Is not veal a calf?

Long. A calf, fair lady?

Kath. No, a fair lord calf.

Long. Let's part the word.

Kath. No, I'll not be your half: 440

Take all, and wean it; it may prove an'ox.

Long. Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp
mocks!

Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.

Kath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.

Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.

Kath. Bleat softly then, the butcher hears you
cry.

Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as
keen

As is the razor's edge invisible,

Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen;

Above the sense of sense: so sensible 430

Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings,
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter
things.

Hij *Ros.*

Ros. Not one word more, my maids; break off,
break off.

Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!

King. Farewel, mad wenches; you have simple
wits. [Exeunt King, and Lords.]

Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovites.—
Are these the breed of wits so wondrous at?

Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths
puff'd out.

Ros. Well-liking wits they have; gross, gross; fat,
fat.

Prin. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout! 440
Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night?

Or ever, but in visors, shew their faces?

This pert Biron was out of countenance quite.

Ros. O! they were all in lamentable cases!

The king was weeping ripe for a good word.

Prin. Biron did swear himself out of all suit.

Mar. Dumain was at my service, and his sword:
No, point, quoth I; my servant straight was mute.

Kath. Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart;
And trow you, what he call'd me? 450

Prin. Qualm, perhaps.

Kath. Yes, in good faith.

Prin. Go, sickness as thou art!

Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-
caps.

But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.

Prin. And quick Biron hath plighted faith to me.

Kath. And Longaville was for my service born.

Mar.

Act 5.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

Scene 2.



Ramberg del.

Thornthwaite sculp.

M^{rs} BULKLEY in PRINCESS of FRANCE.

Twenty Adieu's, my frozen Muscovites.

London Printed for J. Bell British Library Strand Sept^r 20th 1785.

Mar. Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

Boyet. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear:
Immediately they will again be here 460
In their own shapes; for it can never be,
They will digest this harsh indignity.

Prin. Will they return?

Boyet. They will, they will, God knows;
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:
Therefore, change favours; and, when they repair,
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.

Prin. How, blow? how blow? speak to be understood.

Boyet. Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in their bud;
Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shewn,
Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown. 471

Prin. Avaunt, perplexity! What shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes to woo?

Ros. Good madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,
Let's mock them still, as well known, as disguis'd:
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Disguis'd like Muscovites, in shapeless gear;
And wonder, what they were; and to what end
Their shallow shows, and prologue vilely penn'd,
And their rough carriage so ridiculous, 480
Should be presented at our tent to us.

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw; the gallants are at hand.

Prin. Whip to our tents, as roes run o'er the land.

[*Exeunt Ladies.*]

*Enter the King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN,
in their own Habits.*

King. Fair sir, God save you! Where's the princess?

Boyet. Gone to her tent: Please it your majesty,
Command me any service to her?

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

Boyet. I will; and so will she, I know, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Biron. This fellow picks up wit, as pigeons peas;
And utters it again, when Jove doth please: 490
He is wit's pedlar; and retails his wares
At wakes, and wassels, meetings, markets, fairs;
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve:
He can carve too, and lisp: Why, this is he,
That kiss'd away his hand in courtesy;
This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice 500
In honourable terms; nay, he can sing
A mean most meanly; and, in ushering,
Mend him who can: the ladies call him, sweet;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet:
This is the flower that smiles on every one,
To shew his teeth as white as whale his bone:—

And consciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.

King. A blister on his sweet tongue, with my
heart,
That put Armado's page out of his part! 510

*Enter the Princess, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE,
BOYET, and Attendants.*

Biron. See, where it comes!—Behaviour, what
wert thou,
'Till this mad man shew'd thee? and what art thou
now?

King. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!

Prin. Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.

King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.

Prin. Then wish me better, I will give you leave.

King. We came to visit you; and purpose now
To lead you to our court: vouchsafe it then.

Prin. This field shall hold me; and so hold your
vow:

Nor God, nor I, delight in perjur'd men. 520

King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke;
The virtue of your eye must break my oath.

Prin. You nick-name virtue; vice you should have
spoke;

For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.
Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure,

As the unsully'd lily, I protest,
A world of torments though I should endure,
I would not yield to be your house's guest:

So

So much I hate a breaking cause to be
Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity. 530

King. O, you have liv'd in desolation here,
Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

Prin. Not so, my lord ; it is not so, I swear ;
We have had pastimes here, and pleasant game ;
A mess of Russians left us but of late.

King. How, madam ? Russians ?

Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord ;
Trim gallants, full of courtship, and of state.

Ros. Madam, speak true :—It is not so, my lord ;
My lady (to the manner of these days), 540
In courtesy, gives undeserving praise.

We four, indeed, confronted were with four
In Russian habit : here they staid an hour,
And talk'd apace ; and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bless us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools ; but this I think,
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

Biron. This jest is dry to me.—Fair, gentle, sweet,
Your wit makes wise things foolish : when we greet
With eyes best seeing heaven's fiery eye, 550
By light we lose light : Your capacity
Is of that nature, that to your huge store

Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.

Ros. This proves you wise and rich ; for in my
eye,—

Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty.

Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

Biron. O, I am yours, and all that I possess.

Ros. All the fool mine?

Biron. I cannot give you less. 560

Ros. Which of the visors was it, that you wore?

Biron. Where? when? what visor? why demand you this?

Ros. There, then, that visor; that superfluous case;

That hid the worse, and shew'd the better face.

King. We are descry'd; they'll mock us now down right.

Dum. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.

Prin. Amaz'd, my lord? Why looks your highness sad?

Ros. Help, hold his brows! he'll swoon! Why look you pale?—

Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

Biron. Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury. 570

Can any face of brass hold longer out?—

Here stand I, lady; dart thy skill at me;

Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout;

Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;

Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;

And I will wish thee never more to dance,

Nor never more in Russian habit wait.

O! never will I trust to speeches penn'd,

Nor to the motion of a school-boy's tongue;

Nor never come in visor to my friend; 580

Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song:

Taffata

Taffata phrases, silken terms precise, I
 Three-pil'd hyperboles, spruce affectation,
 Figures pedantical; these summer-flies
 Have blown me full of maggot ostentation;
 I do forswear them: and I here protest,
 By this white glove (how white the hand, God
 knows!)
 Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd
 In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes:
 And to begin, wench,—so God help me, la!— 590
 My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.

Ros. Sans sans, I pray you.

Biron. Yet I have a trick
 Of the old rage:—bear with me, I am sick;
 I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see;—
 Write, *Lord have mercy on us*, on those three;
 They are infected, in their hearts it lies;
 They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:
 These lords are visited; you are not free,
 For the Lord's tokens on you do I see. 600

Prin. No, they are free, that gave these tokens to
 us.

Biron. Our states are forfeit, seek not to undo us.

Ros. It is not so; For how can this be true,
 That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?

Biron. Peace; for I will not have to do with you.

Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Biron. Speak for yourselves, my wit is at an end.

King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude trans-
 gression

Some

Some fair excuse.

Prin. The fairest is confession. 610

Were you not here, but even now, disguis'd?

King. Madam, I was.

Prin. And were you well advis'd?

King. I was, fair madam.

Prin. When you then were here, I see the truth, I know
What did you whisper in your lady's ear?

King. That more than all the world I did respect
her.

Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will reject
her.

King. Upon mine honour, no.

Prin. Peace, peace, forbear; 620
Your oath broke once, you force not to forswear.

King. Despise me, when I break this oath of
mine.

Prin. I will; and therefore keep it:—Rosaline,
What did the Russian whisper in your ear?

Ros. Madam, he swore, that he did hold me dear
As precious eye-sight; and did value me
Above this world: adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

Prin. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord
Most honourably doth uphold his word. 630

King. What mean you, Madam? by my life, my
troth,

I never swore this lady such an oath.

Ros. By heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this: but take it, sir, again.

King.

King. My faith and this, the princess I did give;
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.

Prin. Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear;
And lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear:—
What; will you have me, or your pearl again? 639

Biron. Neither of either; I remit both twain.—
I see the trick on't;—Here was a consent
(Knowing aforehand of our merriment),
To dash it like a Christmas comedy:
Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,
Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some
Dick,—

That smiles his cheek in years; and knows the trick
To make my lady laugh, when she's dispos'd,—
Told our intents before: which once disclos'd,
The ladies did change favours; and then we,
Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she. 650
Now, to our perjury to add more terror,
We are again forsworn; in will, and error.
Much upon this it is:—And might not you

[To BOYET.]
Forestal our sport, to make us thus untrue?
Do not you know my lady's foot by the squier,
And laugh upon the apple of her eye?
And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?
You put our page out: Go, you are allow'd;
Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.
You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye, 661
Wounds like a leaden sword.

Boyet.

Boyet. Full merrily
Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.

Biron. Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace; I have
done.

Enter COSTARD.

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.

Cost. O Lord, sir, they would know,
Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no.

Biron. What, are there but three?

Cost. No, sir; but it is very fine, 670
For every one pursents three.

Biron. And three times thrice is nine.

Cost. Not so, sir; under correction, sir; I hope, it
is not so:

You cannot beg us, sir, I can assure you, sir; we know
what we know:

I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—

Biron. Is not nine.

Cost. Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil it
doth amount.

Biron. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

Cost. O Lord, sir, it were pity you should get your
living by reckoning, sir. 681

Biron. How much is it?

Cost. O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, the actors,
sir, will shew whereuntil it doth amount: for my own
part, I am, as they say, but to perfect one man in one
poor man; Pompion the great, sir.

Biron. Art thou one of the worthies?

I

Cost.

Cost. It pleased them, to think me worthy of
Pompion the great : for mine own part, I know
not the degree of the worthy ; but I am to stand for
him. 691

Biron. Go, bid them prepare.

Cost. We will turn it finely off, sir ; we will take
some care.

King. Biron, they will shame us, let them not ap-
proach. [Exit COSTARD.]

Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord : and 'tis some
policy
To have one show worse than the king's and his com-
pany.

King. I say, they shall not come.

Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you
now ;

That sport best pleases, that doth least know how :
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents 700
Dies in the zeal of that which it presents,
There form confounded makes most form in mirth ;
When great things labouring perish in their birth.

Biron. A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expence of thy
royal sweet breath as will utter a brace of words.

[Converses apart with the King.]

Prin. Doth this man serve God ?

Biron. Why ask you ?

Prin. He speaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm.

Arm. That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch: for, I protest, the school-master is exceeding fantastical; too, too vain; too, too vain: But we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna della guerra*. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal couplement!

King. Here is like to be a good presence of worthies: He presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the great; the parish-curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Maccabæus. And if these four worthies in their first show thrive, These four will change habits, and present the other five. 720

Biron. There is five in the first show.

King. You are deceiv'd, 'tis not so.

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool, and the boy:—

A bare throw at novum; and the whole world again, Cannot prick out five such, take each one in his vein.

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain.

[Pageant of the Nine Worthies.

Enter COSTARD, for Pompey.

Cost. I Pompey am,—

Boyet. You lie, you are not he.

Cost. I Pompey am,— 730

Boyet. With libbard's head on knee.

Biron. Well said, old mocker; I must needs be friends with thee.

Cost. I Pompey am, Pompey surnamed the Big,—

Dum. The great.

Cost. It is great, sir;—*Pompey* surnam'd the great;
That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe
to sweat:

And travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance;
And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France.
If your ladyship would say, Thanks, *Pompey*, I had
done. 740

Prin. Great thanks, great *Pompey*.

Cost. 'Tis not so much worth: but, I hope, I was
perfect: I made a little fault in, *great*.

Biron. My hat to a half-penny, *Pompey* proves the
best worthy.

Enter NATHANIEL, for Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's
commander;
By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering
might:
My 'scutcheon plain declares, that I am *Alisander*.

Boyet. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands
too right.

Biron. Your nose smells, no, in this, most tender-
smelling-knight. 750

Prin. The conqueror is dismay'd: Proceed, good
Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's
commander:—

Boyet. Most true, 'tis right; you were so, *Alisander*.

Biron. *Pompey* the great,—

Cost.

Cost. Your servant, and Costard.

Biron. Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.

Cost. O, sir, you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror! [*To NATH.*] You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his poll-ax sitting on a close-stool, will be given to Ajax; he will then be the ninth worthy. A conqueror, and afraid to speak! run away for shame, Alisander. [*Exit NATH.*] There, an't shall please you! a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dash'd! He is a marvellous good neighbour, insooth; and a very good bowler: but, for Alisander, alas, you see, how 'tis;—a little o'er-parted:—But there are worthies a-coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

Biron. Stand aside, good Pompey.

Enter HOLOFERNES, for Judas, and MOTH, for Hercules.

Hol. Great Hercules is presented by this imp, 770

Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed canus;
And, when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,

Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus:
Quoniam, he seemeth in minority;

Ergo, I come with this apology.—

[*To MOTH.*] Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish.

Hol. Judas I am,— [*Exit MOTH.*

Dum. A Judas!

Hol. Not Iscariot, sir.—

Judas I am, ycleped Maccabæus.

780

I iij

Dum.

Dum. Judas Maccabæus clipt, is plain Judas.

Biron. A kissing traitor :—How art thou prov'd Judas ?

Hol. Judas I am,—

Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.

Hol. What mean you, sir ?

Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.

Hol. Begin, sir ; you are my elder.

Biron. Well follow'd ; Judas was hang'd on an elder.

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.

Biron. Because thou hast no face. 790

Hol. What is this ?

Boyet. A cittern head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Biron. A death's face in a ring.

Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

Boyet. The pummel of Cæsar's faulchion.

Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a flask.

Biron. St. George's half-cheek in a brooch.

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead. 799

Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer :

And now, forward ; for we have put thee in countenance.

Hol. You have put me out of countenance.

Biron. False ; we have given thee faces.

Hol. But you have out-fac'd them all.

Biron. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

Boyet. Therefore, as he is, an ass, let him go.

And

And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name!

Biron. For the ass to the Jude; give it him:—

Jud-as, away. 809

Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boyet. A light for monsieur Judas; it grows dark,
he may stumble.

Prin. Alas, poor Maccabæus, how he hath been
baited!

Enter ARMADO, for Hector.

Biron. Hide thy head, Achilles; here comes Hector
in arms.

Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will
now be merry.

King. Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this.

Boyet. But is this Hector?

Dum. I think, Hector was not so clean timber'd.

Long. His leg is too big for Hector. 820

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boyet. No; he is best indu'd in the small.

Biron. This can't be Hector.

Dum. He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.

Arm. The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift,—

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Biron. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves.

Dum. No, cloven. 830

Arm.

Arm. Peace! The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,

Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;
A man so breath'd, that, certain, he would fight, yea,
From morn till night, out of his pavilion.

I am that flower,—

Dum. That mint.

Long. That columbine.

Arm. Sweet lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

Long. I must rather give it the rein; for it runs
against Hector. 840

Dum. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten; sweet
chucks, beat not the bones of the buried: when he
breath'd, he was a man—But I will forward with
my device; [*To the Princess.*] sweet royalty, bestow
on me the sense of hearing.

Prin. Speak, brave Hector; we are much de-
lighted.

Arm. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

Boyet. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the yard. 850

Arm. This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,—

Cost. The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone;
she is two months on her way.

Arm. What mean'st thou?

Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the
poor wench is cast away: she's quick; the child
brags in her belly already; 'tis yours.

Arm.

Arm. Dost thou infamonize me among potentates ?
thou shalt die.

Cost. Then shall Hector be whipp'd, for Jaquenetta
that is quick by him ; and hang'd, for Pompey that
is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare Pompey !

Boyet. Renowned Pompey !

Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great Pom-
pey ! Pompey the huge !

Dum. Hector trembles.

Biron. Pompey is mov'd :—More Ates, more Ates ;
stir them on, stir them on !

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Biron. Ay, if he have no more man's blood in's
belly than will sup a flea.

Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern
man ; I'll slash ; I'll do't by the sword :—I pray you,
let me borrow my arms again.

Dum. Room for the incensed worthies.

Cost. I'll do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute Pompey !

Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower.
Do you not see, Pompey is uncasing for the combat ?
What mean you, you will lose your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me ; I will
not combat in my shirt.

Dum. You may not deny it ; Pompey hath made
the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Biron.

Biron. What reason have you for't?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woolward for penance. 890

Boyet. True, and it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linen: since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none, but a dish-clout of Jaquenetta's; and that a' wears next his heart for a favour.

Enter MERCADE.

Mer. God save you, madam!

Prin. Welcome, Mercade;
But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

Mer. I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring,
Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—

Prin. Dead, for my life. 900

Mer. Even so: my tale is told.

Biron. Worthies, away; the scene begins to cloud.

Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath: I have seen the days of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier.

[*Exeunt Worthies.*]

King. How fares your majesty?

Prin. Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.

King. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

Prin. Prepare, I say.—I thank you, gracious lords,
For all your fair endeavours; and entreat, 910
Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe
In your rich wisdom, to excuse, or hide,
The liberal opposition of our spirits:
If over-boldly we have borne ourselves

In the converse of breath, your gentleness
Was guilty of it.—Farewel, worthy lord!
A heavy heart bears not an humble tongue:
Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks
For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

King. The extreme parts of time extremely forms
All causes to the purpose of his speed; 921
And often, at his very loose, decides
That which long process could not arbitrate:
And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbid the smiling courtesy of love
The holy suit which fain it would convince;
Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,
Let not the cloud of sorrow jumble it
From what it purpos'd; since, to wail friends lost,
Is not by much so wholesome, profitable, 930
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not, my griefs are double.

Biron. Honest plain words best pierce the ear of
grief;—

And by these badges understand the king.
For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul-play with our oaths; your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours
Even to the opposed end of our intents:
And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,
As love is full of unbecfitting strains; 940
All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain;
Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye,
Full of straying shapes, of habits, and of forms,

Varying

Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
 To every varied object in his glance :
 Which party-coated presence of loose love,
 Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
 Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities;
 Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,
 Suggested us to make : Therefore, ladies,
 Our love being yours, the error that love makes
 Is likewise yours : we to ourselves prove false,
 By being once false for ever to be true
 To those that make us both, fair ladies, you;
 And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,
 Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

Prin. We have receiv'd your letters, full of love;
 Your favours, the ambassadors of love;
 And, in our maiden council, rated them
 At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,
 As bombast and as lining to the time :
 But more devout than this, in our respects,
 Have we not been ; and therefore met your loves
 In their own fashion, like a merriment.

Dum. Our letters, madam, shew'd much more than
 jest.

Long. So did our looks.

Ros. We did not quote them so.

King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
 Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time, methinks, too short
 To make a world-without-end bargain in :
 No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur'd much,

Full

Full of dear guiltiness; and, therefore, this,
If for my love (as there is no such cause)
You will do aught, this shall you do for me:
Your oath I will not trust: but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world:
There stay, until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about their annual reckoning: 980

If this austere insociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial, and last love;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge, challenge me by these deserts,
And, by this virgin-palm, now kissing thine,
I will be thine: and, 'till that instant, shut
My woeful self up in a mourning house;
Raining the tears of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my father's death:
If this thou do deny, let our hands part;
Neither entitled in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,

To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!

Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.

Biron. And what to me, my love, and what to me?

Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are rank;
You are attaint with fault and perjury:

Therefore, if you my favour mean to get,

A twelve-month shall you spend, and never rest;
But seek the weary beds of people sick.

Dum. But what to me, my love? but what to me?

Kath. A wife!—a beard, fair health, and honesty;
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

Dum. O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?

Kath. Not so, my lord; a twelve-month and a
day

I'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers say:

Come when the king doth to my lady come,

Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.

Dum. I'll serve thee true and faithfully 'till then.

Kath. Yet swear not, lest you be forsworn again.

Long. What says Maria?

Mar. At the twelve-month's end,
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

Long. I'll stay with patience; but the time is long.

Mar. The liker you; few taller are so young.

Biron. Studies my lady? mistress, look on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there;
Impose some service on me for thy love.

Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my lord Biron,
Before I saw you: and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of comparisons, and wounding flouts;
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit:
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain;
And, therewithal, to win me, if you please,

(Without

(Without the which I am not to be won)
 You shall this twelve-month term from day to day
 Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
 With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
 With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
 To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of
 death?

It cannot be; it is impossible:
 Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Ros. Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
 Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,
 Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:
 A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
 Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
 Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,
 Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear groans,
 Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,
 And I will have you, and that fault withal;
 But, if they will not, throw away that spirit,
 And I shall find you empty of that fault,
 Right joyful of your reformation.

Biron. A twelve-month? well, befall what will
 befall,

I'll jest a twelve-month in an hospital.

Prin. Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take my leave.

[To the King.

King. No, madam; we will bring you on your
 way.

Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old play;

Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

King. Come, sir, it wants a twelve-month and a
day, and your task shall be
And then 'twill end.

Biron. That's too long for a play: to enforce the
To move, wild laughter in the throat of

Enter ARMADO. *Death*

Armado. Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,

Pyrrhus. Was not that Hector?

Dum. That worthy knight of Troy.

Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave: I
am a votary; I have vow'd to Jaquenetta to hold the
plough for her sweet love three year. But, most
esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that
the two learned men have compiled, in praise of the
owl and the cuckow: it should have follow'd in the
end of our show: but I will have you and that I hope

King. Call them forth quickly, we will do so.

Arm. Hold! approach.—

Enter all, for the Song.

This side is Hiems; winter.

This Ver, the spring; the one maintain'd by the owl,
The other by the cuckow.

Ver, begin.

S. O. N. G.

S O N G.

S P R I N G.

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
 And lady-smocks all silver-white,

1080

And cuckow-buds of yellow hue,
 Do paint the meadows with delight, he.

The cuckow then, on every tree,
 Mocks marry'd men, for thus sings he,

Cuckow; cuckow;—O word of fear,
 Unpleasing to a marry'd ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
 And merry larks are plowmen's clocks,

When turtles tread, and rooks, and doves,
 And maidens bleach their summer smocks,

The cuckow then, on every tree,
 Mocks married men, for thus sings he,

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 Mocks married men, for thus sings he,

Cuckow; cuckow;—O word of fear,
 Unpleasing to a marry'd ear!

W I N T E R.

When icicles hang by the wall,
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,

And Tom bears logs into the hall,
 And milk comes frozen home in pail,

When icicles hang by the wall,
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,

And Tom bears logs into the hall,
 And milk comes frozen home in pail,

1100

When

When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,

Then nightly sings the staring owl,

To-who;

Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,

While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,

And coughing drowns the parson's saw,

And birds sit brooding in the snow,

And Marian's nose looks red and raw,

When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,

Then nightly sings the staring owl,

To-who;

Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,

While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

*Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh after the
songs of Apollo. You, that way; we, this way.*

[Exeunt omnes.]

THE END.



ANNOTATIONS

BY

SAM. JOHNSON & GEO. STEEVENS,

AND

THE VARIOUS COMMENTATORS,

UPON

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST,

WRITTEN BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE.

SIC ITUR AD ASTRA.

VIRG.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the Direction of,

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M DCC LXXXVII.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

THE FARMERS' COMMISSION

LOVE, LABOR & LOSS

WILL STARK

THE FARMERS' COMMISSION

LOVE, LABOR & LOSS

WILL STARK

THE FARMERS' COMMISSION

LOVE, LABOR & LOSS

WILL STARK



ANNOTATIONS
UPON
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT I.

Line 32. *WITH all these living in philosophy.*] The style of the rhyming scenes in this play is often entangled and obscure. I know not certainly to what *all these* is to be referred; I suppose he means, that he finds *love, pomp, and wealth* in *philosophy*.

JOHNSON.

Doth not *all these* refer to *his companions*? HENLEY.

48. —nor sleep.] The folio—*not sleep*.

STEEVENS.

62. *When I to feast expressly am forbid;*] The copies all have:

When I to fast expressly am forbid;

A ij

But

But if Biron studied where to get a good dinner, at a time when he was *forbid* to *fast*, how was this studying to know what he was forbid to know? Common sense, and the whole tenour of the context, require us to read, *feast*, or to make a change in the last word of the verse :

When I to fast expressly am fore-bid ;
i. e. when I am enjoined before-hand to fast.

THEOBALD.

75. ————while truth the while

Doth falsely blind———] *Falsely* is here, and in many other places, the same as *dishonestly* or *treacherously*. The whole sense of this jingling declamation is only this, that *a man by too close study may read himself blind*.

JOHNSON.

82. *Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,*

And give him light that was it blinded by.]

The meaning is, that when he *dazzles*, that is, has his eye made weak, by *fixing his eye upon a fairer eye*, that fairer eye shall be his heed, his direction or lode-star (See *Midsummer Night's Dream*), and give him light that was blinded by it.

JOHNSON.

92. *Too much to know, is, to know nought but fame;*

And every godfather can give a name.] The consequence, says Biron, of too much knowledge, is not any real solution of doubts, but mere empty reputation. That is, *too much knowledge gives only fame a name, which every godfather can give likewise*.

JOHNSON.

95. *Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding !]* To *proceed* is an academical term, meaning, *to take a degree,*

gree, as, he proceeded *bachelor in physick*. The sense is, he has taken his degrees on the art of *hindering the degrees of others*.

JOHNSON.

102. —sneaping frost,] So *sneaping winds* in the *Winter's Tale*.

To *sneap* is to *check*, to *rebuke*.

STEEVENS.

106. Why should I joy in an abortive birth?

At Christmas I no more desire a rose,

Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows;

But like of each thing that in season grows.]

As the greatest part of this scene (both what precedes and follows) is strictly in rhimes, either *successive*, *alternate*, or *triple*, I am persuaded, that the copyists have made a slip here. For by making a *triplet* of the three last lines quoted, *birth* in the close of the first line is quite destitute of any rhyme to it. Besides, what a displeasing identity of sound recurs in the middle and close of this verse?

Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows:

Again: *new-fangled shows* seems to have very little propriety. The flowers are not *new-fangled*; but the earth is *new-fangled* by the profusion and variety of the flowers, that spring on its bosom in May. I have therefore ventured to substitute *earth*, in the close of the third line, which restores the *alternate* measure. It was very easy for a negligent transcriber to be deceived by the rhyme immediately preceding; so mistaking the concluding word in the sequent line, and corrupt it into one that would chime with the other,

THEOBALD.

149. —*lie here*—] means *reside* here, in the same sense as an ambassador is said to *lye* leiger. See Beaumont and Fletcher's *Love's Cure*, act ii. sc. 2.

“Or did the cold Muscovite beget her

“That *lay* here *leiger*?”

Mr. Reed hath adduced Sir Henry Wotton's celebrated definition, for the use of the same verb in this sense: “An ambassador is an honest man sent to *lie* (*i. e.* *reside*) abroad for the good of his country.”

HENLEY.

153. *Not by might master'd, but by special grace:]*

Biron, amidst his extravagances, speaks with great justness against the folly of vows. They are made without sufficient regard to the variations of life, and are therefore broken by some unforeseen necessity. They proceed commonly from a presumptuous confidence, and a false estimate of human power.

JOHNSON.

159. *Suggestions*——] Temptations. JOHNSON.

162. ————*quick recreation*———] Lively sport, spritely diversion. JOHNSON.

169. *A man of compliments, whom right and wrong*

Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:] This passage, I believe, means no more than that Don Armado was a man nicely versed in ceremonial distinctions, one who could distinguish in the most delicate questions of honour the exact boundaries of right and wrong. *Compliment*, in Shakspeare's time, did not signify, at least did not only signify verbal civility, or phrases of coustesy; but, according to its original

original meaning, the trappings, or ornamental appendages of a character, in the same manner, and on the same principles of speech with *accomplishment*. *Compliment* is, as Armado well expresses it, *the varnish of a complete man*. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's opinion may be supported by the following passage in *Lingua, or The Combat of the Tongue and the five Senses for Superiority*, 1607:—"after all fashions and of all colours, with rings, jewels, a fan, and in every other place, odd complements." And again, by the title-page to Richard Brathwaite's *English Gentlewoman*, "drawne out to the full body, expressing what habiliments doe best attire her; what ornaments doe best adorne her; and what complements doe best accomplish her." STEEVENS.

171. *This child of fancy*—] This expression has been adopted by Milton in his *Allegro*:

"Or sweetest Shakspeare, *Fancy's child*."

MALONE.

174. *From tawny Spain, &c.*] i. e. he shall relate to us the celebrated stories recorded in the old romances, and in their very style. Why he says *from tawny Spain* is, because those romances, being of Spanish original, the heroes and the scene were generally of that country. Why he says, *lost in the world's debate* is, because the subject of those romances were the crusades of the European Christians against the Saracens of Asia and Africa. So that we see here his meaning in the words. WARBURTON.

174. ———— *in the world's debate.*] The world seems

seems to be used in a monastick sense by the king, now devoted for a time to a monastick life. *In the world, in seculo*, in the bustle of human affairs, from which we are now happily sequestred; *in the world*, to which the votaries of solitude have no relation.

JOHNSON.

185. —*tharborough* :—] i. e. *Thirdborough*, a peace officer, alike in authority with a headborough or a constable.

SIR J. HAWKINS.

196. *A high hope for a low having* :—] In old editions :

A high hope for a low heaven ;

A low heaven, sure, is a very intricate matter to conceive. I dare warrant, I have retrieved the poet's true reading ; and the meaning is this : " Though you hope for high words, and should have them, it will be but a low acquisition at best." This our poet calls a *low having* : and it is a substantive which he uses in several other passages.

THEOBALD.

It is so used in *Macbeth*, act i. line 146.

" ————great prediction

" Of noble *having*, and of royal hope."

Heaven, however, may be the true reading, in allusion to the gradations of happiness promised by *Mo-hammed* to his followers. So, in the comedy of *Old Fortunatus*, 1600 :

" Oh, how my soul is rapt to a *third heaven* !"

STEEVENS.

198. *To hear ? or forbear hearing ?*] One of the modern editors, plausibly enough, reads,

"To hear? or forbear *laughing*." MALONE.

204. ———taken with the manner.] So, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630: "—and, being taken with the manner, had nothing to say for himself."

STEEVENS.

247. —base minnow of thy mirth.——] The base minnow of thy mirth, is the contemptibly little object that contributes to thy entertainment. Shakspeare makes Coriolanus characterize the tribunitian insolence of Sicinius, under the same figure:

"——hear you not

"This Triton of the minnows!"

Again, in *Have with you to Saffron-Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, &c. 1596: "Let him denie that there was another shewe made of the little minnow his brother," &c.

STEEVENS.

274. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.] So *Falstaff*, in the *Second Part of King Henry IV*:

"——it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal."

STEEVENS.

309. dear imp.] *Imp* was anciently a term of dignity. Lord Cromwell, in his last letter to Henry VIII. prays for the imp his son. It is now used only in contempt or abhorrence; perhaps in our author's time it was ambiguous, in which state it suits well with this dialogue.

JOHNSON.

Pistol salutes king Henry V. by the same title.

STEEVENS.

The word literally means a *graff*, *slip*, *scion*, or *sucker*: and by metonymy comes to be used for a boy or child. The *imp*, *his son*, is no more than his *infant son*. It is now set apart to signify *young fiends*; as *the devil and his imps*.

REMARKS.

312. ——— *my tender juvenal.*] *Juvenal* is youth. So, in *The Noble Stranger*, 1640:

“Oh, I could hug thee for this, my jovial *juvinell*.”

STEEVENS.

322. ——— *tough.*] *Old and tough, young and tender*, is one of the proverbial phrases collected by Mr. Ray.

STEEVENS.

339. ——— *crosses love not him.*] By *crosses* he means money. So, in *As You Like It*, the Clown says to Celia, “*If I should bear you, I should bear no cross.*”

JOHNSON.

357. *Moth.* ——— *and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.*] Banks’s horse, which play’d many remarkable pranks. Sir Walter Raleigh (*History of the World, first Part*, p. 178.) says, “If Banks had lived in older times, he would have shamed all the inchanters in the world: for whosoever was most famous among them, could never master, or instruct any beast as he did his horse.” And Sir Kenelm Digby (*a Treatise of Bodies*, ch. xxxviii. p. 393.) observes: “That his horse would restore a glove to the due owner, after the master had whispered the man’s name in his ear; would tell the just number of pence in any piece of silver coin, newly shewed him
by

by his master; and even obey presently his command, in discharging himself of his excrements, whensoever he had bade him." GREY.

Banks's horse is alluded to by many writers contemporary with Shakspeare; among the rest, by Ben Jonson, in *Every Man out of his Humour*: "He keeps more ado with this monster, than ever *Bankes* did with his horse."

Again, in *Hall's Satires*, lib. iv. sat. 2.

"More than who vies his pence to view some tricke

"Of strange *Morocco's* dumbe arithmeticke."

Again, in Ben Johnson's 134th *Epigram*:

"Old *Banks* the jugler, our Pythagoras,

"Grave tutor to the *learned horse*," &c.

The fate of this man and his very docile animal, is not exactly known. From the next lines, however, to those last quoted, it should seem as if they had died abroad.

"———Both which

"Being, beyond sea, burned for one witch,

"Their spirits transmigrated to a cat."

Among the entries at Stationer's-Hall is the following; Nov. 14, 1595, "A ballad shewing the strange qualities of a young nagg called *Morocco*."

Among other exploits of this celebrated beast, it is said that he went up to the top of St. Paul's; and the same circumstance is likewise mentioned in *The Gul's Horn-booke*, a satirical pamphlet, by Decker, 1609.

"—From hence you may descend to talk about the

horse that went up, and strive, if you can, to know his keeper; take the day of the month, and the number of the steppes, and suffer yourself to believe verily that it was not a horse, but something else in the likeness of one."

Again, in *Chrestoloros*, or Seven Bookes of Epigrams, written by T. B. 1598, lib. iii. ep. 17.

"Of Bankes' Horse.

"Bankes hath a horse of wondrous qualitie,

"For he can fight, and pisse, and dance, and lie,

"And finde your purse, and tell what coyne ye have :

"But, Bankes, who taught your horse to smell a knave ?

STEEVENS.

Ben Johnson hints at the unfortunate catastrophe of both man and horse, which happened at Rome : where, to the disgrace of the age, of the country, and of humanity, they were burnt by order of the pope, for magicians. See *Don Zara del Fogo*. 12mo. 1660, p. 114.

REED.

415. —the King and the Beggar ?] See Dr. Percy's *Collection of old Ballads*, in three vols.

STEEVENS.

422. —my digression—] *Digression* on this occasion signifies the act of going out of the right way. So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

"Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,

"*Digression* from the valour of a man."

STEEVENS.

Again,

Again, in our Author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"——my *digression* is so vile, so base,

"That it will live engraven on my face."

MALONE.

424. ——*the rational hind Costard*;——] Perhaps, we should read—*the irrational hind*, &c. TYRWHITT.

The *rational hind*, perhaps, means only the *reasoning brute*, the *animal with some share of reason*.

STEEVENS.

468. —It is not for prisoners to be silent in their words;—] I suppose we should read, it is not for prisoners to be silent in their *wards*, that is, in *custody*, in the *holds*.

JOHNSON.

The first quarto, 1598 (the most authentick copy of this play), reads—"It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words;" and so without doubt the text should be printed.

MALONE.

472. —*affect*—] i. e. love. So, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. XII. ch. 74.

"But this I know, not Rome affords whom more you might *affect*,

"Than her," &c.

STEEVENS.

483. *The first and second cause will not serve my turn*;] See the last act of *As You Like It*, with the notes.

JOHNSON.

489. —*sonneteer*.] The old copies read only—*sonnet*.

STEEVENS.

ACT II.

Line 15. *BEAUTY* is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues:]

So, in our author's 102d Sonnet:

"That love is merchandiz'd, whose rich esteeming

"The owner's tongue doth publish every where."

MALONE.

16. ——— Chapmen's tongues:] Chapman here seems to signify the seller, not, as now commonly, the buyer. Cheap, or cheping was anciently the market, chapman therefore is marketman. The meaning is, that the estimation of beauty depends not on the uttering or proclamation of the seller, but on the eye of the buyer.

JOHNSON.

45. A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;] The first quarto, 1598, has the line thus:

"A man of sovereign peerless he is esteem'd."

I believe, the author wrote

A man of, — sovereign, peerless he's esteem'd.

A man of extraordinary accomplishments the speaker, perhaps, would have said, but suddenly checks himself; and adds—"sovereign, peerless he's esteem'd."

So in the *Tempest*:

"——— but you, O you,

"So perfect, and so peerless are created."

See a note on the words—"Sir, make me not your story;" *Measure for Measure*, act i.

MALONE.

46. *Well fitted——*] *Is well qualified.*

JOHNSON.

50. *——match'd with——*] *Is combined or joined with.*

JOHNSON.

85. *Were all address'd——*] *To address is to prepare.* So, in *Hamlet* :

"——it lifted up its head, and did address

"Itself to motion."

STEEVENS.

108. *And sin to break it:]* The princess shews an inconvenience very frequently attending rash oaths, which, whether kept or broken, produce guilt.

JOHNSON.

147. *——and not demands,*

On payment, &c.] The former editions read :

——and not demands

One payment of a hundred thousand crowns,

To have his title live in Aquitain.

I have restored, I believe, the genuine sense of the passage. Aquitaine was pledged, it seems, to Navarre's father, for 200,000 crowns. The French king pretends to have paid one moiety of this debt (which Navarre knows nothing of), but demands this moiety back again : instead whereof (says Navarre) he should rather pay the remaining moiety, and demand to have Aquitaine re-delivered up to him. This is plain and easy reasoning upon the fact suppos'd ; and Navarre declares, he had rather receive the residue of his debt, than detain the province mortgaged for security of it.

THEOBALD.

150.

150. —depart *withal*,] To *depart* and to *part* were anciently synonymous. So, in *K. John*:

“Hath willingly *departed* with a part.”

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour*:

“Faith, sir, I can hardly *depart* with ready money.” STEEVENS.

195. *Non poynt*,—] So, in the *Shoemaker's Holliday*, 1600:

“—tell me where he is.

“*No point*. Shall I betray my brother?”

STEEVENS.

199. —*What lady is that same?*] It is odd that Shakspeare should make *Dumain* inquire after *Rosaline*, who was the mistress of *Biron*, and neglect *Katharine*, who was his own. *Biron* behaves in the same manner. No advantage would be gained by an exchange of names, because the last speech is determined to *Biron* by *Maria*, who gives a character of him after he has made his exit. Perhaps *all* the ladies wore masks but the princess. STEEVENS.

They certainly did, where *Biron* says to *Rosaline*, “—*Now fair befall your mask!*”

MALONE.

208. *God's blessing on your beard!*] That is, may'st thou have sense and seriousness more proportionate to thy beard, the length of which suits ill with such idle catches of wit. JOHNSON.

227. —*unless we feed on your lips*.] Shakspeare has the same expression in his *Venus and Adonis*:

“*Feed* where thou wilt, on mountain or on dale,

“*Graze on my lips.*”

MALONE.

231. *My lips are no common, though several they be,]*
Several is an enclosed field of a private proprietor; so Maria says, *her lips are private property*. Of a lord that was newly married, one observed that he grew fat; "Yes," said Sir Walter Raleigh, "any beast will grow fat, if you take him from the *common* and graze him in the *several*." JOHNSON.

So, in *The Rival Friends*, 1632:

"—my sheep have quite disgrist

"Their bounds, and leap'd into the *severall*."

Again, in Green's *Disputation*, &c. 1592: "rather would have mewed me up as a henne, to have kept that *severall* to himself by force," &c. Again, in Sir John Oldcastle, 1600:

"Of late he broke into a *severall*

"That does belong to me."

Again, in Fenton's *Tragical Discourses*, 4to. bl. let. 1597.—"he entered *commons* in the place which the olde John thought to be reserved *severall* to himself." p. 64. Again, in Holinshed's *History of England*, B. VI. p. 150,—"not to take and pale in the *commons* to enlarge their *severalles*." STEEVENS.

My lips are no common, though several they be,] In the note upon this passage it is said that SEVERAL is an enclosed field of a private proprietor.

Dr. Johnson has totally mistaken this word. In the first place it should be spelled *severell*. This does not signify an enclosed field or private property, but is rather the property of every landholder in the parish. In the unenclosed parishes in Warwickshire and

and other counties, their method of tillage is thus: The land is divided into three fields, one of which is every year fallow. This the farmers plough and manure, and prepare for bearing wheat. Betwixt the lands, and at the end of them, some little grass land is interspersed, and there are here and there some little patches of green sward. The next year this ploughed field bears wheat, and the grass land is preserved for hay; and the year following the proprietors sow it with beans, oats, or barley, at their discretion; and the next year it lies fallow again; so that each field in its turn is fallow every third year; and the field thus fallowed is called the *common field*, on which the cows and sheep graze, and have herdsmen and shepherds to attend them, in order to prevent them from going into the two other fields which bear corn and grass. These last are called the *severell*, which is not separated from the common by any fence whatever; but the care of preventing the cattle from going into the *severell*, is left to the herdsmen and shepherds; but the herdsmen have no authority over the town bull, who is permitted to go where he pleases in the *severell*.

DR. JAMES.

Holinshed's *Description of Britain*, p. 33, and Leigh's *Accidence of Armourie*, 1597, p. 52. spell this word like Shakspeare. Leigh mentions the town bull, and says, "all *severals* to him are common."

TOLLET.

247. *His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,*
That

That is, *his tongue being impatiently desirous to see as well as speak.* JOHNSON.

250. *To feel only looking*——] Perhaps we may better read:

To feed only by looking—— JOHNSON.

270. Boyet. *You are too hard for me.*] Here, in all the books, the 2d act is made to end: but in my opinion very mistakenly. I have ventured to vary the regulation of the four last acts from the printed copies, for these reasons. Hitherto the 2d act has been of the extent of seven pages; the 3d of but five; and the 5th of no less than twenty-nine. And this disproportion of length has crowded too many incidents into some acts, and left the others quite barren. I have now reduced them into a much better equality; and distributed the business likewise (such as it is), into a more uniform cast.

THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald has reason enough to propose this alteration, but he should not have made it in his book without better authority or more need. I have therefore preserved his observation, but continued the former division.

JOHNSON.

ACT

ACT III.

Line 1. *ENTER Armado and Moth.*] In the folios the direction is, *Enter Braggart and Moth*, and at the beginning of every speech of Armado stands *Brag.* both in this and the foregoing scene between him and his boy. The other personages of this play are likewise noted by their characters as often as by their names. All this confusion has been well regulated by the later editors. JOHNSON.

2. *Concolinel*——] Here is apparently a song lost. JOHNSON.

I have observed in the old comedies, that the songs are frequently omitted. On this occasion the stage direction is generally—*Here they sing*—or *Cantant*. Probably the performer was left to choose his own ditty, and therefore it could not with propriety be exhibited as part of a new performance. Sometimes yet more was left to the discretion of the ancient comedians, as I learn from the following circumstance in *K. Edward IV.* Part II. 1619:—"Jockey is led whipping over the stage, speaking some words, but of no importance."

Again, in Greene's *Tu Quoque*, 1599:

"Here they two talk and rail *what they list*."

Again, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635:

"He places all things in order, *singing* with the ends of old ballads as he does it."

Again,

Again, in Marston's *Dutch Courtesan*, 1604:

"*Cantat Gallice.*" But no song is set down.

Again, in the 5th act:

"*Cantat saltatque cum Cithara.*"

Not one out of the many songs supposed to be sung in Marston's *Antonio's Revenge*, 1602, are inserted; but instead of them, *cantant*.

STEEVENS.

5. —festinately *hither*;] *i. e.* hastily. Shakspeare uses the adjective *festinate*, in another of his plays.

STEEVENS.

7. —a *French brawl*?] A *brawl* is a kind of dance.

In the *Malcontent* of Marston, I meet with the following account of it. "The *brawl*, why 'tis but two singles to the left, two on the right, three doubles forwards, a traverse of six rounds: do this twice, three singles side galliard trick of twenty coranto pace; a figure of eight, three singles broken down, come up, meet two doubles, fall back, and then honour."

Again, in B. Jonson's masque of *Time Vindicated*:

"The Graces did them footing teach;

"And, at the old Idalian *bravls*,

"They danc'd your mother down."

STEEVENS.

So, in Massinger's *Picture*, act ii. sc. 2.

"'Tis a *French brawl*, an apish imitation

"Of what you really perform in battle."

TOLLET.

11. —canary to it with your feet,—] *Candry*

was the name of a spritely nimble dance. THEOBALD.

19. —*like a man after the old painting*;—] It was a common trick among some of the most indolent of the ancient masters, to place the hands in the bosom or the pockets, or conceal them in some other part of the drapery, to avoid the labour of representing them, or to disguise their own want of skill to employ them with grace and propriety.

STEEVENS.

21. —*These are complements*,—] Dr. Warburton has here changed *complements* to '*complishments*, for *accomplishments*, but unnecessarily. JOHNSON.

22. —*these betray, &c.*] The former editors: —*these betray nice wenches, that would be betray'd without these, and make them men of note.* But who will ever believe, that the odd attitudes and affectations of *lovers*, by which they betray young *wenches*, should have power to make these young *wenches*, *men of note*? His meaning is, that they not only inveigle the young *girls*, but make the *men* taken notice of too, who affect them. THEOBALD.

30. —*but a colt*,—] *Colt* is a hot, mad-brained, unbroken young fellow; or sometimes an old fellow with youthful desires. JOHNSON.

61. *You are too swift, sir, to say so.*] The meaning, I believe, is, *You do not give yourself time to think, if you say so.*

Swift, however, means ready at replies. So, in Marston's *Malcontent*, 1604:

"I have eaten but two spoonfuls, and methinks I could discourse both *swiftly* and wittily already.

STEEVENS.

Swift

Swift is here used, as in other places, synonymously with *witty*. I suppose the meaning of *Atalanta's* better part, in *As You Like It*, is her *wit*—the *swiftness* of her mind.

FARMER.

So, in the prologue to Fletcher's *Custom of the Country*:

"——The play

"Is quick and witty; so the poets say."

MALONE.

68. By thy favour, sweet welkin,——] *Welkin* is the sky, to which Armado, with the false dignity of a Spaniard, makes an apology for sighing in its face.

JOHNSON.

71. ——here's a Costard broken——] i. e. a head. So, in *Hycke Scorne*:

"I wyll rappe you on the *costard* with my horne."

STEEVENS.

73. ——no l'envoy;——] The *l'envoy* is a term borrowed from the old French poetry. It appeared always at the head of a few concluding verses to each piece, which either served to convey the moral, or to address the poem to some particular person. It was frequently adopted by the ancient English writers.

So, in *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606:

"Well said: now to the *L'Envoy*."—All the *Tragedies* of *John Bochas*, translated by Lidgate, are followed by a *L'Envoy*.

——no salve in the male, sir:——] The old folio reads, *no salve in thee male, sir*, which, in another folio, is; *no salve, in the male, sir*. What it can mean

is not easily discovered: if *mail* for a *packet* or *bag* was a word then in use, *no salve in the mail* may mean, *no salve in the mountebank's budget*. Or shall we read, *no enigma, no riddle, no l'envoy—in the vale, sir—O, sir, plantain*. The matter is not great, but one would wish for some meaning or other. JOHNSON.

Male or *mail* was a word then in use. Reynard the fox sent Kayward's head in a *male*. And so, in *Tamburlane*, or the *Scythian Shepherd*, 1590:

“Open the *males*, yet guard the treasure, sure.”
I believe Dr. Johnson's first explanation to be right.

STEEVENS.

The word is also found in Taylor the Water Poet's *Works* (*Character of a Bawd*), 1630:—“the cloath-bag of the counsel, cap-case, fardle, pack, *male*, of friendly toleration.” MALONE.

I can scarcely think that Shakspeare had so far forgotten his little school learning, as to suppose that the Latin verb *salve*, and the English substantive, *salve*, had the same pronunciation; and yet without this, the quibble cannot be preserved. FARMER.

The same quibble occurs in *Aristippus*, or the *Jovial Philosopher*, 1630:

“*Salve*, Master Simplicius.

“*Salve* me; 'tis but a Surgeon's compliment.”

STEEVENS.

No salve in the male, sir, may mean, “I will have none of all the *salves* you have in the *male* :” treating them as a mountebank. MUSGRAVE.

Perhaps

Perhaps we should read—*no salve in them all, sir.*

TYRWHITT.

86. *I will example it :]* These words, and some others, are neither in the first folio, nor in the 4to. 1631, but in that of 1598. I still believe the whole passage to want some regulation, though it has not sufficient merit to encourage the editor who should attempt it.

STEEVENS.

114. *And he ended the market.]* Alluding to the proverb—*Three women and a goose make a market.* *Tre donne et un occa fan un mercato.* Ital. Ray's Proverbs.

STEEVENS.

115. —*how was there a Costard broken in a shin ?]* *Costard* is the name of a species of apple. JOHNSON.

It has been already observed that the *head* was anciently called the *costard*. So, in *King Richard III.* "Take him over the *costard* with the hilt of thy sword." A *costard* likewise signified a *crab-stick*. So, in the *Loyal Subject* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"I hope they'll crown his service—

"With a *costard*."

STEEVENS.

138. *Like the sequel, I, —]* *Sequels*, in French, signifies a great man's train. The joke is, that a single page was all his train.

THEOBALD.

I believe this joke exists only in the apprehension of the commentator. *Sequelle*, by the French, is never employed but in a derogatory sense. They use it to express the *gang* of a highwayman, but not the *train* of a lord; the followers of a rebel, and not the attendants on a general. Thus Holinshed, p. 639.—

"to the intent that by the extinction of him and his *sequeale*, all civil warre and inward division might cease," &c. Moth uses *sequel* only in the literary acceptance.

STEEVENS.

138. ———my *incony* Jew!] *Incony* or *kony* in the north signifies, fine, delicate—as a *kony thing*, a fine thing. It is plain therefore, we should read:

———my *incony* jewel. WARBURTON.

I know not whether it be right, however specious, to change *Jew* to *Jewel*. *Jew*, in our author's time, was, for whatever reason, apparently a word of endearment. So, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"Most brisky Juvenile, and che most lovely Jew."

JOHNSON.

The word is used again in the 4th act of this play:

"———most *incony* vulgar wit."

In the old comedy called *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602, I meet with it again. A maid is speaking to her mistress about a gown:

"———it makes you have a most *inconic* body."

Cony and *incony* have the same meaning.

STEEVENS.

There is no such expression in the North as either *kony* or *incony*. The word *canny*, which the people there use, and from which Dr. Warburton's mistake may have arisen, bears a variety of significations, none of which is *fine*, *delicate*, or applicable to a thing of value. Dr. Johnson's quotation by no means proves *Jew* to have been a word of endearment.

REMARKS.

1764

176. ——— in print. ———] i. e. exactly, with the utmost nicety. It has been proposed to me to read *in point*, but I think, without necessity, the former expression being still in use.

So, in *Blurt Master Constable*:

"Next, your ruff must stand *in print*."

STEEVENS.

184. *This wimpled*, ———] The *wimple* was a hood or veil which fell over the face. Had Shakspeare been acquainted with the *flammeum* of the Romans, or the gem which represents the marriage of Cupid and Psyche, his choice of the epithet would have been much applauded by all the advocates in favour of his learning. In Isaiah, ch. iii. v. 22. we find:—"the mantles, and the *wimples*, and the crimping-pins;" and, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607, to *wimple* is used as a verb:

"Here, I perceive a little rivalling

"Above my forehead, but I *wimple* it,

"Either with jewels, or a lock of hair."

STEEVENS.

191. *Of trotting paritors*, ———] An *apparitor*, or *paritor*, is an officer of the bishop's court, who carries out citations; as citations are most frequently issued for fornication, the *paritor* is put under Cupid's government.

JOHNSON.

192. *And I to be a corporal of his field,*

And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop l]

The conceit seems to be very forced and remote, however it be understood. The notion is not that
the

the *hoop wears colours*, but that the colours are worn as a tumbler carries his *hoop*, hanging on one shoulder and falling under the opposite arm. JOHNSON.

It was once a mark of gallantry to wear a *lady's colours*. So, in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonson: "—dispatches his lacquey to the chamber early to know what *her colours* are for the day, with purpose to apply his wear that day accordingly," &c. I am informed by a lady who remembers morris-dancing, that the character who tumbled, always carried his *hoop* dressed out with ribbands, and in the position described by Dr. Johnson. STEEVENS.

Corporals of the field are mentioned in Carew's *Survey of Cornwall*; and Raleigh speaks of them twice, Vol. I. p. 103. Vol. II. p. 367. edit. 1571.

TOLLET.

This officer is likewise mentioned in Ben Jonson's *New Inn*:

"As *corporal of the field*, maestro del campo."

Giles Clayton, in his *Martial Discipline*, 1591, has a chapter on the office and duty of a *corporal of the field*. In one of Drake's *Voyages*, it appears that the captains Morgan and Sampson by this name, "had commandement over the rest of the land-captaines." Brookesby tells us, that "Mr. Dodwell's father was in an office then known by the name of *corporal of the field*, which he said was equal to that of a captain of horse." FARMER.

It appears from Lord Strafford's *Letters*, Vol. II. p. 199, that a *corporal of the field* was employed as an aid-

aid-de-camp is now, "in taking and carrying to and fro the directions of the general, or other the higher officers of the field." TYRWHITT.

194. *What? what? I love!—*] The second *what* has been supplied by the editors. I should like better to read—*What? I! I love!* TYRWHITT.

195. ————*like a German clock,*

Still a repairing;—] The same allusion occurs in *Westward-Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607:—"no *German clock*, no mathematical engine whatsoever, requires so much reparation," &c.

Again, in *A mad World my Masters*, 1608:

"———she consists of a hundred pieces,

"Much like your *German clock*, and near allied:

"Both are so nice they cannot go for pride.

"Besides a greater fault, but too well known,

"They'll strike to ten when they should stop at one."

Ben Jonson has the same thought in his *Silent Woman*; and Beaumont and Fletcher in *Wit without Money*.

Again, in Decker's *Newes from Hell*, &c. 1606:—"their wits (like wheels of *Brunswick clocks*) being all wound up so far as they could stretch, were all going, but not one going truly."

The following extract is taken from a book called *The Artificial Clock-Maker*, 3d. edit. 1714:—"Clock-making was supposed to have had its beginning in Germany within less than these two hundred years. It is very probable that our balance-clocks or watches,
and

and some other automata, might have had their beginning there ;" &c. Again, p. 91. — " Little worth remark is to be found till towards the 16th century ; and then clock-work was revived or wholly invented anew in Germany, as is generally thought, because the ancient pieces are of German work."

A skilful watch-maker informs me, that clocks have not been commonly made in England much more than one hundred years backward.

To the inartificial construction of these first pieces of mechanism executed in Germany, we may suppose Shakspeare alludes. The clock at Hampton-Court, which was set up in 1540 (as appears from the inscription affixed to it), is said to be the first ever fabricated in England. STEEVENS.

I have heard a French proverb that compares any thing that is intricate and out of order to the *coq de Strاسبург*, that belongs to the machinery of the town-clock. S. W.

209. — *— — — — — sue, and groan ;*] And, which is not in either of the authentick copies of this play, the quarto 1598, or the folio, 1623, was added, to supply the metre, by the editor of the second folio.

MALONE.

210. *Some men must love my lady, and some Joan.*] To this line Mr. Theobald extends his second act, not injudiciously, but, as was before observed, without sufficient authority. JOHNSON.

ACT IV.

Line 19. *HERE, good my glass,———*] To understand how the princess has her glass so ready at hand in a casual conversation, it must be remembered that in those days it was the fashion among the French ladies to wear a looking-glass, as Mr. Bayle coarsely represents it, *on their bellies*; that is, to have a small mirror set in gold hanging at their girdle, by which they occasionally viewed their faces or adjusted their hair. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson, perhaps, is mistaken. She had no occasion to have recourse to any other *looking-glass* than the Forester, whom she rewards for having shewn her to herself as in a mirror. STEEVENS.

33. *When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,*

We bend to that the working of the heart:] The harmony of the measure, the easiness of the expression, and the good sense in the thought, all concur to recommend these two lines to the reader's notice.

WARBURTON.

36. *——— that my heart means no ill.] That my heart means no ill,* is the same with *to whom my heart means no ill*: the common phrase suppresses the particle, as *I mean him* [not to him] *no harm*. JOHNSON.

37. *——— that self-sovereignty]* Not a sovereignty over,

over, but in, themselves. So, self-sufficiency, self-consequence, &c. MALONE.

42. ——— *a member of the common-wealth.*] Here, I believe, is a kind of jest intended: a member of the common-wealth is put for one of the common people, one of the meanest. JOHNSON.

50. *An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,*

One of these maids' girdles for your waist should be fit.] It is plain that the ladies' girdles would not fit the princess. For when she has referred the clown to *the thickest and the tallest*, he turns immediately to her with the blunt apology, *truth is truth*; and again tells her, *you are the thickest here*. Perhaps he mentions the slenderness of his own wit to excuse his bluntness. JOHNSON.

57. ——— *Boyet, you can carve;*
Break up this capon.] i. e. open this letter.

Our poet uses this metaphor, as the French do their *poulet*; which signifies both a young fowl and a love-letter. *Poulet amatoria litera*, says Richelet; and quotes from Voiture, *Repondre au plus obligeant poulet du monde*; to reply to the most obliging letter in the world. The Italians use the same manner of expression, when they call a love-epistle, *una policetta amorosa*. I owed the hint of this equivocal use of the word to my ingenious friend Mr. Bishop.

THEOBALD.

Henry IV. consulting with Sully about his marriage, says, "My niece of Guise would please me best, not-

withstanding the malicious reports, that she loves *poulets* in paper, better than in a *fricasée*."—A message is called a *cold pigeon*, in the letter concerning the entertainments at Killingworth-Castle.

FARMER.

One of Lord Chesterfield's *Letters*, 8vo. Vol. III. p. 114, gives us the reason why *poulet* meant *amatoria litera*.

TOLLET.

To *break up* was a peculiar phrase in carving.

PERCY.

So, in *Westward-Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607: at "the skirt of that *sheet*, in black-work is wrought his name: *break not up the wild-fowl till anon*."

Again, in Ben Johnson's *Masque of Gipsies Metamorphosed*:

"A London cuckold hot from the spit,

"And when the *carver up* had *broke him*," &c.

STEEVENS.

62. *Break the neck of the wax*,—] Still alluding to the *capon*.

JOHNSON.

So, in the *True Tragedie of Marius and Scilla*, 1594:

"Lectorius read, and *break these letters up*."

STEEVENS.

65. —More *fairer than fair*, *beautiful than beautiful*, *truer*, &c.] I would read, *fairer than fair*, more *beautiful*, &c.

TYRWHITT.

67. —*illustrate*—] For *illustrious*. It is often used by Chapman in his translation of Homer.

STEEVENS.

68. *King Cophetua*.—] The ballad of *King Cophetua*

and the Beggar Maid, may be seen in the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, Vol. I. The beggar's name was Penelophon, here corrupted. PERCY.

The poet alludes to this song in *Romeo and Juliet*, *Henry IV.* Part II. and *Richard II.* STEEVENS.

72. —saw, two ;] The old copy read—see. Mr. Rowe corrected it. MALONE.

90. Thus dost thou hear, &c.] These six lines appear to be a quotation from some ridiculous poem of that time. Warburton.

99. —going o'er it—] A pun upon the word stile. Musgrave.

—ere while.] Just now ; a little while ago. So Raleigh :

“ Here lies Hobbinal, our shepherd while e'er.”

Johnson.

101. A phantasm,—] On the books of the Stationers-Company, Feb. 6, 1608, is entered, “a book called *Phantasm*, the *Italian Taylor* and his Boy; made by Mr. Armin, servant to his majesty.” It probably contains the history of *Monarcho*, of whom Dr. Farmer speaks in the following note, to which I have subjoined an additional instance. STEEVENS.

—a *Monarcho* ;—] The allusion is to a fantastical character of the time.—“Popular applause (says Meres) dooth nourish some, neither do they gape after any other thing, but vaine praise and glorie,—as in our age Peter Shakerlye of Paulis, and *Monarcho* that lived about the court.” p. 178.

FARMER.

In Nash's *Have with you to Saffron-Walden, &c.* 1595, I meet with the same allusion:—"but now he was an insulting monarch above *Monarcho* the Italian, that ware crownes in his shoes, and quite renounced his natural English accents and gestures, and wrested himself wholly to the Italian puntilios," &c.

STEEVENS.

The following extracts will afford some further information concerning this fantastick being. "I could use an instance for this, which though it may seeme of small weight, yet may it have his misterie with his act, who, being of base condition, placed himself (without any perturbation of minde) in the royall seat of Alexander, which the Caldeans prognosticated to portend the death of Alexander.

"The actors were, that Bergamasco (for his phantastick homours) named *Monarcho*, and two of the Spanish ambassadors retinue, who being about *four and twentie yeares past*, in Paules Church in London, contended who was soveraigne of the world: the *Monarcho* maintained himself to be he, and named their king to be but his viceroy for Spain; the other two with great fury denying it. At which myself and some of good account, now dead, wondred in respect of the subject they handled, and that want of judgment we looked not for in the Spaniards. Yet this, moreover, we noted, that notwithstanding the weight of their controversie they kept in their walke the Spanish turne, which is that which goeth at the right hand shall at every end of the walke turne in the

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midst,

midst, the which place the *Monarcho* was loth to yeald (but as they compelled him, though they gave him sometimes that romthe) in respect of his supposed majestie; but I would this were the worst of their ceremonies; the same keeping some decorum concerning equaltie." *A briefe Discourse of the Spanish State, with a Dialogue annexed, intituled Philobasilis*, 4to. 1590. p. 39.

Mr. Reed adds one further notice:

"———heere comes a souldier, for my life it is capitaine Swag: 'tis even he indeede, I do knowe him by his plume and his scarffe; he looks like a *Monarcho* of a very cholericke complexion, and as teasty as a goose that hath young goslings," &c. *Riche's Faults and Nothing but Faults*, p. 12.

A local allusion employed by a poet like Shakspeare, resembles the mortal steed that drew in the chariot of Achilles. But short services could be expected from either.

STEEVENS.

111. ———Come, lords, away.] Perhaps the Princess said rather:

———Come, ladies, away.

The rest of the scene deserves no care, JOHNSON.

113. *Who is the shooter?* ———] It should be who is the *suitor*? and this occasions the quibble. "*Finely put on*," &c. seem only marginal observations. FARMER.

It appears that *suitor* was anciently pronounced *shooter*. So, in *The Puritan Widow*, 1605: the maid informs her mistress that some *archers* are come to

wait on her. She supposes them to be *fletchers*, or arrow-smiths.

Enter the *suitors*, &c.

"Why do you not see them before you? are not these *archers*, what do you call them, *shooters*? *Shooters* and *archers* are all one, I hope."

STEEVENS.

So, in *Essays and Characters of a Prison and Prisoners*, by G. M. 1618: "The king's guard are counted the strongest *archers*, but here are better *suitors*." So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, we meet in the old copy: (owing probably to the transcriber's ear having deceived him)

"———A grief that *suits*

"My very heart at root."

instead of——a grief that *shoots*.

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*, 1594, we find *shoot* instead of *suit*:

"End thy ill aim before thy *shoot* be ended."

Here clearly the author meant *suit*.

In Ireland, where there is reason to believe that much of the pronunciation of queen Elizabeth's time is yet retained, the word *suitor* is at this day pronounced by the vulgar as if it were written *shooter*. The word in the text ought, I think, to be written *suitor*, as in the instance above quoted from *Essays*, &c. by G. M.

The mistake arose from the similarity of the sounds; and this is one of many proofs, that when these plays

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were transcribed for the press, the copies were made out by the ear. MALONE.

131. —queen Guinever—] This was king Arthur's queen, not over famous for fidelity to her husband. See the song of the *Boy and the Mantle* in Dr. Percy's Collection.

In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*, the elder Loveless addresses Abigail, the old incontinent waiting-woman, by this name. STEEVENS.

142. —the clout.] The *clout* was the white mark at which archers took their aim. The *pin* was the wooden nail that upheld it. STEEVENS.

147. *I fear too much rubbing:*] To *rub* is one of the terms of the bowling-green. MALONE.

153. —to bear her fan!] See a note on *Romeo and Juliet*, act ii, sc. 4. where Nurse asks Peter for her fan. STEEVENS.

See also the representations of them.

158. *Enter—Holofernes,*] There is very little personal reflexion in Shakspeare; either the virtue of those times, or the candour of our author, has so effected, that his satire is, for the most part, general, and, as himself says:

—his taxing like a wild goose, flies,
Unclaim'd of any man.—

The place before us seems to be an exception. For by Holofernes is designed a particular character, a pedant and school-master of our author's time, one John Florio, a teacher of the Italian tongue in London, who has given us a small dictionary of that language

guage under the title of *A World of Words*, which, in his epistle dedicatory, he tells us, is of little less value than Stephens's *Treasure of the Greek Tongue*, the most complete work that was ever yet compiled of its kind. In his preface, he calls those who had criticised his works, *sea-dogs or land-criticks; monsters of men, if not beasts rather than men; whose teeth are canibals, their tongues adders forks, their lips aspes poison, their eyes basilisks, their breath the breath of a grave, their words like swordes of Turks, that strive which shall dive deepest into a Christian lying bound before them.* Well therefore might the mild Nathaniel desire Holofernes to abrogate scurrility. His profession too is the reason that Holofernes deals so much in Italian sentences. There is an edition of *Love's Labour's Lost*, printed 1598, and said to be presented before her highness this last Christmas, 1597. The next year, 1598, comes out our John Florio, with his *World of Words*, recensibus odiis; and in the preface, quoted above, falls upon the comic poet for bringing him on the stage. There is another sort of teering curs, that rather snarle than bite, whereof I could instance in one, who lighting on a good sonnet of a gentleman's, a friend of mine, that loved better to be a poet than to be counted so, called the author a rymmer—Let Aristophanes and his comedians make plaies, and scowre their mouths on Socrates; those very mouths they make to vitifie, shall be the means to amplifie his virtue, &c. Here Shakspeare is so plainly marked out, as not to be mistaken. As to the sonnet of the gentleman his friend, we may be assured it was no other

other than his own; and without doubt was parodied in the very sonnet beginning with *The praiseful princess, &c.* in which our author makes Holofernes say, *He will something affect the letter, for it argues facility.* And how much John Florio thought this *affectation* argued *facility*, or quickness of wit, we see in this preface, where he falls upon his enemy, H. S. *His name is H. S. Do not take it for the Roman H. S. unless it be as H. S. is twice as much and an half, as half an AS.* With a great deal more to the same purpose; concluding his preface in these words, *The resolute John Florio.* From the ferocity of this man's temper it was, that Shakspeare chose for him the name which Rabelais gives to his pedant of Thubal Holoferne.

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton is certainly right in his supposition that *Florio* is meant by the character of *Holofernes*. *Florio* had given the first affront. "The plaies, says he, that they plaie in England, are neither *right comedies*, nor *right tragedies*; but representations of *histories* without any decorum."—The scraps of Latin and Italian are transcribed from his works, particularly the proverb about *Venice*, which has been corrupted so much. The *affectation of the letter*, which argues *facilitie*, is likewise a copy of his manner. We meet with much of it in the sonnets to his patrons.

"In Italie your lordship well hath seene

"Their manners, monuments, magnificence,

"Their language learnt, in sound, in style, in sense,

"Prooving

“ Prooving by profitting, where you have *bee*ne.
 —“ To adde to fore-learn'd facultie, *facilitie*.”

Mr. Warton informs us in his *Life of Sir Tho. Pope*, that there was an old play of *Holophernes* acted before the princess Elizabeth in the year 1556.

FARMER.

Florio pointed his ridicule not only at dramatick performances, but even at performers. Thus, in his preface to this work, “ —as if an owle should represent an eagle, or some tara-rag player should act the princely Telephus with a voyce as rag'd as his clothes, a grace as bad as his voyce.”

STEEVENS.

161. *ripe as a pomewater*,—] A species of apple formerly much esteemed. *Malus Carbonaria*. See Gerard's *Herbal*, edit. 1597, p. 1273.

Again, in the old ballad of *Blew Cap for Me*:

“ Whose cheeks did resemble two roasting *pome-waters*.”

STEEVENS.

162. *in the ear of Cælo*,—] In Florio's dictionary, 1595, *Cielo* is defined “ *heaven, the skie, firmament, or welkin* ;” and *terra* is explained thus: “ The element called *earth* ; anie ground, earth, cuntrye, *land, soile*,” &c.

MALONE.

177. —‘*twas a pricket*.] In a play called *The Return from Parnassus*, 1606, I find the following account of the different appellations of deer, at their different ages :

“ *Amoretto*. I caused the keeper to sever the *rascal* deer from the *bucks of the first head*. Now, sir, a *buck* is, the *first* year, a *fawn* ; the *second* year, a *pricket* ;
 the

the *third* year, a *sorrell*; the *fourth* year, a *soare*; the *fifth*, a *buck of the first head*; the *sixth* year, a *compleat buck*. Likewise your *hart* is the *first* year, a *calfe*; the *second* year, a *brocket*; the *third* year, a *spade*; the *fourth* year, a *stag*; the *sixth* year, a *hart*. A *roebuck* is the *first* year, a *kid*; the *second* year, a *girl*; the *third* year, a *hemuse*; and these are your special beasts for chase."

Again, in *A Christian turn'd Turk*, 1612 :—"I am but a *pricket*, a mere *sorell*; my head's not harden'd yet."

STEEVENS,

186. *And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be*

(Which we of taste and feeling are) for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.]

This stubborn piece of nonsense, as somebody has called it, wants only a particle, I think, to make it sense. I would read,

(Which we of taste and feeling are), &c.

Which, in this passage, has the force of *as*, according to an idiom of our language, not uncommon, though not strictly grammatical. What follows is still more irregular; for I am afraid our poet, for the sake of his rhyme, has put *he* for *him*, or rather *in him*. If he had been writing prose, he would have expressed his meaning, I believe, more clearly, thus :—*that do fructify in us more than in him*.

TYRWHITT.

I have followed Mr. Tyrwhitt's reading.

STEEVENS.

188.

188. *For as it would ill become me to be vain, indis-*
creet, or a fool,

So were there a patch set on learning, to see him
in a school:] The meaning is, to be in a
school would as ill become a *patch*, or low fellow, as
folly would become me. JOHNSON.

Patch here seems to signify a *mark of disgrace*, simi-
lar to the badge, which, in many places, the poor are
obliged to wear, as a stigma to deter others from im-
ploring parochial relief. HENLEY.

200. *The allusion holds in the exchange.] i. e. the*
riddle is as good when I use the name of Adam, as
when you use the name of Cain. WARBURTON.

217. *The praiseful princess, &c.]* The ridicule
designed in this passage may not be unhappily illus-
trated by the alliteration in the following lines of
Ulpian Fullwell, in his Commemoration of Queen
Anne Bullayne, which makes part of a collection
called *The Flower of Fame*, printed 1575:

“Whose princely praise hath pearst the pricke,

“And price of endless fame,” &c. STEEVENS.

239. — *if their daughters be capable, &c.]* Of
this *double entendre*, despicable as it is, Mr. Pope and
his coadjutors availed themselves, in their unsucces-
ful comedy called *Three Hours after Marriage*.

STEEVENS.

243. — *quasi person.—]* So, in *Holinshed*,
p. 953:

“Jerom was vicar of Stepnie, and Garard was
person

person of Honie-Lane." I believe, however, we should write the word—persone. The same play on the word *pierce* is put into the mouth of *Falstaff*.

STEEVENS.

Person, Sir William Blackstone observes in his *Commentaries*, is the original and proper term; *Persona ecclesiæ*.

MALONE.

259. *Fauste, precor gelidâ*—] Holofernes, the Curate, is employed in reading the letter to himself; and while he is doing so, that the stage may not stand still, he either pulls out a book, or, repeating some verses by heart from Mantuanus, comments upon the character of that poet. Baptista Spagnolus (surnamed Mantuanus, from the place of his birth) was a writer of poems, who flourished towards the latter-end of the 15th century.

THEOBALD.

Fauste, precor gelidâ, &c.] A note of La Monnoye's on these very words in *Les Contes des Beriers*, Nov. 42, will explain the humour of the quotation, and shew, how well Shakspeare has sustained the character of his pedant.—Il designe le Carme Baptiste Mantuan, dont au commencement du 16 siecle on lisoit publiquement à Paris le Poesies; si celebres alors, que, comme dit plaisamment Farnabe dans sa preface sur Martial, les Pedans ne faisoient nulle difficulté de preferer à le Arma virumque cano le Fauste precor gelidâ, c'est-a-dire, à l'Eneide de Virgil les Eclogues de Mantuan, la premiere desquelles commence par Fauste precor gelidâ.

WARBURTON.

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The

The *Eclogues* of Mantuanus the Carmelite were translated before the time of Shakspeare, and the Latin printed on the opposite side of the page for the use of schools. STEEVENS.

From a passage in Nashe's *Apologie of Pierce Penniless*, 1593, the *Eclogues* of Mantuanus appear to have been a school-book in our author's time :

" With the first and second leafe he plais very prettilie, and in ordinarie terms of extenuating, ver-dits *Pierce Penniless* for a grammar-school wit ; saies, his margine is as deeplie learned as *Fauste precor gelidâ*." MALONE.

256. ——— *Vinegia, Vinegia,*

Chi non ti vidi, ei non te pregia.] In old editions : *Venechi, venache a, qui non te vide, i non te piatch*. And thus Mr. Rowe and Mr. Pope. But that poets, scholars, and linguists, could not restore this little scrap of the true Italian, is to me unaccountable. Our author is applying the praises of Mantuanus to a common proverbial sentence, said of Venice, *Vinegia, Vinegia ! qui non te vidi, ei non te pregia*. O Venice, Venice, he who has never seen thee, has thee not in esteem. THEOBALD.

The proverb, as I am informed, is this ; *He that sees Venice little, values it much ; he that sees it much, values it little*. But I suppose Mr. Theobald is right, for the true proverb would not serve the speaker's purpose. JOHNSON.

The proverb stands thus in *Howell's Letters*, Book I. sect. 1. l. 36.

E

" *Venetia,*

“*Venetia, Venetia, chi non te vede, non te pregia,*
 “*Ma chi t’ ha troppo veduto te dispregia.*”
 “*Venice, Venice, none thee unseen can prize ;*
 “*Who thee hath seen too much, will thee de-*
spise.”

The players, in their edition, have thus printed the first line: *Venichie, vencha, que non te unde, que non te perreche.*

STEEVENS.

Our author, without doubt, found this Italian proverb in Florio's *Second Frutes*, 4to. 1591, where it stands thus:

“*Venetia, chi non ti vede, non ti pretia ;*

“*Ma chi ti vede, bengli costa.*”

MALONE.

282. —[*Ovidius Naso was the man :—*] Our author makes his pedant affect the being conversant with the best authors: contrary to the practice of modern wits, who represent them as despisers of all such. But those who know the world, know the pedant to be the greatest affecter of politeness.

WARBURTON.

285. —[*so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse his rider.*] The tired horse was the horse adorned with ribbands—the famous Banks's horse so often alluded to. Lilly, in his *Mother Bombe*, brings in a *Hackneyman* and Mr. *Halfpenny* at cross-purposes with this word: “*Why didst thou boare the horse through the eares ?*” “*—It was for tiring.*”

“*He would never tire,*” replies the other.

FARMER.

300. — Trip and go, my sweet ; —] So, in *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, by Nashe, 1600 :

" Trip and go, heave and hoe,

" Up and down, to and fro." —

Perhaps originally the burthen of a song. MALONE.

These words are certainly part of an old popular song. There is an ancient musical medley, beginning, *Trip and go hey!* REMARKS.

309. — colourable colours. —] That is, specious, or fair seeming appearances. JOHNSON.

314. — (being repast) —] Before repast, is the reading of the first quarto, 1598. *Being repast*, that of the folio, 1623. MALONE.

329. — I am toiling in a pitch ; —] Alluding to lady Rosaline's complexion, who is through the whole play represented as a black beauty.

JOHNSON.

355. *The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows :*] This phrase, however quaint, is the poet's own. He means, *the dew that nightly flows down his cheeks*. Shakspeare, in one of his other plays, uses *night of dew* for *dewy night* ; but I cannot at present recollect in which.

STEEVENS.

Why not *dew of night* ?

MUSGRAVE.

373. — he comes in like a perjure, —] The punishment of perjury is to wear on the breast a paper expressing the crime. JOHNSON.

Thus *Holinshed*, p. 838, speaking of Cardinal Wolsey, " — he so punished perjurie with open punish-

E ij

ment,

ment, and *open papers wearing*, that in his time it was less used."

Again, in Leicester's *Common-wealth*, "—the gentlemen were all taken and cast into prison, and afterwards were sent down to Ludlow, there to *wear papers of perjury*." STEEVENS.

378. *Thou mak'st the triumviry*,—] The quarto, 1598, has *triumpherie*. MALONE.

399. *To lose an oath to win a paradise?*] The *Passionate Pilgrim*, 1598, in which this sonnet is also found, reads—to *break* an oath—But the opposition between *lose* and *win* is much in our author's manner.

MALONE.

400. —the liver vein,—] The liver was anciently supposed to be the seat of love. JOHNSON.

404. *All hid, all hid*,—] The children's cry at *hide and seek*. MUSGRAVE.

413. —*amber coted*,] To *cote* is to outstrip, to overpass. So, in *Hamlet*:

"———certain players

"We *coted* on the way."

Again, in Chapman's *Homer*:

"——Words her worth had prov'd with deeds,

"Had more ground been allow'd the race, and
coted far his steeds." STEEVENS.

Quoted (for so I would read) here, I think, signifies *marked, written down*. So, in *All's Well that Ends Well*:

"He's *quoted* for a most perfidious knave."

The word in the old copy is—*coted*; but that (as Dr.

Johnson

Johnson has observed in the last scene of this play) is only the old spelling of *quoted*, owing to the transcriber's trusting to his ear, and following the pronunciation. To *cote*, though elsewhere used by our author with the signification of *overtake*, will, in my opinion, by no means suit here. MALONE.

424. ———— *but a fever she*

Reigns in my blood, —] So, in *Hamlet*:

"For, like the hectic, in my blood he rages."

STEEVENS.

439. *Air, would I might triumph so!*] Perhaps we may better read,

Ah! would I might triumph so! JOHNSON.

440. ———— *my hand is sworn,*] A copy of this sonnet is printed in *England's Helicon*, 1614, and reads,

"But, alas! my hand *hath* sworn."

It is likewise printed as Shakspeare's, in Jaggard's *Collection*, 1599.

STEEVENS.

446. ———— *even Jove would swear,*] The word *even* has been supplied; and the two preceding lines are wanting in the copy published in *England's Helicon*, 1614.

STEEVENS.

451. ———— *my true love's fasting pain.*] *Fasting* is *longing, hungry, wanting*.

JOHNSON.

471. *Her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes:]* The first folio reads: *On her hairs, &c.* The context, I think, clearly shews that we ought to read,

One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes. i. e. the hairs of one of the ladies were of the colour of gold, and the eyes of the other as clear as crystal. The

king is speaking of the panegyricks pronounced by the two lovers on their mistresses.

One was formerly pronounced *on*. Hence the mistake. See a note on *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

The same mistake has happened in *All's Well that Ends Well* (first folio) :

"A traveller is a good thing after dinner—but *on* that lies two thirds," &c.

The two words are frequently confounded in our ancient dramas.

Since I wrote the above, I have found my conjecture confirmed by the first quarto edition of this play, 1598, which reads, "*One*, her hairs," &c.

MALONE.

477. *How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it?*] To leap is to exult, to skip for joy. JOHNSON.

484. *Your eyes do make no coaches;—*] Alluding to a passage in the king's sonnet :

"No drop but as a coach doth carry thee."

STEEVENS.

495. *To see a king transformed to a knot!*] Knot has no sense that can suit this place. We may read *sot*. The rhimes in this play are such, as that *sat* and *sot* may be well enough admitted. JOHNSON.

A knot is, I believe, a true lover's knot, meaning that the king

—lay'd his wreathed arms athwart

His loving bosom so long,

s. e. remained so long in the lover's posture, that he seemed actually transformed into a knot. The word

sat

sat is in some counties pronounced *sot*. This may account for the seeming want of exact rhyme. In the old comedy of *Albuzar* the same thought occurs:

"Why should I twine my arms to cables?"

So, in *The Tempest*:

"———sitting,

"His arms in this sad *knot*."

Again, in *Titus Andronicus*:

"Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen *knot*:"

"Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,

"And cannot passionate our ten-fold grief

"With folded arms."

Again, in the *Raging Turk*, 1611:

"———as he walk'd

"Folding his arms up in a pensive *knot*."

STEEVENS.

A *knot* is likewise a Lincolnshire bird of the snipe kind. It is foolish even to a proverb, and it is said to be easily ensnared. Ray, in his *Ornithology*, observes, that it took its name from Canute, who was particularly fond of it.

The *knot* is enumerated among other delicacies by Sir Epicure Mammon, in Ben Jonson's *Alchemist*:

"My foot-boy shall eat pheasants, &c.

"*Knotts*, godwits," &c.

Again, in the 25th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

"The *knot* that called was Canutus' bird of old,

"Of that great king of Danes his name that still doth hold,

"His

"His appetite to please that far and near were sought." COLLINS.

The old copy, however, reads a *gnat*, and Mr. Tollet seems to think it contains an allusion to St. Matthew, ch. xxiii. v. 24. where the metaphorical term of a *gnat* means a thing of least importance, or what is proverbially small. The smallness of a *gnat* is likewise mentioned in *Cymbeline*. STEEVENS.

If instead of the king *himself*, his *arms only* had been mentioned, *knot* (or, as it is pronounced in some parts of the kingdom, *knat*) might have been admitted; or if the king had been destined to be served up at a *feast*, we might then read *knot*, "Canutus' bird;" but, as his majesty of Navarre, who had devoted himself to a life of study, watching, and fasting, was also a martyr to love, the old reading may be presumed to be the true one, and that he was become as *slender* as a GNAT. HENRY.

499. —critick *Timon*—] *Critick* and *critical* are used by our author in the same sense as *cynick* and *cynical*. Iago, speaking of the fair sex as harshly as is sometimes the practice of Dr. Warburton, declares he is *nothing if not critical*. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's observation is supported by our author's 112th Sonnet:

"——my adder's sense

"To *crytick* and to *flatterer* stopped are."

MALONE.

510. *With men-like men, of strange inconstancy.*

This

This is a strange senseless line, and should be read thus:

With vane-like men, of strange inconstancy.

WARBURTON.

This is well imagined, but perhaps the poet may mean, *with men like common men.*

JOHNSON.

I believe the emendation is proper. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*:

"If speaking, why a *vane* blown with all winds."

STEEVENS.

The following passage in *King Henry IV. P. III. act iii. sc. 1.* adds such support to Dr. Warburton's emendation, that I should not scruple to give it a place in the text:

"Look, as I blow this feather from my face,

"And as the air blows it to me again,

"Obeying with my wind when I do blow,

"And yielding to another when it blows,

"Commanded always by the greater gust;

"Such is the lightness of your common men."

Strange was first added in the second folio, and consequently any other word, as well as that, may have been the author's; for all the additions in that copy appear manifestly to have been capricious and arbitrary, and are generally very injudicious.

MALONE.

Acute as Dr. Warburton's conjecture is, the old reading should maintain its place. The king and his companions were to shew themselves superior to the rest of mankind by an inflexible perseverance in the execution

execution of their project; but, having violated their vows, Biron tells them *he is betrayed, by associating with men who, notwithstanding all their boasts of superior firmness, are as fickle as the common herd of mankind*; nay, whose inconstancy appears the more strange, as they had bound themselves by an oath. HENLEY.

513. *In pruning me?—*] A bird is said to *prune* himself, when he picks and sleeks his feathers. So, in *King Henry IV. Part I.*

“Which makes him *prune* himself, and bristle up

“The crest of youth.”—— STEEVENS.

567. *She, an attending star,——*] Something like this is a stanza of Sir Henry Wotton, of which the poetical reader will forgive the insertion:

You meaner beauties of the night,

That poorly satisfy our eyes

More by your number than your light;

You common people of the skies,

What are ye when the sun shall rise? JOHNSON.

590. —— *Black is the badge of hell,*

The hue of dungeons, and the scowl of night;]

In former editions,

—— *the school of night.*

But I have preferred the conjecture of my friend Mr.

Warburton, who reads,

—— *the scowl of night,*

as it comes nearer in pronunciation to the corrupted reading, as well as agrees better with the other images.

THEOBALD.

592. *And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.*] *Crest* is here properly opposed to *badge*. *Black*, says the king, is the *badge of hell*, but that which graces the heaven is the *crest of beauty*. *Black* darkens hell, and is therefore hateful: *white* adorns heaven, and is therefore lovely. JOHNSON.

And beauty's *crest* becomes the heavens well, i. e. the very *top*, the *height* of beauty, or the utmost degree of fairness, becomes the heavens. So the word *crest* is explained by the poet himself in *King John*:

"———this is the very *top*,

"The *height*, the *crest*, or *crest* unto the *crest*

"Of murder's arms."

In heraldry, a *crest* is a device placed above a coat of arms. Shakspeare therefore assumes the liberty to use it in a sense equivalent to *top* or *utmost height*, as he has used *spire* in *Coriolanus*:

"—to the *spire* and top of praises vouch'd."

So, "the *cap* of all the fools alive" is the *top* of them all, because *cap* was the uppermost part of a man's dress." See *All's Well that Ends Well*.

TOLLET.

624. *Some tricks, some quilllets, how to cheat the devil.*] *Quillet* is the peculiar word applied to law-chicane. I imagine the original to be this. In the French pleadings, every several allegation in the plaintiff's charge, and every distinct plea in the defendant's answer, began with the words *qu'il est*;—from whence

was formed the word *quillet*, to signify a false charge or an evasive answer. WARBURTON.

627. ——— *affection's men at arms :*] *A man at arms* is a soldier armed at all points, both offensively and defensively. It is no more than, *Ye soldiers of affection.* JOHNSON.

648. *The nimble spirits in the arteries ;*] In the old system of physick they gave the same office to the *arteries* as is now given to the nerves ; it appears from the name, which is derived from *ἀσπερ τριπύς*.

WARBURTON.

650. *Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye ?*] *i. e.* a lady's eye gives a fuller notion of beauty than any author. JOHNSON.

656. ——— *we have forsworn our books :*] *i. e.* our true books, from which we derive most information — the eyes of women. MALONE.

658. *In leaden contemplation have found out
Such fiery numbers, —*] Numbers are, in this passage, nothing more than *poetical measures*. Could you, says Biron, by solitary contemplation, have attained such poetical fire, such sprightly numbers, as have been prompted by the eyes of beauty? JOHNSON.

673. ——— *the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd :*] “The suspicious head of theft, is the head suspicious of theft.” “He watches like one that fears robbing,” says Speed, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. This transposition of the adjective is sometimes met with. Grimme tells us, in *Damon and Pythias* :

"A heavy pouch with golde makes a light hart."

FARMER.

677. For valour, is not love a Hercules,

Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?] The

poet is here observing how all the senses are refined by love. But what has the poor sense of smelling done, not to keep its place among its brethren? Then Hercules's valour was not in climbing the trees, but in attacking the dragon guardant. I rather think, that for valour we should read savour, and the poet meant, that Hercules was allured by the odour and fragrancy of the golden apples. THEOBALD.

680. As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;]

This expression, like that other in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, of—

"Orpheus' harp was strung with poets' sinews,"

is extremely beautiful, and highly figurative. Apollo, as the sun, is represented with golden hair; so that a lute strung with his hair, means no more than strung with gilded wire. WARBURTON.

—as sweet and musical

As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair.] The

author of *The Revisal* supposes this expression to be allegorical, p. 138. "Apollo's lute strung with sunbeams, which in poetry are called hair." But what idea is conveyed by Apollo's lute strung with sunbeams? Undoubtedly the words are to be taken in their literal sense: and, in the style of Italian imagery, the thought is highly elegant. The very same sort

F of

of conception occurs in Lilly's *Midas*, a play which most probably preceded Shakspeare's. Act iv. sc. 1. Pan tells Apollo, "Had thy lute been of lawrell, and the strings of *Daphne's* haire, thy tunes might have been compared to my notes," &c.

WARTON.

The same thought occurs in *How to chuse a Good Wife from a Bad*, 1608:

"Hath he not torn those gold wires from thy head,

"Wherewith Apollo would have strung his harp,

"And kept them to play musick to the gods?"

Lilly's *Midas*, quoted by Mr. Warton, was published in 1592.

STEEVENS.
681. *And, when love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.*]

This nonsense we should read and point thus:

And when love speaks the voice of all the gods,

Mark, *heaven drowsy with the harmony.*

i. e. in the voice of love alone is included the voice

of all the gods. Alluding to that ancient theogony,

that Love was the parent and support of all the gods.

Hence, as Suidas tells us, Palæphatus wrote a poem

called, "Ἀφροδίτης καὶ Ἐρωῖος φωνὴ καὶ λόγος. The

voice and speech of Venus and Love, which appears to

have been a kind of cosmogony, the harmony of

which is so great, that it calms and allays all kinds of

disorders: alluding again to the ancient use of musick,

which was to compose monarchs, when, by reason of

the

the cares of empire, they used to pass whole nights in restless inquietude. *WARBURTON.*

The ancient reading is,

Make heaven——— *JOHNSON.*

I cannot find any reason for this emendation, nor do I believe the poet to have been at all acquainted with that ancient theogony mentioned by the critick. The former reading, with the slight addition of a single letter, was, perhaps, the true one. *When LOVE speaks (says Biron), the assembled gods reduce the elements of the sky to a calm, by their harmonious applauses of this favoured orator.*

Mr. Collins observes, that the meaning of the passage may be this—*That the voice of all the gods united, could inspire only drowsiness, when compared with the cheerful effects of the voice of Love.* That sense is sufficiently congruous to the rest of the speech; and much the same thought occurs in *The Shepherd Arsileus' Reply to Syrenus' Song*, by Bar. Yong; published in *England's Helicon*, 1614:

“ Unless mild *Love* possess your amorous breasts,

“ If you sing not of him, your songs do weary.”

Dr. Warburton has raised the idea of his author, by imputing to him a knowledge, of which, I believe, he was not possessed; but should either of these explanations prove the true one, I shall offer no apology for having made him stoop from the critick's elevation. I would, however, read,

Makes heaven drowsy with its harmony.

Though the words *mark!* and *behold!* are alike used

to bespeak or summon attention, yet the former of them appears so harsh in Dr. Warburton's emendation, that I read the line several times over, before I perceived its meaning. To *speak* the *voice* of the gods, appears to me as defective in the same way. Dr. Warburton, in a note on *All's Well that Ends Well*, observes, that to *speak a sound* is a barbarism. To *speak a voice* is, I think, no less reprehensible.

STEVENS.

Few passages have been more canvassed than this. I believe, it wants no alteration of the words, but only of the pointing:

*And when love speaks (the voice of all), the gods
Make heaven drowsy with thy harmony.*

Love, I apprehend, is called the *voice of all*, as gold, in *Timon*, is said to *speak with every tongue*; and the gods (being drowsy themselves *with the harmony*) are supposed to make heaven drowsy. If one could possibly suspect Shakspeare of having read *Pindar*, one should say, that the idea of musick making the hearers drowsy, was borrowed from the first Pythian.

TYRWHITT.

Perhaps here is an accidental transposition. We may read, as I think some one has proposed before,

"The voice *makes* all the gods
"Of heaven drowsy with the harmony."

FARMER.

That harmony had the power to make the hearers drowsy, the present commentator might infer from the effect it usually produces on himself. In *Cynthia's Revenge*,

Revenge, 1613, however, is an instance which should weigh more with the reader:

"Howl forth some ditty, that vast hell may ring

"With charms all potent, earth *asleep to bring*."

Again, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"——musick call, and strike more dead

"Than common *sleep*, of all these five the sense."

STEEVENS.

So, also, in *King Henry IV.* Part II.

"——softly pray;

"Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;

"Unless some dull and favourable hand

"Will whisper *musick* to my wearied spirit."

Again, in *Pericles*, 1609:

"——Most *heavenly musick*!

"It nips me into listening, and thick *slumber*

"Hangs on mine eyes.—Let me rest."

MALONE.

The *voice* may signify the assenting voice; as in *Hamlet*:

"Give every man thy ear, but few thy *voice*."

By *harmony* I presume the poet means *unison*.

MUSGRAVE.

One might almost persuade one's self that the poet, in this description, meant to allegorize the correspondence between the seven primary colours, and the chords that sound the seven notes in the diatonic scale, had this discovery been made in his own time.

HENLEY.

687. *From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:]* In

F i i j

this

this speech I suspect a more than common instance of the inaccuracy of the first publishers:

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive,

and several other lines, are as unnecessarily repeated. Dr. Warburton was aware of this, and omitted two verses, which Dr. Johnson has since inserted. Perhaps the players printed from piece-meal parts, or retained what the author had rejected, as well as what had undergone his revisal. It is here given according to the regulation of the old copies.

STREVENS.

695. ———— *a word that loves all men;*] i. e. pleasing to all men. So, in the language of our author's time, *it likes me well, for it pleases me.* Shakspeare here uses the word thus licentiously, merely for the sake of the antithesis. *Men*, in the following line, are with sufficient propriety said to be the authors of women, and these again of men, the aid of both being necessary to the continuation of the human race. There is surely, therefore, no need of any of the alterations that have been proposed to be made in these lines.

MALONE.

720. ———— *sow'd cockle reap'd no corn;*] This proverbial expression intimates, that beginning with perjury, they can expect to reap nothing but falsehood. The following lines lead us to this sense.

WARBURTON.

723. *If so, our copper buys no better treasure.*] Here Mr. Theobald ends the third act.

JOHNSON.

ACT

ACT V.

Line 1. *SATIS, quod sufficit.*] i. e. Enough's as good as a feast. STEEVENS.

2. —your reasons at dinner have been, &c.] I know not well what degree of respect Shakspeare intends to obtain for this vicar, but he has here put into his mouth a finished representation of colloquial excellence. It is very difficult to add any thing to this character of the school-master's table-talk, and perhaps all the precepts of Castiglione will scarcely be found to comprehend a rule for conversation so justly delineated, so widely dilated, and so nicely limited.

It may be proper just to note, that *reason* here, and in many other places, signifies *discourse*; and that *audacious* is used in a good sense for *spirited, animated, confident*. *Opinion* is the same with *obstinacy* or *opiniatrete*. JOHNSON.

So, again, in this play:

“Yet fear not thou, but speak *audaciously*.”

STEEVENS.

4. —without affection,] i. e. without affectation. So, in *Hamlet*: “—No matter that might indite the author of *affection*.” So, in *Twelfth-Night*: Malvolio is call'd “an *affection'd* ass.” STEEVENS.

—audacious without impudency,—] Audacious

WAS

was not always used by our ancient writers in a bad sense. It means no more here, and in the following instance from Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*, than *liberal* or *commendable boldness*:

"—she that shall be my wife, must be accomplished with courtly and *audacious* ornaments."

STEEVENS.

10. —his tongue filed,—] Chaucer, Skelton, and Spenser, are frequent in their use of this phrase. Ben Jonson has it likewise.

STEEVENS.

18. —*point-devisé*—] A French expression for the utmost, or *finical* exactness. So, in *Twelfth-Night*, Malvolio says:

"I will be *point-devisé*, the very man."

STEEVENS.

23. —*This is abominable*,—] So the word is constantly spelt in the old moralities and other antiquated books:

"And then I will bryng in

"*Abominable* lyving." *Lusty Juventus*, 1561.

STEEVENS.

25. *it insinuateth me of insanie*;—] In former editions, *it insinuateth me of infamy*: Ne intelligis, domine? *to make frantick, lunatick?*

Nath. Laus Deo, bene intelligo.

26. *to make frantick, lunatick?*] We should certainly read:

"—to be frantick."

STEEVENS.

Hol. Bome, boon for boon Prescian; a little scratch, 'twill serve.

This play is certainly none of the best in itself, but the

the editors have been so very happy in making it worse by their indolence, that they have left me Augeas's stable to cleanse: and a man had need to have the strength of a Hercules to heave out all their rubbish. But to business: Why should *infamy* be explained by making *frantick*, *lunatick*? It is plain and obvious that the poet intended the pedant should coin an uncouth affected word here, *insanie*, from *insania* of the Latins. Then, what a piece of unintelligible jargon have these learned criticks given us for Latin? I think, I may venture to affirm, I have restored the passage to its true purity.

Nath. *Laus Deo*, bone, intelligo.

The curate, addressing with complaisance his brother pedant, says, *bone*, to him, as we frequently in *Terence* find *bone vir*; but the pedant, thinking he had mistaken the adverb, thus descants on it.

Bone?—*bone* for *benè*. Priscian *a little scratched*: 'twill serve. Alluding to the common phrase, *Diminuis Prisciani caput*, applied to such as speak false Latin.

THEOBALD.

Insanie appears to have been a word anciently used. In a book entitled, *The Fall and evil Successes of Rebellion from Time to Time*:

“After a little *insanie* they fled tag and rag.”

STEEVENS.

There seems yet something wanting to the integrity of this passage, which Mr. Theobald has in the most corrupt and difficult places very happily restored. For *ne intelligis*, domine? to make *frantick*, *lunatick*, I read

read (*nonne intelligis, domine ? to be mad, frantick, lunatick.*) JOHNSON.

I should rather read, "it insinuateth men of insanie." FARMER.

38. — [the alms-basket of words.] i. e. the refuse of words. The refuse meat of great families was formerly sent to the prisons. So, in the *Inner Temple Masque*, 1619, by T. Middleton: "his perpetual lodging in the King's Bench, and his ordinary out of the basket." Again, in *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in It*, 1612: "He must feed on beggary's basket." STEEVENS.

41. *Honorificabilitudinitatibus*.] This word, whence-soever it comes, is often mentioned as the longest word known. JOHNSON.

It occurs likewise in Marston's *Dutch Courtezan*, 1604:

"His discourse is like the long word *honorificabilitudinitatibus*; a great deal of sound and no sense." I meet with it likewise in Nash's *Lenten Stuff*, &c. 1599. STEEVENS.

42. — [a flap-dragon.] A *flap-dragon* is a small inflammable substance, which toppers swallow in a glass of wine. See a note on *King Henry IV.* Part II, act ii. sc. ult. STEEVENS.

51. Moth. *The third of the five vowels, &c.*] In former editions: *The last of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I;*

Hol. *I will repeat them, a, e, I* —

Moth. *The sheep: the other two concludes it out.*

Is not the *last* and the *fifth* the same vowel? Though my correction restores but a poor conundrum, yet if it restores the poet's meaning, it is the duty of an editor to trace him in his lowest conceits. By O, U, Moth would mean—Oh, you—*i. e.* You are the sheep still, either way; no matter which of us repeats them.
THEOBALD.

57. —a quick *venew* of wit:—] A *venew* is the technical term for a *bout* at the fencing-school. So, in the *Four Prentices of London*, 1632:
“——in the fencing-school

“To play a *venew*.” STEEVENS.

79. —the charge-house—] I suppose, is the *free-school*. STEEVENS.

93. —I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy; I beseech thee, apparel thy head:—] I believe, a word was omitted at the press; and would read—
“I beseech thee, remember *not* thy courtesy,” &c. Do *not* stand upon ceremony; be covered.

MALONE.

100. —dally with my excrement,—] The author has before called the beard *valour's excrement*, in the *Merchant of Venice*. JOHNSON.

144. —if this fadge not,—] *i. e.* suit not. Several instances of the use of this word are given in *Twelfth Night*. STEEVENS.

146. *Via*,—] An Italian exclamation, signifying, *Courage! come on!* STEEVENS.

163. —to make his god-head wax;] To *wax* ————anciently

anciently signified to *grow*. It is yet said of the moon, that she *waxes* and *wanes*.

So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, song 1.

"I view those wanton brooks that *waxing* still
do wane."

Again, in Lilly's *Love's Metamorphosis*, 1601:

"Men's follies will ever *wax*, and then what reason can make them wise?"

Again, in the *Polyolbion*, song 5.

"The stem shall strongly *wax*, as still the trunk doth wither."

175. — *taking it in snuff*;] *Snuff* is here used equivocally for *anger*, and the *snuff* of a candle. See more instances of this conceit in *K. Henry IV.* Part I. act i, scene 3.

181. — *for past cure is still past care*.] So, in our author's 147th sonnet:

"Past cure I am, now reason is past care,

"And frantick mad with evermore unrest."

MALONE.

188. *Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron*.] Here, and indeed throughout this play, the name of *Biron* is accented on the second syllable. In the first quarto, 1598, he is always called *Berowne*, as probably the name was then pronounced.

MALONE.

197. *'Ware pencils*! —] The former editions read:

Were pencils —

Sir T. Hanmer here rightly restored,

'Ware pencils —

Rosaline,

Rosaline, a black beauty, reproaches the fair Katharine for painting. JOHNSON.

The folio reads :

Ware pensals—— STEEVENS.

199. ——— *so full of O's*——] i. e. pimples. Shakspeare talks of "—— *fiery O's* and eyes of light," in another play. STEEVENS.

200. *Pox of that jest! and I beshrew all shrows.*] "Pox of that jest!" Mr. Theobald is scandalized at this language from a princess. But there needs no alarm—the *small-pox* only is alluded to; with which, it seems, Katharine was pitted; or, as it is quaintly expressed, "her face was full of O's." Davison has a canzonet on his lady's sickness of the *poxe*; and Dr. Donne writes to his sister, "at my return from Kent, I found Pegge had the *poxe*—I humbly thank God, it hath not much disfigured her."

FARMER.

216. ——— *in by the week*] This I suppose to be an expression taken from hiring servants or artificers; meaning, I wish I was as sure of his service for any time limited, as if I had hired him.

The expression was a common one. So, in *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612:

"What, are you *in by the week*? So; I will try now whether thy wit be close prisoner." Again, in the *Wit of a Woman*, 1604:

"Since I am *in by the week*, let me look to the year." STEEVENS.

222. *So portent-like, &c.*] In former copies:

So pertaunt-like, would I o'er-sway his state,
That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

In old farces, to shew the inevitable approaches of death and destiny, the *Fool* of the farce is made to employ all his stratagems to avoid Death or Fate; which very stratagems, as they are ordered, bring the *Fool*, at every turn, into the very jaws of Fate. To this Shakspeare alludes again in *Measure for Measure*:

“———merely thou art Death's Fool;

“For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,

“And yet run'st towards him still.”———

It is plain from all this, that the nonsense of *pertaunt-like*, should be read, *portent-like*, i. e. I would be his fate or destiny, and, like a *portent*, hang over, and influence his fortunes. For *portents* were not only thought to *forbode*, but to *influence*. So the Latins called a person destined to bring mischief, *fatale portentum*,

WARBURTON.

Mr. Theobald reads,

So pedant-like——— JOHNSON.

224. None are so, &c.] These are observations worthy of a man who has surveyed human nature with the closest attention. JOHNSON.

243. Saint Dennis to saint Cupid!——] The princess of France invokes, with too much levity, the patron of her country, to oppose his power to that of Cupid. JOHNSON.

273.———spleen ridiculous———] is a ridiculous fit. JOHNSON.

277. *Like Muscovites, or Russians: as I guess,]* A mask of Muscovites was no uncommon recreation at court long before our author's time. In the first year of King Henry the Eighth, at a banquet made for the foreign ambassadors in the parliament-chamber at Westminster, "came the lorde Henry, earle of Wiltshire, and the lorde Fitzwater, in twoo long gounes of yellowe satin travarsed with white satin, and in every ben of white was a bend of crimosen satin, after the fashion of Russia or Ruslande, with furred hattes of grey on their hedes, either of them havying a hatchet in their handes, and bootes with pykes turned up." *Hall, Henry VIII. p. 6.* This extract may serve to convey an idea of the dress used upon the present occasion by the king and his lords at the performance of the play.

REMARKS.

315. *Beauties no richer than rich taffata.] i. e.* the taffata masks they wore to conceal themselves. All the editors concur to give this line to Biron; but, surely, very absurdly; for he's one of the zealous admirers, and hardly would make such an inference. Boyet is sneering at the parade of their address, is in the secret of the ladies' stratagem, and makes himself sport at the absurdity of their proem, in complimenting their beauty, when they were masked. It therefore comes from him with the utmost propriety.

THEOBALD.

342. *To tread a measure—]* The measures were dances solemn and slow. They were performed at court, and at publick entertainments of the societies

of law and equity, at their halls, on particular occasions. It was formerly not deemed inconsistent with propriety even for the gravest persons to join in them; and accordingly at the revels which were celebrated at the inns of court, it has not been unusual for the first characters in the law to become performers in *treading the measures*. To confirm this account, Mr. Reed refers to Dugdale's *Origines Juridicales*, and cites the following passage from Sir John Davies's poem called *Orchestra*, 1622:

“But after these as men more civil grew,
 “He did more *grave and solemn measures frame*:
 “With such fair order and proportion true,
 “And correspondence ev’ry way the same,
 “That no fault-finding eye did ever blame,
 “For ev’ry eye was moved at the sight,
 “With sober wond’ring and with sweet delight.
 “Not those young students of the heav’nly
 “book,
 “Atlas the great, Prometheus the wise,
 “Which on the stars did all their lifetime look,
 “Could ever find such measure in the skies,
 “So full of change, and rare varieties;
 “Yet all the feet whereon these measures go,
 “Are only *spondees, solemn, grave, and slow.*”

EDITOR.

363. *Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars,—*
 When queen Elizabeth asked an ambassador how he liked her ladies, *It is hard*, said he, *to judge of stars in the presence of the sun.* JOHNSON.

398. *Since you can cog,——]* To *cog*, signifies to falsify the dice, and to falsify a narrative, or to lye.

JOHNSON.

439. *Well-liking wits——]* *Well-liking* is the same as *en bon point*. So, in *Job*, ch. xxxix. v. 4. "Their young ones are in *good-liking*." STEEVENS.

454. *——better wits have worn plain statute-caps.]* This line is not universally understood, because every reader does not know that a statute-cap is part of the academical habit. Lady Rosaline declares that her expectation was disappointed by these courtly students, and that *better wits* might be found in the common places of education. JOHNSON.

Ros. *Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps.]* Woollen caps were enjoined by act of parliament, in the year 1571, the 13th of queen Elizabeth. "Besides the bills passed into acts this parliament, there was one which I judge not amiss to be taken notice of—it concerned the queen's care for employment for her poor sort of subjects. It was for continuance of making and wearing woollen caps, in behalf of the trade of cappers; providing, that all above the age of six years (except the nobility and some others) should on *sabbath-days* and *holy days*, wear caps of wool, knit, thicked, and drest in England, upon penalty of ten groats." GREY.

This act may account for the distinguishing mark of Mother *Red-Cap*. I have observed that mention is made of this sign by some of our ancient pamphleteers and play-writers, as far back as the date of the act

referred to by Dr. Grey. *If that your cap be wool—* became a proverbial saying. So, in *Hans Beer-Pot*, a comedy, 1618:

“You shall not flinch; *if that your cap be wool,*

“You shall along.” STEEVENS.

I think my own interpretation of this passage is right. JOHNSON.

Probably the meaning is—*better wits may be found among the citizens*, who are not, in general, remarkable for sallies of imagination. In Marston's *Dutch Courtezan*, 1605, Mrs. Mulligrub says,—“though my husband be a citizen, and his *cap's made of wool*, yet I have wit.” Again, in the *Family of Love*, 1608:

“’Tis a law enacted by the common-council of
statute-caps.”

Again, in *News from Hell*, brought by the Devil's Carrier, 1606:

“—in a bowling alley in a *flat cap* like a shop-
keeper.” STEEVENS.

469. *Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in their bud;
Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shewn,
Are angels veiling clouds, or roses blown.*]

This strange nonsense, made worse by the jumbling together and transposing the lines, I directed Mr. Theobald to read thus:

Fair ladies masked are roses in their bud:

Or angels veil'd in clouds: are roses blown,

Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shewn.

But he, willing to shew how well he could improve a thought, would print it,

Or

Or angel-veiling clouds——

i. e. clouds which veil angels : and by this means gave us, as the old proverb says, *a cloud for a Juno*. It was Shakspeare's *purpose* to compare a fine lady to an angel ; it was Mr. Theobald's *chance* to compare her to a *cloud* : and perhaps the ill-bred reader will say a lucky one. However, I suppose the poet could never be so nonsensical as to compare a *masked lady* to a cloud, though he might compare her *mask* to one. The Oxford editor, who had the advantage both of this emendation and criticism, is a great deal more subtle and refined, and says it should not be

——angels veil'd in clouds,

but

——angels vailing clouds,

i. e. *capping* the sun as they go by him, just as a man vails his bonnet.

WARBURTON.

I know not why Sir T. Hanmer's explanation should be treated with so much contempt, or why *vailing clouds* should be *capping the sun*. *Ladies unmask'd*, says Boyet, *are like angels vailing clouds*, or letting those clouds, which obscured their brightness, sink from before them. What is there in this absurd or contemptible ?

JOHNSON.

Holinshed's *History of Scotland*, p. 91. says, "The Britons began to *avale* the hills where they had lodged." i. e. they began to descend the hills, or come down from them to meet their enemies. If Shakspeare uses the word *vailing* in this sense, the meaning is—Angels descending from clouds which concealed

concealed their beauties; but Dr. Johnson's exposition may be better. TOLLET.

To *avale* comes from the French *aval* [Terme de batelier] Down, downward, down the stream. So, in the French *Romant de la Rose*, 1415 :

“Leaue aloit *aval* enfaisant

“Son melodieux et plaisant.”

Again, in Laneham's *Narrative of Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment at Kenelworth-Castle*, 1575 : “—as on a sea-shore when the water is *avail'd*.” STEEVENS.

Bishop Warburton's ridicule of Sir Thomas Hamner might be retorted with seven-fold vengeance upon himself. There is no sense to be made of this passage, consistent with the context, but by taking the word *veiling* for *vailing*, which Shakspeare has used in several other places. The verb to *vail* is evidently a derivative from the French *avaller*. Dr. Johnson's note well explains the import of the participle in the instance before us. HENLEY.

477. ————shapeless gear;] *Shapeless*, for uncouth, or what Shakspeare elsewhere calls *diffused*.

WARBURTON.

483. *Extant Ladies*.] Mr. Theobald ends the fourth act here. JOHNSON.

489. ————as pigeons peas;] This expression is proverbial:

“Children pick up words as pigeons peas,”

“And utter them again as God shall please.”

See Ray's *Collection*. STEEVENS.

492. ————wassels——] *Wassels* were meetings of rustick

fustick mirth and intemperance. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ ——— Antony,

“ Leave thy lascivious waisels” ———

STEEVENS.

497. *He can carve too, and lisp :*] The character of Boyet, as drawn by Biron, represents an accomplished squire of the days of chivalry, particularly in the instances here noted.—“ *Le jeune Ecuyer apprenoit long-temps dans le silence cet art de bien parler, lorsqu'en qualité d'Ecuyer TRANCHANT, il étoit debout dans les repas & dans les festins, occupé à couper les viandes avec la propreté, l'adresse & l'élégance convenables, et à les faire distribuer aux nobles convives dont il étoit environné. Joinville, dans sa jeunesse, avoit rempli à la cour de Saint Louis cet office, qui, dans les maisons des Souverains, étoit quelquefois exercé par leurs propres enfans.*” *Memoires sur l'ancienne Chevalerie*, Tom. I. p. 16. HENLEY.

502. *A mean most meanly, &c.*] The mean, in musick, is the tenor. So, Bacon, “ The treble cutteth the air so sharp, as it returneth too swift to make the sound equal ; and therefore a mean or tenor is the sweetest.”

Again, in *Herod and Antipater*, 1622 :

“ Thus sing we descant on one plain-song, kill,

“ Four parts in one ; the mean excluded quite.”

Again, in *Drayton's Barons' Wars*, Cant. iii.

“ The base and treble married to the mean.”

STEEVENS.

505. *This is the flower that smiles on every one,*] The broken disjointed metaphor is a fault in writing. But in order to pass a true judgment on this fault, it is still to be observed, that when a metaphor is grown so common as to desert, as it were, the figurative, and to be received into the common style, then what may be affirmed of the thing represented, or the *substance*, may be affirmed of the thing representing, or the *image*. To illustrate this by the instance before us, a very complaisant, finical, over-gracious person, was so commonly called the *flower*, or, as he elsewhere expresses it, the *pink of courtesy*, that in common talk, or in the lowest style, this metaphor might be used without keeping up the image, but any thing affirmed of it as an *agnomen*: hence it might be said, without offence, to *smile*, to *flatter*, &c. And the reason is this: in the more solemn, less-used metaphors, our mind is so turned upon the image which the metaphor conveys, that it expects this image should be, for some little time, continued by terms proper to keep it in view. And if, for want of these terms, the image be no sooner presented than dismissed, the mind suffers a kind of violence by being drawn off abruptly and unexpectedly from its contemplation. Hence it is, that the broken, disjointed, and mixed metaphor, so much shocks us. But when it is once become worn and hacknied by common use, then even the very first mention of it is not apt to excite in us the representative image; but brings immediately before us the idea of the thing represented. And then

then to endeavour to keep up and continue the borrowed ideas, by right adapted terms, would have as ill an effect on the other hand; because the mind is already gone off from the image to the substance. Grammarians would do well to consider what has been here said, when they set upon amending Greek and Roman writings. For the much-used hacknied metaphors being now very imperfectly known, great care is required not to act in this case temerarily.

WARBURTON.

This is the flower that smiles on every one,

To shew his teeth as white as whale's bone.] As *white as whale's bone* is a proverbial comparison in the old poets. In the *Faery Queen*, B. III. c. 1. st. 15.

"Whose face did seem as clear as crystal stone,

"And eke, through feare, *as white as whales bone.*"

And in *L. Surrey*, fol. 14. edit. 1567:

"I might perceive a wolf, *as white as whales bone,*

"A fairer beast of fresher hue, beheld I never none."

Skelton joins the *whales bone* with the brightest precious stones, in describing the position of Pallas:

"A hundred steppes mounting to the halle,

"One of jasper, another of *whales bone*;

"Of diamantes, pointed by the rokky walle."

Crowne of Lawrell, p. 24, edit. 1736.

WARTON.

It should be remembered that some of our ancient writers supposed *ivory* to be part of the *bones of a whale*.

whale. The same simile occurs in the old black letter romance of *Syr Eglamour of Artoys*, no date :

“The erle had no chylde but one,

“A mayden as white as whales bone.”

And in many other passages.

STEEVENS,

522. *The virtue of your eye must break my oath.*] I believe the author means, that the *virtue*, in which word *goodness* and *power* are both comprised, must *dissolve* the obligation of the oath. The princess, in her answer, takes the most invidious part of the ambiguity.

JOHNSON.

583. *Three-pil'd hyperboles,*—] A metaphor from the *pile* of velvet. So, in the *Winter's Tale*, Autolycus says,

“I have worn *three-pile*.”

STEEVENS.

—*pruce* affectation,] The old copies read *affectation*. There is no need of change. We already in this play have had *affection* for *affectation*;—“witty without *affection*.” The word was used by our author and his contemporaries, as a quadrisyllable.

MALONE.

592. *Sans, sans, I pray you.*] It is scarce worth remarking, that the conceit here is obscured by the punctuation. It should be written *Sans SANS*, i. e. without *SANS*; without French words: an affectation of which Biron had been guilty in the last line of his speech, though just before he had *forsworn* all *affectation* in phrases, terms, &c.

TYRWHITT.

596. *Write, &c.*] This was the inscription put upon the door of the houses infected with the plague,

to which Biron compares the love of himself and his companions; and pursuing the metaphor, finds the *tokens* likewise on the ladies. The *tokens* of the plague are the first spots or discolorations, by which the infection is known to be received. JOHNSON.

So, in *Histriomastix*, 1610:

"It is as dangerous to read his name on a play-door, as a *printed bill* on a plague door."

Again, in the *Whore of Babylon*, 1607:

"Have *tokens* stamp'd on them to make them known,

"More dreadful than the *bills* that preach the plague." STEEVENS.

603. ————how can this be true,

That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?]

That is, how can those be liable to forfeiture, that begin the process? The jest lies in the ambiguity of *sue*, which signifies to *prosecute by law*, or to *offer a petition*. JOHNSON.

621. ————you force not to forswear.] *You force not,*

is the same with *you make no difficulty*. This is a very just observation. The crime which has been once committed, is committed again with less reluctance.

JOHNSON.

So, in Warner's *Albion's England*, B. X. ch. 59.

"———he forced not to hide how he did err."

STEEVENS.

641. —a consent,] i. e. a conspiracy. So, in *King Henry VI. Part I.*

H

"———the

“ —the stars

“ That have *consented* to king Henry's death.”

STEEVENS.

644. —zany,] A zany is a buffoon, a merry Andrew, a gross mimick. So, in *Antonio's Revenge*, 1602:

“ Laughs them to scorn, as man doth busy apes,

“ When they will *zany* men.” STEEVENS.

646. —smiles his cheek in years; —] In years, signifies, into wrinkles. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come.”

See the note on that line. WARBURTON.

Webster, in his *Dutchesse of Malfy*, makes Castruchio declare of his lady: “ She cannot endure merry company, for she says much *laughing* fills her too full of the *wrinkle*.” FARMER.

Again, in *Lingua, or the Combat of the Tongue*, &c. 1607:

“ That light and quick, with *wrinkled* laughter painted.” STEEVENS.

—some Dick,—

Who smiles his cheek in years:] *Smiling his cheek* is sufficiently supported by the instances produced; but the phrase of “ *smiling his cheek in years*” (even after Dr. Warburton's interpretation) is so harsh, that I suspect our author wrote—in *jeers* (formerly written *jeerds*.) The old copy has *yeeres*; so that there is but the change of one letter for another nearly resembling it.

Out-roaring *Dick* (as I learn from Mr. Warton's *History of English Poetry*) was a celebrated singer, who, with W. Wimbars, is said by Henry Chettle, in his *Kind Hart's Dreame*, to have got twenty shillings a day by singing at Braintree-Fair, in Essex.—Perhaps this itinerant droll was here in our author's thoughts. This circumstance adds some support to the emendation now proposed. MALONE.

652. ———— in will, and error.

Much upon this it is:—And might not you] I believe this passage should be read thus:

———— in will and error.

Boyet. *Much upon this it is.*

Biron. *And might not you, &c.*

JOHNSON.

In will and error, i. e. first in will and afterwards in error.

MUSGRAVE.

655. ———— by the squier,] *Esquierre*, French, a rule, or square. The sense is nearly the same as that of the proverbial expression in our own language, *he hath got the length of her foot*; i. e. he hath humoured her so long, that he can persuade her to what he pleases.

REVISAL.

659. ———— Go, you are allow'd;] i. e. you may say what you will; you are a licensed fool, a common jester. So, in *Twelfth Night*:

"There's no slander in an allow'd fool."

WARBURTON.

674. You cannot beg us,——] That is, we are not fools; our next relations cannot beg the wardship of
Hij our

our persons and fortunes. One of the legal tests of a *natural* is to try whether he can number. JOHNSON.

685. *I am, as they say, but to perfect one man in one poor man; Pompion the great, Sir.*] We should certainly read—*e'en* one poor man.

This mistake has happened in several places in our author's plays. See my note on *All's Well that Ends Well*, act i. sc. 3. "You are shallow, madam, in great friends." MALONE.

690. *I know not the degree of the worthy, &c.*] This is a stroke of satire which, to this hour, has lost nothing of its force. Few performers are solicitous about the history of the character they are to represent. STEEVENS.

699. *That sport best pleases that doth least know how:
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Dies in the zeal of that which it presents,
There form, &c.*] The third line may be read better thus:

—————the contents

Die in the zeal of *him* which *them* presents. This sentiment of the princess is very natural, but less generous than that of the Amazonian Queen, who says, on a like occasion, in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

"I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,
Nor duty in his service perishing." JOHNSON.

The quarto, 1598, reads,

That sport best pleases, that doth *best* know how.
But

But the context shews that the second *best* was inadvertently repeated by the compositor. MALONE.

705. *Enter Armado.*] The old copies read—*Enter Braggart.* STEEVENS.

713. *I wish you the peace of mind, most royal complement!*] This singular word is again used by our author in his 21st Sonnet:

“Making a *couplement* of proud compare.”—

MALONE.

719. *And if these four worthies, &c.*] These two lines might have been designed as a ridicule on the conclusion of *Selimus*, a tragedy, 1594:

“If this first part, gentles, do like you well,

“The second part shall greater murders tell.”

STEEVENS.

725. *A bare throw at novum,—*] *Novum* (or *novem*) appears from the following passage in Green's *Art of Legerdemain*, 1612, to have been some game at dice:

“The principal use of them (the dice) is at *novum*,”

&c. Again, in *The Bell-man of London*, by Decker, 5th edit. 1649:

“The principal use of langrets is at *novum*; for so long as a payre of bard cater treas be walking, so long can you cast neither 5 nor 9—for

without cater treay, 5 or 9, you can never come.”

Again, in *A Woman never vex'd*: “What ware deal you in? Cards, dice, bowls, or pigeon-holes; sort them yourselves, either passage, *novum*, or mum-

chance.” STEEVENS.

716. *Cannot prick out, &c.*] To *prick* uot, is to nominate

nominate by a puncture or mark. So, in our author's
 10th Sonnet:

"But since she prick'd thee out for woman's
 pleasure."— MALONE.

728. *Pageant of the Nine Worthies.*] In MS. Harl.
 2057, p. 31, is "The order of a shewe intended to
 be made Aug. 1, 1621."

"First, 2 woodmen, &c.

"St. George fighting with the dragon.

"The 9 worthies in compleat armor, with crownes
 of gould on their heads, every one having his esquires
 to beare before him his shield and penon of armes,
 dressed according as these lords were accustomed to
 be: 3 Assaralits, 3 Infidels, 3 Christians.

"After them, a Fame, to declare the rare virtues
 and noble deedes of the 9 worthye women."

Such a pageant as this, we may suppose it was the
 design of Shakspere to ridicule. STEEVENS.

This sort of procession was the usual recreation of
 our ancestors at Christmas and other festive seasons.
 Such things, being chiefly plotted and composed by
 ignorant people, were seldom committed to writing,
 at least with the view of preservation, and are of
 course rarely discovered in the researches of even the
 most industrious antiquaries. And it is certain that
 nothing of the kind (except the speeches in this scene,
 which were intended to buslesque them) ever ap-
 peared in print. REMARKS.

Mr. Reed refers further to the *Remarks* for a spe-
 cimen of the poetry and manner of this rude and
 ancient

ancient drama, as there given from an original manuscript of the time of Edward IV.

Tanner's MSS. 407.

731. *With libbard's head on knee.*] This alludes to the old heroic habits, which on the knees and shoulders had usually, by way of ornament, the resemblance of a leopard's or lion's head.

WARBURTON.

The *libbard*, as some of the old English glossaries inform us, is the *male of the panther*. STEEVENS.

See *Masquine*, in Cotgrave's *Dictionary*: "The representation of a lyon's head, &c. upon the elbow, or knee, of some old fashioned garments."

TOLLET.

749. — *it stands too right.*] It should be remembered, to relish this joke, that the head of Alexander was obliquely placed on his shoulders.

STEEVENS.

Shakspeare is not the only poet who has noticed the *wry neck* of Alexander. Archelaus, at the sight of his statue in bronze, by Lysippus (who, to hide this deformity had represented the hero as looking up with a conscious majesty towards heaven), no less happily expressed, than greatly conceived, the artist's design. (ANTHOLOGIA Steph. p. 314.)

Ανδρόντι δ' εοικεν ὁ χαλκῖος ἐς Δία κλισσών·

Γαί' ὑπ' ἐμοὶ τιθεμαι, Ζεὺς σὺ δ' Ὀλύμπῳ ἐχέ.

"Let

"Let us the sway divide, O Jove! he cries:

"The earth be mine; do thou possess the skies."

HENLEY.

759. —*lion, that holds his poll-ax, sitting on a close-stool,—*] This alludes to the arms given, in the old history of the *Nine Worthies*, to Alexander, "the which did beare geules, a lion or, *seiante in a chayer*, holding a battel-ax argent." Leigh's *Accidence of Armory*, 1597, p. 23.

TOLLET.

760. *A-jax*;] This conceit, paltry as it is, was used by Ben Jonson, and Camden the antiquary. Ben, among his *Epigrams*, has these two lines:

"And I could wish, for their eternis'd sakes,

"My muse had plough'd with his that sung
A-jax."

So, Camden, in his *Remains*, having mentioned the French word *pet*, says, "Enquire, if you understand it not, of Cloacina's chaplains, or such as are well read in *A-jax*."

STEEVENS.

792. *A cittern-head*.] So, in *Fancies Chaste and Noble*, 1638: "—A cittern-headed gew-gaw." Again, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631: "Fiddling on a cittern with a man's broken head at it." Again, in Ford's *Lover's Melancholy*, 1629: "I hope the chronicles will rear me one day for a head-piece"—

"Of woodcock without brains in it; barbers shall wear thee on their citterns," &c.

STEEVENS.

797. —*on a flask*.] *i. e.* a soldier's powder-horn. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"——like

“——like powder in a skilless soldier's *flask*,
“Is set on fire.”

Again, in the *Devil's Charter*, 1607:

“Keep a light match in cock; wear *flask* and
touch-box.” STEEVENS.

817. *Hellor was but a Trojan*—] A *Trojan*, I believe, was, in the time of Shakspeare, a cant term for a *thief*. So, in *King Henry IV. Part I*: “Tut, there are other *Trojans* that thou dream'st not of,” &c. Again, in this scene, “—unless you play the *honest Trojan*,” &c. STEEVENS.

829. *Stuck with cloves*.] An orange stuck with *cloves* appears to have been a common new year's gift. So, Ben Jonson, in his *Christmas Masque*:—“he has an orange and rosemary, but not a *clove* to stick in it.” A *gilt nutmeg* is mentioned in the same piece, and on the same occasion. STEEVENS.

831. —of lances—] i. e. lance men. STEEVENS.

833. —he would fight, yea,] Thus all the old copies. Theobald very plausibly reads—he would fight ye; a common vulgarism. STEEVENS.

868. —more Ates;] That is, more instigation. Ate was the mischievous goddess that incited bloodshed. JOHNSON.

So, in *King John*:

“An *Até*, stirring him to war and strife.”

STEEVENS.

874. —like a northern man;] *Vir Borealis*, a clown! See Glossary to Urry's Chaucer. FARMER.

876. —my arms—] The weapons and armour which he wore in the character of Pompey.

JOHNSON.

890. —*Woolward*—] I have no shirt: "I go *woolward* for penance." The learned Dr. Grey, whose accurate knowledge of our old historians has often thrown much light on Shakspere, supposes that this passage is a plain reference to a story in Stowe's *Annals*, p. 98. But where is the connection or resemblance between this monkish tale and the passage before us? There is nothing in the story, as here related by Stowe, that would even put us in mind of this dialogue between Boyet and Armado, except the singular expression *go woolward*; which, at the same time, is not explained by the annotator, nor illustrated by his quotation. To *go woolward*, I believe, was a phrase appropriated to pilgrims and penitentiaries. In this sense it seems to be used in *Pierce Plowman's Visions*, Pass. xviii. fol. 96. b. edit. 1550:

"*Woolward* and wetshod went I forth after

"An a reechless reuke, that of no wo retcheth,

"An yedeforth like a lorell," &c.

Skinner derives *woolward* from the Saxon *wol*, *plague*, secondarily *any great distress*, and *weard*, *toward*. Thus, says he, it signifies, "*in magno discrimine & expectatione magni mali constitutus*." I rather think it should be written *woolward*, and that it means *clothed in wool*, and *not in linen*. This appears, not only from Shakspere's context, but more particularly from an historian who relates the legend before cited, and whose

whose words Stowe has evidently translated. This is Ailred, abbot of Rievaulx, who says, that our blind man was admonished, "*Ecclesias numero octoginta nudis pedibus et absque linteis circumire.*" *Dec. Scriptor.* 992. 50. The same story is told by William of Malmsbury, *Gest. Reg. Angl.* Lib. II. p. 91. edit. 1601. And in Caxton's *Legenda Aurea*, fol. 307. edit. 1493. By the way it appears, that Stowe's Vifunius Spileorne, son of Ulmore of Nutgarshall, ought to be Wolwin, surnamed de Spillicote, son of Wolmar de Lutegarshelle, now Ludgershall: and the wood of Brutheullena is the forest of Bruelle, now called Brill, in Buckinghamshire. WARTON.

891. Boyet. *True, and it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linen: &c.*] This is a plain reference to the following story in Stowe's *Annals*, p. 98. (in the time of Edward the Confessor.) "Next after this (king Edward's first cure of the king's evil) mine authors affirm, that a certain man, named Vifunius Spileorne, the son of Ulmore of Nutgarshall, who, when he hewed timber in the wood of Brutheullena, laying him down to sleep after his sore labour, the blood and humours of his head so congealed about his eyes, that he was thereof blind, for the space of nineteen years; but then (as he had been moved in his sleep) he went woolward and barefooted to many churches, in every of them to pray to God for help in his blindness." GREY.

The same custom is alluded to in an old collection of *Satires, Epigrams, &c.*

"And

"And when his shirt's a washing, then he must

"Go *woolward* for the time; he scorns it, he,

"That worth two shirts his laundress should him
see."

Again, in *A Mery Geste of Robyn Hode*; bl. let. no date:

"Barefoot, *woolward* have I hight,

"Thether for to go."

Again, in *Powell's History of Wales*, 1584: "The Angles and Saxons slew 1000 priests and monks of Bangor, with a great number of lay-brethren, &c. who were come barefooted and *woolward* to crave mercy," &c.

STEEVENS.

In Lodge's *Incarnate Devils*, 1596, we have the character of a *swashbuckler*: "His common course is to go always untruss; except when his shirt is a washing, and then he goes *woolward*."

FARMER.

904. *I have seen the days of wrong through the little hole of discretion,*] — *I have hitherto looked on the indignities I have received, with the eyes of discretion (i. e. not been too forward to resent them), and will insist on such satisfaction as will not disgrace my character, which is that of a soldier. To have decided the quarrel in the manner proposed by his antagonist, would have been at once a derogation from the honour of a soldier, and the pride of a Spaniard.*

"*One may see day at a little hole,*" is a proverb in Ray's Collection: "Day-light will peep through a little hole," in Kelly's.

STEEVENS.

913. — *liberal*—] Free to excess.

STEEVENS.

915. *In the converse of breath,——]* Perhaps converse may, in this line, mean interchange.

JOHNSON.

917. *A heavy heart bears not an humble tongue:]* Thus all the editions; but, surely, without either sense or truth. None are more *humble* in speech, than they who labour under any oppression. The princess is desiring her grief may apologize for her not expressing her obligations at large; and my correction is conformable to that sentiment. Besides, there is an antithesis between *heavy* and *nimble*; but between *heavy* and *humble*, there is none. THEOBALD.

The following passage in *King John* inclines me to dispute the propriety of Theobald's emendation:

“——grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.”

By *humble*, the princess seems to mean *obsequiously thankful*. STEEVENS.

922. *And often, at his very loose, decides, &c.]*

At his very loose, may mean, *at the moment of his parting*, i. e. of his getting loose, or away from us.

So, in some ancient poem, of which I forgot to preserve either the date or title:

“Envy discharging all her pois'nous darts,

“The valiant mind is temper'd with that fire,

“At her fierce loose that weakly never parts,

“But in despite doth force her to retire.”

STEEVENS.

926. ——*which fain it would convince;]* We must read,

——*which fain would it convince;*

I

that

that is, the entreaties of love, which would fain overpower grief. So Lady Macbeth declares, "*That she will convince the chamberlains with wine.*" JOHNSON.

932. *I understand you not, my griefs are double.*] I suppose, she means, 1. on account of the death of her father; 2. on account of not understanding the king's meaning. MALONE.

933. *Honest plain words, &c.*] As it seems not very proper for Biron to court the princess for the king in the king's presence, at this critical moment, I believe the speech is given to a wrong person. I read thus:

Prin. *I understand you not, my griefs are double:*

Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief.

King. *And by these badges, &c.* JOHNSON.

Too many authors sacrifice propriety to the consequence of their principal character, into whose mouth they are willing to put more than justly belongs to him, or at least the best things they have to say. The original actor of Biron, however, like Bottom in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, might have taken this speech out of the mouth of an inferior performer.

STEEVENS.

943. *Full of straying shapes,*—] A late editor reads *strange shapes*. REED.

So, in our author's *Lover's Complaint*:

"In him a plenitude of subtle matter,

"Applied to cautels, all *strange forms* receives."

MALONE.

950. Suggested us——] That is, *tempted* us.

JOHNSON.

961. *As Bombast and as lining to the time :*] This line is obscure. *Bombast* was a kind of loose texture not unlike what is now called *wadding*, used to give the dresses of that time bulk and protuberance, without much increase of weight ; whence the same name is given to a tumour of words unsupported by solid sentiment. The princess, therefore, says, that they considered this courtship as but *bombast*, as something to fill out life, which not being closely united with it, might be thrown away at pleasure.

JOHNSON.

Prince Henry calls Falstaff, “ —my sweet creature of *bombast*.”

STEEVENS.

971. *To make a world-without-end bargain in :*] This singular phrase, which Shakspeare borrowed probably from our liturgy, occurs again in his 57th Sonnet :

“ Nor dare I chide the *world-without-end* hour.”

MALONE.

987. *Come challenge, challenge me by these deserts,*] The old copies read,

Come challenge me, challenge me by these deserts. —

I see no occasion for departing from them. We have many verses in this play equally irregular.

MALONE.

994. *Neither entitled in the other's heart.*] The quarto, 1598, reads—*Neither intiled*—; which may be right : neither of us having a *dwelling* in the heart of the other.

Our author has the same kind of imagery in many other places.

Thus, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

“ Shall love in building grow so ruinate?”

Again, in his *Lover's Complaint*:

“ Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place.”

Again, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

“ O thou, that dost inhabit in my breast,

“ Leave not the mansion so long tenantless,

“ Lest growing ruinous the building fall.”

MALONE.

996. *To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,*
Dr. Warburton would read *fetter*, but *flatter* or *sooth* is, in my opinion, more apposite to the king's purpose than *fetter*. Perhaps we may read,

To flatter on these hours of time with rest;

That is, I would not deny to live in the hermitage, to make the year of delay pass in quiet. JOHNSON.

999. Biron. *And what to me, my love, and what to me?*

Ros. *You must be purged too, your sins are*

rank;

You are attaint with fault and perjury:

Therefore, if you my favour mean to get,

A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,

But seek the weary beds of people sick.] These

six verses both Dr. Thirlby and Mr. Warburton concur to think, should be expunged; not that they were an interpolation, but as the author's first draught, which

which he afterwards rejected; and executed the same thought a little lower with much more spirit and elegance. Shakspeare is not to answer for the present absurd repetition, but his actor-editors; who, thinking Rosaline's speech too long in the second plan, had abridged it to the lines above quoted; but, in publishing the play, stupidly printed both the original speech of Shakspeare, and their own abridgment of it.

THEOBALD.

1000. —are rank;] The folio and quarto, 1631, read—*are rack'd*. STEEVENS.

1036. —fierce endeavour—] *Fierce is vehement, rapid*. So, in *King John*:

“——fierce extremes of sickness.”

STEEVENS.

1047. —*dear* groans,] *Dear* should here, as in many other places, be *dere*, sad, odious. JOHNSON.

I believe *dear* in this place, as in many others, means only *immediate, consequential*. So, already, in this scene:

——full of *dear* guiltiness.

STEEVENS.

1054. The characters of *Biron* and *Rosaline* suffer much by comparison with those of *Benedick* and *Beatrice*. We know that *Love's Labour's Lost* was the elder performance; and as our author grew more experienced in dramattick writing, he might have seen how much he could improve on his own originals. To this circumstance, perhaps, we are indebted for the more perfect comedy of *Much Ado about Nothing*.

STEEVENS.

1079. *Whin, &c.*] The first lines of this song that were transposed, have been replaced by Mr. Theobald. JOHNSON.

1081. — *Cuckoo-buds* —] Gerard in his *Herbal*, 1597, says, that the *flos cuculi cardamine*, &c. are called "in English, *cuckoo-flowers*; in Norfolk *Canterbury-bells*, and at *Namptwich* in Cheshire *ladie-smocks*." Shakspeare, however, might not have been sufficiently skilled in botany to be aware of this particular.

Mr. Tollet has observed, that Lyte in his *Herbal*, 1578 and 1579, remarks, that *cowslips* are, in French, of some called *coquu*, prime verey, and brayes de *coquu*. This he thinks will sufficiently account for our author's *cuckoo-buds*, by which he supposes *cowslip-buds* to be meant; and further directs the reader to Cotgrave's *Dictionary*, under the articles—*Cocu*, and *herbe a coquu*. STEEVENS.

Cuckow-buds must be wrong. I believe *cowslip-buds* the true reading. FARMER.

Mr. Whalley, the learned editor of Ben Jonson's works, many years ago proposed to read *crocus buds*. The *cuckow flower*, he observed, could not be called *yellow*, it rather approaching to the colour of white, by which epithet Cowley, who was himself no mean botanist, has distinguished it.

Albaque cardamine, &c. MALONE.

Crocus buds is a phrase unknown to naturalists and gardeners. STEEVENS.

1103. — *doth keel the pot.*] This word is yet used

used in Ireland, and signifies to *scum the pot*.

GOLDSMITH.

So, in Marston's *What you Will*, 1607:—"Faith, Doricus, thy brain boils, *keel it, keel it*, or all the fat's in the fire."

STEEVENS.

To *keel the pot* is certainly to *cool it*, but in a particular manner: it is to stir the pottage with the ladle, to prevent the *boiling over*.

FARMER.

To *keel* signifies to *cool* in general, without any reference to the kitchen. So, in Gower *De Confessione Amantis*, Lib. V. fol. 121.

"The cote he found, and eke he feleth

"The mace, and than his herte *keleth*

"That there durst he not abide."

Again, fol. 131.

"With water on his finger ende

"Thyne hote tonge to *kele*."

Mr. Lambe observes, in his notes on the ancient metrical History of the *Battle of Flodden*, that it is a common thing in the North "for a maid servant to take out of a boiling pot a *wheen*, i. e. a small quantity, viz. a porringer or two of broth, and then to fill up the pot with cold water. The broth thus taken out is called the *keeling wheen*. In this manner greasy Joan keeled the pot."

"Gie me beer, and gie me grots,

"And lumps of beef to swum abeen;

"And ilka time that I stir the pot,

"He's hae frae me the *keeling wheen*."

STEEVENS.

1107. — *the parson's saw,*] *Saw* seems anciently to have meant, not as at present, a proverb, a sentence, but the whole tenor of any instructive discourse. So, in the fourth chapter of the first book of the *Tragedies of John Bochas*, translated by Lidgate:

"These old poetes in their *sawes* swete

"Full covertly in their verses do fayne," &c.

STEEVENS.

1110. *When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,*] So, in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

"And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl,

"In very likeness of a roasted crab."

Again, in *Like will to Like*, quoth the Devil to the Collier, 1587:

"Now a crab in the fire were worth a good groat:

"That I might quaffe with my captain Tom Toss-pot."

Again, in *Summer's last Will and Testament*, 1600:

"Sitting in a corner turning crabs,

"Or coughing o'er a warmed pot of ale."

STEEVENS.

ACT I. Page 11. Line 171.

THIS child of fancy, that Armado hight, &c.]

This, as I have shewn in the note in its place, relates to the stories in the books of chivalry. A few words, therefore, concerning their origin and nature, may not be unacceptable to the reader. As I do not know of any writer who has given any tolerable account of this matter; and especially as Monsieur Huet, the bishop of Avranches, who wrote a formal treatise of the Origin of Romances, has said little or nothing of these in that superficial work. For having brought down the account of Romances to the later Greeks, and entered upon those composed by the barbarous western writers, which have now the name of Romances almost appropriated to them, he puts the change upon his reader, and instead of giving us an account of these books of chivalry, one of the most curious and interesting parts of the subject he promised to treat of, he contents himself with a long account of the poems of the provincial writers, called likewise romances; and so, under the *equivoque* of a common term, drops his proper subject, and entertains us with another, that had no relation to it more than in the name.

The Spaniards were, of all others, the fondest of these fables, as suiting best their extravagant turn to gallantry and bravery; which in time grew so excessive,

sive, as to need all the efficacy of Cervantes's incomparable satire to bring them back to their senses. The French suffered an easier cure from their doctor Rabelais, who enough discredited the books of chivalry, by only using the extravagant stories of its giants, &c. as a cover for another kind of satire against the *refined politicks* of his countrymen; of which they were as much possessed, as the Spaniards of their *romantick bravery*. A *bravery* our Shakspeare makes their characteristick, in this description of a Spanish gentleman :

“ *A man of compliments, whom right and wrong*
 “ *Have chose as umpire of their mutiny :*
 “ *This child of fancy, that Armado hight,*
 “ *For interim to our studies, shall relate,*
 “ *In high-born words, the worth of many a knight,*
 “ *From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.”*

The sense of which is to this effect : *This gentleman, says the speaker, shall relate to us the celebrated stories recorded in the old romances, and in their very style.* Why he says, *from tawny Spain*, is because these romances, being of the Spanish original, the heroes and the scene were generally of that country. He says, *lost in the world's debate*, because the subject of those romances were the crusades of the European Christians against the Saracens of Asia and Africa.

Indeed, the wars of the Christians against the Pagans were the general subject of the romances of chivalry. They all seem to have had their ground-
 work

work in two fabulous monkish historians : the one, who, under the name of Turpin, archbishop of Rheims, wrote *The History and Achievements of Charlemagne and his Twelve Peers* ; to whom, instead of his father, they assigned the task of driving the Saracens out of France and the south parts of Spain : the other, our Geoffry of Monmouth.

Two of those peers, whom the old romances have rendered most famous, were Oliver and Rowland. Hence Shakspeare makes Alençon, in the first part of Henry VI. say : " Froyssard, a countryman of ours, records, England all Olivers and Rowlands bred, during the time Edward the third did reign." In the Spanish romance of *Bernardo del Carpio*, and in that of *Roncesvalles*, the feats of Roland are recorded under the name of *Roldan el encantador* ; and in that of *Palmerin del Oliva**, or simply *Oliva*, those of Oliver : for *Oliva* is the same in Spanish as *Olivier* is

* Dr. Warburton is quite mistaken in deriving Oliver from (Palmerin de) Oliva, which is utterly incompatible with the genius of the Spanish language. The old romance, of which Oliver was the hero, is entitled in Spanish, " *Historias de los nobles Cavalleros Oliveros de Castilla, y Artus de Algarbe*, in fol. en Valladolid, 1501, in fol. en Sevilla, 1507 ;" and in French thus, " *Histoire d'Olivier de Castille, & Artus d'Algarbe son loyal compagnon, & de Heleine, Fille au Roy d'Angleterre, &c. translatée du Latin par Phil. Camus*, in fol. Gothique." It has also appeared in English. See Ames's *Typograph.* P. 94.

in French. The account of their exploits is in the highest degree monstrous and extravagant, as appears from the judgment passed upon them by the priest in Don Quixote, when he delivers the knight's library to the secular arm of the house-keeper, "Eccetuando à un Bernardo del Carpio que anda por ay, y à otro llamado Roncesvalles; que estos en legando a mis manos, an de estar en las de la ama, y dellas en las del fuego sin remission alguna *." And of Oliver he says, "essa Oliva se haga luego taxas, y se queme, que aun no queden della las cenizas †." The reasonableness of this sentence may be partly seen from one story in the *Bernardo del Carpio*, which tells us, that the cleft called Roldan, to be seen in the summit of an high mountain in the kingdom of Valencia, near the town of Alicant, was made with a single back-stroke of that hero's broad sword. Hence came the proverbial expression of our plain and sensible ancestors, who were much cooler readers of these extravagancies than the Spaniards, of giving one a *Rowland for his Oliver*, that is, of matching one impossible lye with another: as, in French, *faire le Roland*, means to *swagger*. This driving the Saracens out of France and Spain, was, as we say, the subject of the elder romances. And the first that was printed in Spain was the famous *Amadis de Gaula*, of which the inquisitor priest says: "segun he oydo dezir, este libro fué el primero de Cavallerias qui se imprimiò en

* Book I. c. 6. † Ibid,

Espana, y todos los demás an tomado principio y origen deste;" and for which he humorously condemns it to the fire, *coma à Dogmatizador de una secta tan mala*. When this subject was well exhausted, the affairs of Europe afforded them another of the same nature. For after that the western parts had pretty well cleared themselves of these inhospitable guests, by the excitements of the popes, they carried their arms against them into Greece and Asia, to support the Byzantine empire, and recover the holy sepulchre. This gave birth to a new tribe of romances, which we may call of the *second* race or class. And as *Amadis de Gaula* was at the head of the first, so, correspondently to the subject, *Amadis de Gracia* was at the head of the latter. Hence it is, we find, that Trebizonde is as celebrated in these romances, as Roncesvalles is in the other. It may be worth observing, that the two famous Italian epic poets, Ariosto and Tasso, have borrowed, from each of these classes of old romances, the scenes and subjects of their several stories: Ariosto choosing the first, *the Saracens in France and Spain*; and Tasso, the latter, *the Crusade against them in Asia*: Ariosto's hero being Orlando, or the French *Roland*: for as the Spaniards, by one way of transposing the letters, had made it *Roldan*, so the Italians, by another, make it *Orland*.

The main subject of these fooleries, as we have said, had its original in Turpin's famous History of

Charlemagne and his Twelve Peers. Nor were the monstrous embellishments of enchantments, &c. the invention of the romancers, but formed upon eastern tales, brought thence by travellers from their crusades and pilgrimages; which indeed have a cast peculiar to the wild imaginations of the eastern people. We have a proof of this in the travels of Sir J. Maundevile, whose excessive superstition and credulity, together with an impudent monkish addition to his genuine work, have made his veracity thought much worse of than it deserved. This voyager, speaking of the isle of Cos in the Archipelago, tells the following story of an enchanted dragon: "And also a zonge man, that wiste not of the dragoun, went out of a schipp, and went thorghe the isle, till that he cam to the castelle, and cam into the cave; and went so longe till that he fond a chambre, and there he saughe a damyselle that kembed hire hede, and lokede in a myrour: and sche hadde moche tresoure abouten hire: and he trowed that sche hadde been a comoun woman, that dwelled there to reiceyve men to folye. And he abode, till the damyselle saughe the schadowe of him in the myrour. And sche turned hire toward him, and asked him what he wolde. And he seyde, he wolde ben hire limman or paramour. And sche asked him, if that he were a knyghte. And he sayde, nay. And then sche sayde, that he might not ben hire limman. But sche bad him gon azen unto his felowes, and make him knyghte, and come azen upon the

the morwe, and sche scholde come out of her cave before him; and thanne come and kysse hire on the mowth, and have no drede. For I schalle do the no manner harm, alle be it that thou see me in lykeness of a dragoun. For thoughe thou see me hideouse and horrible to loken onne, I do the to wytene that it is made be enchauntement. For withouten doubte, I am none other than thou seest now, a woman; and herefore drede the noughte. And zyf thou kysse me, thou shalt have all this tresoure, and be my lord, and lord also of all that isle. And he departed," &c. p. 29, 30, edit. 1725. Here we see the very spirit of a romance adventure. This honest traveller believed it all, and so, it seems, did the people of the isle. "And some men seyne (says he) that in the isle of Lango is zit the doughtre of Ypocras in forme and lykenesse of a great dragoun, that is an hundred fadme in lengthe, as men seyn: for I have not seen hire. And thei of the isles callen hire, lady of the land." We are not to think then, these kind of stories, believed by pilgrims and travellers, would have less credit either with the writers or readers of romances: which humour of the times, therefore, may well account for their birth and favourable reception in the world.

The other monkish historian, who supplied the romancers with materials, was our Geoffry of Monmouth. For it is not to be supposed, that these *children of fancy* (as Shakspeare in the place quoted above, finely calls them, insinuating that *fancy* hath

its *infancy* as well as *manhood*) should stop in the midst of so extraordinary a career, or confine themselves within the lists of the *terra firma*. From him therefore the Spanish romancers took the story of the British Arthur, and the knights of his round table, his wife Gueniver, and his conjurer Merlin. But still it was the same subject (essential to books of chivalry), the wars of Christians against Infidels. And, whether it was by blunder or design, they changed the Saxons into Saracens, I suspect by design; for chivalry, without a Saracen, was so very lame and imperfect a thing, that even that wooden image, which turned round on an axis, and served the knights to try their swords, and break their lances upon, was called, by the Italians and Spaniards, *Saracino* and *Sarazino*; so closely were these two ideas connected.

In these old romances there was much religious superstition mixed with their other extravagancies; as appears even from their very names and titles. The first romance of Launcelot of the Lake, and King Arthur and his Knights, is called the History of Saint Greal. This saint Greal was the famous relic of the holy blood pretended to be collected into a vessel by Joseph of Arimathea. So another is called Kyrie Eleison of Montauban. For in those days Deuteronomy and Paralipomenon were supposed to be the names of holy men. And as they made saints of their knights-errant, so they made knights-errant of their tutelary saints; and each nation advanced its own into the order of chivalry. Thus every thing in those times

times being either a saint, or a devil, they never wanted for the *marvellous*.

In the old romance of Launcelot of the Lake, we have the doctrine and discipline of the church as formally delivered as in Bellarmine himself. "Là confession (says the preacher) ne vaut rien si le cœur n'est repentant; et si tu es moult & éloigné de l'amour de nostre Seigneur, tu ne peus estre recordé si non par trois choses: premièrement par la confession de bouche; secondement par une contrition de cœur; tiercement par peine de cœur, & par œuvre d'aumône & charité. Telle est la droite voye d'aimer Dieu. Or va & si te confesse en cette maniere & recois la discipline des mains de tes confesseurs, car c'est le signe de merite.—Or mande le roy ses evesques, dont grande partie avoit en l'ost, & vinrent tous en sa chapelle. Le roy devant eux tout nud en pleurant & tenant son plein point de vint menuës verges, si les jetta devant eux, & leur dit en soupissant, qu'ils prissent de luy vengeance, car je suis le plus vil pecheur, &c.—Après prinst discipline & d'eux & moult doucement la receut." Hence we find the divinity-lectures of Don Quixote and the penance of his 'squire, are both of them in the ritual of chivalry. Lastly, we find the knight-errant, after much turmoil to himself, and disturbance to the world, frequently ended his course, like Charles V. of Spain, in a monastery; or turned hermit, and became a saint in good earnest. And this again will let us into the spirit of those dialogues between

Sancho and his master, where it is gravely debated, whether he should not turn saint or archbishop.

There were several causes of this strange jumble of nonsense and religion. As first, the nature of the subject, which was a religious war or crusade; secondly, the quality of the first writers, who were religious men; and thirdly, the end of writing many of them, which was to carry on a religious purpose. We learn that Clement V. interdicted jousts and tournaments, because he understood they had much hindered the crusade decreed in the council of Vienna. "*Torneamenta ipsa & hastiludia sive juxtas in regnis Francie, Anglie, & Almannie, & aliis nonnullis provinciis, in quibus ea consueverunt frequentius exerceri, specialiter interdixit.*" *Extrav. de Torneamentis C. unic temp. Ed. I.* Religious men, I conceive, therefore, might think to forward the design of the crusades by turning the fondness for tilts and tournaments into that channel. Hence we see the books of knight-errantry so full of solemn jousts and tournaments held at Trebizonde, Bizance, Tripoly, &c. Which wise project, I apprehend, it was Cervantes's intention to ridicule, where he makes his knight propose it as the best means of subduing the Turk, to assemble all the knights-errant together by proclamation.

WARBURTON.

It is generally agreed, I believe, that this long note of Dr. Warburton's is, at least, very much misplaced. There is not a single passage in the character of *Armado*, that has the least relation to any story in

any

chy romance of chivalry. With what propriety therefore a dissertation upon the origin and nature of those romances is here introduced, I cannot see; and I should humbly advise the next editor of Shakspeare to omit it. That he may have the less scruple upon that head, I shall take this opportunity of throwing out a few remarks, which, I think, will be sufficient to shew, that the learned writer's hypothesis was formed upon a very hasty and imperfect view of the subject.

At setting out, in order to give a greater value to the information which is to follow, he tells us, that no other writer has given any tolerable account of this matter; and particularly—"that Monsieur Huet, the bishop of Avranches, who wrote a formal Treatise of the Origin of Romances, has said little or nothing of these [books of chivalry] in that superficial work." The fact is true, that Monsieur Huet has said very little of Romances of chivalry; but the imputation, with which Dr. W. proceeds to load him, of "putting the change upon his reader," and "dropping his proper subject" for another "that had no relation to it more than in the name," is unfounded.

It appears plainly from Huet's introductory address to *De Segrais*, that his object was to give some account of those romances which were then popular in France, such as *Astrée* of *D'Urfé*, the *Grand Cyrus* of *De Scuderi*, &c. He defines the Romances of which he means to treat, to be "*fiictions des aventures amoureuses*;" and he excludes epick poems from the number,

number, because—" *Enfin les poèmes ont pour sujet une action militaire ou politique et ne traitent d'amour que par occasion; les Romans au contraire ont l'amour pour sujet principal, et ne traitent la politique et la guerre que par incident. Je parle des Romans réguliers; car la plupart des vieux Romans, François, Italiens, et Espagnols sont bien moins amoureux que militaires.*" After this declaration, surely no one has a right to complain of the author for not treating more at large of the old romances of chivalry, or to stigmatise his work as superficial, upon account of that omission. I shall have occasion to remark below, that Dr. Warburton, who, in turning over this *superficial work* (as he is pleased to call it), seems to have shut his eyes against every ray of good sense and just observation, has condescended to borrow from it a very gross mistake.

Dr. W.'s own positions, to the support of which his subsequent facts and arguments might be expected to apply, are two; 1. *That Romances of chivalry being of Spanish original, the heroes and the scene were generally of that country.* 2. *That the subject of these Romances were the crusades of the European Christians against the Saracens of Asia and Africa.* The first position, being complicated, should be divided into the two following; 1. *That romances of chivalry were of Spanish original.* 2. *That the heroes and the scene of them were generally of that country.*

Here are therefore three positions, to which I shall say a few words in their order; but I think it proper to premise a sort of definition of a Romance of Chivalry.

valry. If Dr. W. had done the same, he must have seen the hazard of systematizing in a subject of such extent, upon a cursory perusal of a few modern books, which indeed ought not to have been quoted in the discussion of a question of antiquity.

A romance of chivalry therefore, according to my notion, is any fabulous narration, in verse or prose, in which the principal characters are knights, conducting themselves, in their several situations and adventures, agreeably to the institutions and customs of chivalry. Whatever names the characters may bear, whether historical or fictitious; and in whatever country, or age, the scene of the action may be laid, if the actors are represented as knights, I should call such a fable a romance of Chivalry.

I am not aware that this definition is more comprehensive than it ought to be: but, let it be narrowed ever so much; let any other be substituted in its room; Dr. W.'s first position, that romances of chivalry were of Spanish original, cannot be maintained. Monsieur Huet would have taught him better. He says very truly, that "*les plus vieux*," of the Spanish romances, "*sont postérieurs à nos Tristans et à nos Lancelots, de quelques centaines d'années.*" Indeed the fact is indisputable. Cervantes, in a passage quoted by Dr. W. speaks of *Amadis de Gaula* (the first four books) as the *first book of chivalry printed in Spain*. Though he says only *printed*, it is plain that he means *written*. And indeed there is no good reason to believe that *Amadis* was written long before it was printed.

It

It is unnecessary to enlarge upon a system, which places the original of romances of chivalry in a nation which has none to produce older than the art of printing.

Dr. W.'s second position, *that the heroes and the scene of these romances were generally of the country of Spain*, is as unfortunate as the former. Whoever will take the second volume of *Du Fresnoy's Bibliothèque des Romans*, and look over his lists of *Romans de Chevalerie*, will see that not one of the celebrated heroes of the old romances was a Spaniard. With respect to the general scene of such irregular and capricious fiction, the writers of which were used, literally, to "give to airy nothing, a local habitation and a name," I am sensible of the impropriety of asserting any thing positively, without an accurate examination of many more of them than have fallen in my way. I think, however, I might venture to assert, in direct contradiction to Dr. W. that the scene of them was *not generally* in Spain. My own notion is, that it was very rarely there; except in those few romances which treat expressly of the affair at Roncesvalles.

His last position, *that the subject of these romances were the crusades of the European Christians, against the Saracens of Asia and Africa*, might be admitted with a small amendment. If it stood thus; *the subject of some, or a few, of these romances were the crusades, &c.* the position would have been incontrovertible; but then it would not have been either new, or fit to support a system.

After

After this state of Dr. W.'s hypothesis, one must be curious to see what he himself has offered in proof of it. Upon the *two first* positions he says not one word : I suppose he intended that they should be received as axioms. He begins his illustration of his *third* position, by repeating it (*with a little change of terms*, for a reason which will appear), "*Indeed the wars of the Christians against the Pagans were the general subject of the romances of chivalry. They all seem to have had their ground-work in two fabulous monkish historians ; the one, who, under the name of Turpin, archbishop of Rheims, wrote The History and Achievements of Charlemagne and his Twelve Peers ;—the other, our Geoffry of Monmouth.*" Here we see the reason for changing the terms of *crusades* and *Saracens* into *wars* and *Pagans* ; for, though the expedition of Charles into Spain, as related by the Pseudo-Turpin, might be called a crusade against the Saracens, yet, unluckily, our Geoffry has nothing like a crusade, nor a single Saracen in his whole history ; which indeed ends before Mahomet was born. I must observe too, that the speaking of Turpin's history under the title of "*The History of the Achievements of Charlemagne and his Twelve Peers,*" is inaccurate and unscholarlike, as the fiction of a limited number of twelve peers is of a much later date than that history.

However, the ground-work of the romances of chivalry being thus marked out and determined, one might naturally expect some account of the first builders and their edifices ; but instead of that, we
have

have a digression upon *Oliver* and *Roland*, in which an attempt is made to say something of these two famous characters, not from the old romances, but from Shakspeare and *Don Quixote*, and some modern Spanish romances. My learned friend, the dean of Carlisle, has taken notice of the strange mistake of Dr. W. in supposing that the feats of *Oliver* were recorded under the name of *Palmerin de Oliva*; a mistake, into which no one could have fallen, who had read the first page of the book. And I very much suspect that there is a mistake, though of less magnitude, in the assertion, that “*in the Spanish romance of Bernardo del Carpio; and in that of Roncesvalles, the feats of Roland are recorded under the name of Roldan el Encantador.*” Dr. W.’s authority for this assertion was, I apprehend, the following passage of Cervantes, in the first chapter of *Don Quixote*: “*Mejor estava con Bernardo del Carpio porque en Roncesvalles avia muerto à Roldan el Encantado, valiendose de la industria de Hercules, quando ahogo à Anteon el hijo de la Tierra entre los brazos.*” Where it is observable, that Cervantes does not appear to speak of more than one romance; he calls Roldan *el encantado*, and not *el encantador*; and moreover the word *encantado* is not to be understood as an addition to Roldan’s name, but merely as a participle expressing that he was enchanted, or made invulnerable by enchantment.

But this is a small matter. And perhaps *encantador* may be an error of the press for *encantado*. From this digression Dr. W. returns to the subject of the

old

old romances in the following manner: "*This driving the Saracens out of France and Spain, was, as we say, the subject of the elder romances. And the first that was printed in Spain was the famous Amadis de Gaula.*" According to all common rules of construction, I think the latter sentence must be understood to imply, that *Amadis de Gaula* was one of the elder romances, and that the subject of it was the driving of the Saracens out of France or Spain; whereas, for the reasons already given, *Amadis*, in comparison with many other romances, must be considered as a very modern one; and the subject of it has not the least connection with any driving of the Saracens whatsoever.—But what follows is still more extraordinary. "*When this subject was well exhausted, the affairs of Europe afforded them another of the same nature. For after that the western parts had pretty well cleared themselves of these inhospitable guests: by the excitements of the popes, they carried their arms against them into Greece and Asia, to support the Byzantine empire, and recover the holy sepulchre. This gave birth to a new tribe of romances, which we may call of the second race or class. And as Amadis de Gaula was at the head of the first, so, correspondently to the subject, Amadis de Græcia was at the head of the latter.*"—It is impossible, I apprehend, to refer this subject to any antecedent but that in the paragraph last quoted, viz. *the driving of the Saracens out of France and Spain.* So that, according to one part of the hypothesis here laid down, the subject of the driving of the Saracens out of France and Spain, was

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well exhausted by the old romances (with *Amadis de Gaula* at the head of them) *before the Crusades*; the first of which is generally placed in the year 1095; and, according to the latter part, the Crusades happened in the interval between *Amadis de Gaula*, and *Amadis de Gracia*; a space of twenty, thirty, or at most fifty years, to be reckoned backwards from the year 1532, in which year an edition of *Amadis de Gracia* is mentioned by Dr. Fresnoy. What induced Dr. W. to place *Amadis de Gracia* at the head of his second race or class of romances, I cannot guess. The fact is, that *Amadis de Gracia* is no more concerned in supporting the Byzantine empire, and recovering the holy sepulchre, than *Amadis de Gaula* in driving the Saracens out of France and Spain. And a still more pleasant circumstance is, that *Amadis de Gracia*, through more than nine tenths of his history, is himself a declared Pagan.

And here ends Dr. W.'s account of the old romances of chivalry, which he supposes to have had their ground-work in Turpin's history. Before he proceeds to the others, which had their ground-work in our Geoffry, he interposes a curious solution of a puzzling question concerning the origin of lying in romances.—“Nor were the monstrous embellishments of enchantments, &c. the invention of the romancers, but formed upon eastern tales, brought thence by travellers from their crusades and pilgrimages; which indeed have a cast peculiar to the wild imaginations of the eastern people. We have a proof of this in the Travels of Sir J. Maundeville.”

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He then gives us a story of an enchanted dragon in the isle of Cos, from Sir J. Maundeville, who wrote his Travels in 1356: by way of *proof*, that the tales of enchantments, &c. which had been current here in romances of chivalry for above two hundred years before, were brought by travellers from the East! The proof is certainly not conclusive. On the other hand, I believe it would be easy to shew, that, at the time when romances of chivalry began, our Europe had a very sufficient stock of lies of her own growth, to furnish materials for every variety of *monstrous embellishment*. At most times, I conceive, and in most countries, imported lies are rather for luxury than necessity.

Dr. W. comes now to that other ground-work of the old romances, our *Geoffry of Monmouth*. And him he dispatches very shortly, because, as has been observed before, it is impossible to find any thing in him to the purpose of *crusades* or *Saracens*. Indeed, in treating of Spanish romances, it must be quite unnecessary to say much of *Geoffry*, as, whatever they have of "*the British Arthur and his conjurer Merlin*," is of so late a fabrick, that, in all probability, they took it from the more modern Italian romances, and not from *Geoffry's* own book. As to the doubt, "*whether it was by blunder or design that they changed the Saxons into Saracens*," I should wish to postpone the consideration of it, till we have some Spanish romance before us, in which king *Arthur* is introduced carrying on a war against *Saracens*.

And thus, I think, I have gone through the several facts and arguments which Dr. W. has advanced in support of his third position. In support of his two first positions, as I have observed already, he has said nothing; and indeed nothing can be said. The remainder of his note contains another hypothesis concerning *this strange jumble of nonsense and religion in the old romances*, which I shall not examine. The reader, I presume, by this time, is well aware, that Dr. W.'s information upon this subject is to be received with caution. I shall only take a little notice of one or two facts, with which he sets out:—"In these old romances there ~~was~~ much religious superstition mixed with their other extravagancies; as appears even from their very names and titles. The first romance of Lancelot of the Lake and King Arthur and his Knights, is called *The History of Saint Graal*.—So is another called *Kyrie Eleison of Montauban*. For in those days *Deuteronomy* and *Paralipomenon* were supposed to be the names of holy men."—I believe no one who has ever looked even into the common romance of king Arthur, will be of opinion, that the part relating to the *Saint Graal* was the first romance of *Lancelot of the Lake and King Arthur and his Knights*. And as to the other, supposed to be called *Kyrie Eleison of Montauban*, there is no reason to believe that any romance with that title ever existed. This is the mistake which, as was hinted above, Dr. W. appears to have borrowed from Huet. The reader will judge. Huet is giving an account of the romances in Don Quixote's library, which the

curate

curate and barber saved from the flames:—"Ceux qu' ils jugent dignes d' être gardez sont les quatre livres d' Amadis de Gault, — Palmerin d' Angleterre, — Don Belianis, le Miroir de Chevalerie, Tirante le Blanc, et Kyrie Eleison de Montauban (car au bon vieux temps on croyoit que Kyrie Eleison et Paralipomenon étoient les noms de quelques sains) où les subtilitez de la Damoiselle Plaisir de son vie, et les tromperies de la Veuve reposée, sont fort louées."—It is plain, I think, that Dr. W. copied what he says of *Kyrie Eleison of Montauban*, as well as the witticism in his last sentence, from this passage of Huet, though he has improved upon his original by introducing a *saint Deuteronomy*, upon what authority I know not. It is still more evident (from the passage of Cervantes, which is quoted below*) that Huet was mistaken in

supposing

* Don Quix. Lib. I. c. 6. "Valame Dios, dixo el Cura, dando una gran voz, que aqui esté Tirante el Blanco! Dadmele aca, compadre, que hago cuenta que he hallado en él un tesoro de contento, y una mina de passatiempos. Aqui está Don Quixoteleyson de Montalvan, valeroso Cavallero, y su hermano Tomas de Montalvan, y el Cavallero Fonceca, con la batalla que el valiente Desfiantes [c. de Tirante*]

* Whether the merit of this correction belong originally to Mr. Tyrwhitt or Mr. Bowles (for the latter has inserted it in the text of his *Don Quixote*), I will not presume to determine; but, though there cannot be a doubt of its propriety, the Spanish Academy have retained, in their splendid edition, the old reading.

HENRY.

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supposing *Kyrat Eldon de Montauban* to be the name of a separate romance. He might as well have made *La Demoiselle Plaisir-de-ma-vie*, and *La Veuve reposée*, the names of separate romances. All three are merely characters in the romance of *Tirante le Blanc*.—And so much for Dr. W.'s account of the origin and nature of romances of chivalry. **TYRWHITT.**

No future editor of Shakspeare will, I believe, readily consent to omit the dissertation here referred to. Mr. Tyrwhitt's judicious observations upon it have given it a value which it certainly had not before; and I think I may venture to foretell, that this futile performance, like the pismire which Martial tells us was accidentally incrustated with amber, will be ever preserved, for the sake of the admirable comment in which it is now inlaid: *ut* ("wofol batoup el funder")
quæ fuerat vita contempta manente,

"Funeribus facta est nunc pretiosa suis."

MALONE.

hizo con el alano, y las agudezas de la Donzella Plazer de mi vida, con los amores y embustes de la viuda Reposada, y la Señora Emperatriz, enamorada de Hipolito su escudero."

Aquí está Don Quixote, &c. HERR, i. e. in the romance of Tirante el Blanco, is Don Quixote, &c.

THE END.

Bell's Edition.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE:

Printed Complete from the TEXT of

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,

And revised from the last Editions.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal SHAKSPERE rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unrealist Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the direction of,

JOHN BELL, British-Library, STRAND.

MDCCLXXXV.

Well's Edition.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

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OBSERVATIONS

ON THE *Fable* AND *Composition* OF THE *MIDSUMMER-NIGHT's DREAM.*

THIS play was entered at Stationers' Hall, Oct. 8. 1600, by Thomas Fisher. It is probable that the hint for it was received from Chaucer's *Knights Tale*. Thence it is, that our author speaks of Theseus as *duke* of Athens. The tale begins thus :

“ Whilom as olde stories tellen us,

“ There was a *Duk* that highte Theseus,

“ Of Athenes he was lord and governour, &c.”

Late edit. v. 861.

Lidgate too, the monk of Bury, in his translation of the *Tragedies of John Bochas*, calls him by the same title, chap. xii. l. 21.

“ *Duke* Theseus had the victorie.”

Creon, in the tragedy of *Jocasta*, translated from *Euripides* in 1566, is called *Duke Creon* :

So likewise Skelton :

“ Not lyke *Duke* Hamilcar,

“ Nor lyke *Duke* Asdruball.”

Stanyhurst, in his translation of Virgil, calls *Æneas*, *Duke Æneas* ; and in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 2d Part, 1632, Ajax is styled *Duke Ajax*, Palamedes, *Duke Palamedes*, and Nestor, *Duke Nestor*, &c. STEEVENS.

Wild and fantastical as this play is, all the parts in their various modes are well written, and give the kind of pleasure

which

which the author designed. Fairies in his time were much in fashion; common tradition had made them familiar, and Spenser's poem had made them great. JOHNSON.

ON THE FAIRIES AND CHARACTERS OF THE
Dramatis Personae.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. MEN.

THESEUS, Duke of Athens.

EGEUS, Father to Hermia.

LYSANDER, in love with Hermia.

DEMETRIUS, in love with Hermia.

PHILOSTRATE, Master of the Sports to Theseus.

QUINCE, the Carpenter.

SNUG, the Joiner.

BOTTOM, the Weaver.

FLUTE, the Bellows-Mender.

SNOUT, the Tinker.

STARVELING, the Taylor.

WOMEN.

HIPPOLITA, Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.

HERMIA, Daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.

HELENA, in love with Demetrius.

Attendants.

OBERRON, King of the Fairies.

TITANIA, Queen of the Fairies.

PUCK, or **ROBIN-GOODFELLOW**, a Fairy.

PEASEBLOSSOM,

COBWEB,

MOTH,

MUSTARD-SEED,

PYRAMUS,

THISBE,

WALL,

MOONSHINE,

LYON,

Fairies.

Characters in the Interlude performed by the Clowns.

Other Fairies attending their King and Queen: Attendants on Theseus and Hippolita.

SCENE, Athens, and a Wood not far from it.



MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Palace of Theseus in Athens. Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLITA, PHILOSTRATE, with Attendants.

Theseus.

Now, fair Hippolita, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon: but, oh, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves in
nights;

Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

B

The.

The. Go, Philostrate,
 Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
 Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;
 Turn melancholy forth to funerals,
 The pale companion is not for our pomp. [*Exit PHIL.*
 Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my sword,
 And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
 But I will wed thee in another key,
 With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling. 20

Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, and DEMETRIUS.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!

The. Thanks, good Egeus: What's the news with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation come I, with complaint
 Against my child, my daughter Hermia.—
 Stand forth, Demetrius;—My noble lord,
 This man hath my consent to marry her:—
 Stand forth, Lysander;—and, my gracious duke,
 This man hath witch'd the bosom of my child:
 Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhimes,
 And interchang'd love-tokens with my child: 30
 Thou hast by moon-light at her window sung,
 With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
 And stol'n the impression of her fantasy
 With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
 Knacks, trifles, nose-gays, sweet-meats; messengers
 Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth:
 With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart;
 Turn'd

Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness :—And, my gracious duke,
Be it so she will not here before your grace
Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens;
As she is mine, I may dispose of her :
Which shall be either to this gentleman,
Or to her death ; according to our law,
Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you, Hermia ? be advis'd, fair
maid :

To you your father should be as a god ;
One that compos'd your beauties ; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is Lysander.

The. In himself he is :

But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.

The. Rather your eyes must with his judgment
look.

Her. I do entreat your grace to pardon me.

I know not by what power I am made bold ;
Nor how it may concern my modesty,
In such a presence here, to plead my thoughts ;
But I beseech your grace, that I may know

The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.

Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood 76
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun;
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon,
Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage;
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
Than that, which, withering on the virgin-thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness. 80

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship, to whose unwish'd yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

The. Take time to pause; and, by the next new
moon

(The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,
For everlasting bond of fellowship)
Upon that day either prepare to die,
For disobedience to your father's will;
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would; 90
Or on Diana's altar to protest,
For aye, austerity and single life.

Dem.

Dem. Relent, sweet Hermia;—And, Lysander,
yield

Thy crazed title to my certain right.

Lys. You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.

Ege. Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love;
And what is mine, my love shall render him:
And she is mine; and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius. 100

Lys. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well possess'd; my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as Demetrius';
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia:
Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes, 110
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

The. I must confess, that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;
But, being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it.—But, Demetrius, come;
And come, Egeus; you shall go with me,
I have some private schooling for you both.—
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will; 120
Or else the law of Athens yields you up

(Which by no means we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of single life.—

Come, my Hippolita; What cheer, my love?—
Demetrius, and Egeus, go along:

I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptial; and confer with you
Of something, nearly that concerns yourselves.

Ege. With duty and desire, we follow you.

[*Exeunt THESEUS, HIPPOLITA, EGEOUS, DEMETRIUS, and Train.*]

Lys. How now, my love? Why is your cheek so
pale?

How chance the roses there do fade so fast? 131

Her. Belike, for want of rain; which I could well
Beteem them from the tempest of mine eyes.

Lys. Ah, me! for aught that I could ever read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth.
But, either it was different in blood;

Her. O cross! too high to be enthral'd to low!

Lys. Or else misgraffed, in respect of years; 139

Her. O spight! too old to be engag'd to young!

Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends:

Her. O hell! to chuse love by another's eye!

Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it;
Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the colly'd night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say,—Behold!

The

The jaws of darkness do devour it up: 150
So quick bright things come to confusion.

Her. If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,
It stands as an edict in destiny:

Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross;
As due to love, as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,
Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.

Lys. A good persuasion; therefore, hear me,
Hermia:

I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child: 160
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;
And she respects me as her only son.

There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us: If thou lov'st me then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;
And, in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance to a morn of May,
There will I stay for thee. 170

Her. My good Lysander!
I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow;
By his best arrow with the golden head;
By the simplicity of Venus' doves;
By that which knitteth souls, and prospers loves;
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,
When the false Trojan under sail was seen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,

In

In number more than ever women spoke ;—
 In that same place thou hast appointed me, 180
 To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lys. Keep promise, love : Look, here comes Helena.

Enter HELENA.

Her. God speed, fair Helena ! Whither away ?

Hel. Call you me fair ? that fair again unsay.
 Demetrius loves your fair : O happy fair !
 Your eyes are lode-stars ; and your tongue's sweet
 air

More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
 When wheat is green, when haw-thorn buds ap-
 pear.

Sickness is catching ; O, were favour so !
 Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go ; 190
 My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
 My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
 Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
 The rest I'll give to be to you translated.
 O, teach me how you look ; and with what art
 You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hel. Oh, that your frowns would teach my smiles
 such skill !

Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love. 199

Hel. Oh, that my prayers could such affection
 move !

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Hel.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

Hel. None, but your beauty; 'Would that fault were mine!

Her. Take comfort; he no more shall see my face;
Lysander and myself will fly this place.—

Before the time I did Lysander see,
Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me:

O then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell! 210

Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold;
To-morrow night, when Phoebe doth behold

Her silver visage in the watry glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass

(A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal),
Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,

Emptying our bosoms of their counsels swell'd;
There my Lysander and myself shall meet: 220

And thence, from Athens, turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and strange companions.

Farewel, sweet playfellow: pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!—

Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight
From lover's food, till morrow deep midnight.

[Exit HERM,

Lys. I will, my Hermia.—Helena, adieu:

As you on him, Demetrius dote on you!

[Exit, LYS,

Hel.

Hel. How happy some, o'er othersome, can be!
 Through Athens I am thought as fair as she; 230
 But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
 He will not know what all but he do know.
 And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
 So I, admiring of his qualities.
 Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
 Love can transpose to form and dignity.
 Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
 And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind;
 Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taste;
 Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste: 240
 And therefore is love said to be a child,
 Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.
 As waggish boys themselves in game forswear,
 So the boy love is perjur'd every where.
 For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,
 He hail'd down oaths, that he was only mine;
 And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
 So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.
 I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
 Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night, 250
 Pursue her; and for this intelligence
 If I have thanks, it is a dear expence:
 But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
 To have his sight thither and back again.

[Exit

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Cottage. Enter QUINCE the Carpenter, SNUG the Joiner, BOTTOM the Weaver, FLUTE the Bellows-Mender, SNOOT the Tinker, and STARVELING the Taylor.

Quin. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

Quin. Here is the scrawl of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and dutchess, on his wedding-day at night. 261

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and so grow to a point.

Quin. Marry our play is—The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry.—Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scrawl: Masters, spread yourselves. 271

Quin. Answer, as I call you.—Nick Bottom the weaver.

Bot. Ready: Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover that kills himself most gallantly for love. 280

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in some measure. To the rest:—Yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

“The raging rocks,

“And shivering shocks,

“Shall break the locks,

“Of prison-gates; 290

“And *Phibbus*’ car

“Shall shine from far,

“And make and mar

“The foolish fates.”

This was lofty!—Now name the rest of the players.—This is *Ercles*’ vein, a tyrant’s vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You must take *Thisby* on you. 300

Flu. What is *Thisby*? a wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that *Pyramus* must love.

Flu.

Flu. Nay, faith, let me not play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one; you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too: I'll speak in a monstrous little voice;—*Thisne, Thisne,—Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear; thy Thisby dear! and lady dear!*

310

Quin. No, no; you must play Pyramus, and, Flute, you Thisby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the taylor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother.—Tom Snout, the Tinker.

Snou. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus's father; myself, Thisby's father;—Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's part:—and, I hope, there is a play fitted.

321

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, *Let him roar again, let him roar again.*

329

Quin. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the dutchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

C

All.

All. That would hang us every mother's son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us : but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove ; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

339

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus : for Pyramus is a sweet-fac'd man ; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's-day ; a most lovely gentleman-like man ; therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in ?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-coloured beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.

351

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd.—But, masters, here are your parts : and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night ; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moon-light ; there will we rehearse : for if we meet in the city, we shall be dog'd with company, and our devices known. In the meantime, I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

361

Bot.

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearse more obscenely, and courageously. Take pains; be perfect; adieu.

Quin. At the duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough; Hold, or cut bow-strings.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Wood. Enter a Fairy at one Door, and PUCK (or ROBIN-GOODFELLOW) at another.

Puck.

How now, spirit! whither wander you?

Fai. Over hill, over dale,

Thorough bush, thorough briar,

Over park, over pale,

Thorough flood, thorough fire,

I do wander every where,

Swifter than the moon's sphere;

And I serve the fairy queen,

To dew her orbs upon the green:

The cowslips tall her pensioners be;

In their gold coats spots you see;

Those be rubies, fairy favours,

In those freckles live their savours:

I must go seek some dew-drops here,

And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

Cij

Forewel,

Farewel, thou lob of spirits, I'll be gone ;
 Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to-
 night ;

Take heed, the queen come not within his sight.

For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,

20

Because that she, as her attendant, hath

A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king ;

She never had so sweet a changeling :

And jealous Oberon would have the child

Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild ;

But she, per-force, withholds the loved boy,

Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her
 joy :

And now they never meet in grove, or green,

By fountain clear, or spangled star-light sheen,

But they do square ; that all their elves, for fear, 30

Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making
 quite,

Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,

Call'd Robin-Goodfellow : Are you not he,

That frights the maidens of the villag'ry ;

Skim milk ; and sometimes labour in the quern,

And bootless make the breathless huswife churn ;

And sometime make the drink to bear no barn ;

Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm ?

Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck, 40

You do their work, and they shall have good luck :

Are not you he ?

Puck.

Puck. Thou speak'st aright;
 I am that merry wanderer of the night.
 I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
 When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
 Neighing in likeness of a silly foal:
 And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
 In very likeness of a roasted crab;
 And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob, 50
 And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale.
 The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
 Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
 Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
 And *taylor* cries, and falls into a cough:
 And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe,
 And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
 A merrier hour was never wasted there.—
 But room, Faery, here comes Oberon.

Fai. And here my mistress:—'Would that he were
 gone! 60

SCENE II.

*Enter OBERON, King of Fairies, at one Door with his
 Train, and the Queen at another with hers.*

Ob. Ill met by moon-light, proud Titania.

Queen. What, jealous Oberon? Fairy, skip hence;
 I have forsworn his bed and company.

Ob. Tarry, rash wanton; Am not I thy lord?

Ciiij

Queen.

Queen. Then I must be thy lady : But I know
 When thou hast stol'n away from fairy land,
 And in the shape of Corin sate all day,
 Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
 To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
 Come from the farthest steep of India ? 70
 But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
 Your buskin'd mistress, and your warrior love,
 To Theseus must be wedded ; and you come
 To give their bed joy and prosperity :

Ob. How can'st thou thus, for shame, Titania,
 Glance at my credit with Hippolita,
 Knowing I know thy love to Theseus ?
 Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering
 night
 From Periguné, whom he ravished ?
 And make him with fair Ægle break his faith, 80
 With Ariadne, and Antiopa ?

Queen. These are the forgeries of jealousy :
 And never, since the middle summer's spring,
 Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
 By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,
 Or on the beached margent of the sea,
 To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
 But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
 Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
 As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea 90
 Contagious fogs ; which falling in the land,
 Have every pelting river made so proud,
 That they have over-borne their continents.

The

The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
 The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green corn
 Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:
 The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
 And crows are fatt'd with the murrain flock;
 The nine-mens' morris is fill'd up with mud;
 And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
 For lack of tread, are undistinguishable.
 The human mortals want their winter here,
 No night is now with hymn, or carol blest:—
 Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
 Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
 That rheumatick diseases do abound:
 And, thorough this distemperature, we see
 The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
 Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
 And on old Hyems' chin, and icy crown,
 An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
 Is, as in mockery, set: The spring, the summer,
 The childing autumn, angry winter, change
 Their wonted liveries; and the 'mazed world,
 By their increase, now knows not which is which;
 And this same progeny of evils, comes
 From our debate, from our dissention;
 We are their parents and original.

Ob. Do you amend it then; it lies in you:
 Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
 I do but beg a little changeling boy,
 To be my henchman.

Queen.

Queen. Set your heart at rest,
 The fairy land buys not the child of me.
 His mother was a votress of my order :
 And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
 Full often hath she gossip'd by my side ;
 And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
 Marking the embarked traders on the flood ;
 When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive, 130
 And grow big-bellied, with the wanton wind :
 Which she, with pretty and with swimming gate
 (Following her womb then rich with my young
 'squire),
 Would imitate ; and sail upon the land,
 To fetch me trifles, and return again,
 As from a voyage, rich with merchandize,
 But she, being mortal, of that boy did die ;
 And, for her sake, I do rear up her boy ;
 And, for her sake, I will not part with him.

Ob. How long within this wood intend you stay ?

Queen. Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding-day.
 If you will patiently dance in our round, 142
 And see our moon-light revels, go with us ;
 If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

Ob. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Queen. Not for thy fairy kingdom.—Fairies, away :
 We shall chide down-right, if I longer stay.

[*Exeunt Queen and her Train.*]

Ob. Well, go thy way : thou shalt not from this
 grove,

'Till I torment thee for this injury.—

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Shakespeare



MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

I'll put a girdle round about the Earth.

P. Le. Louthbury, Esq.

My gentle Puck, come hither : Thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song ;
And certain stárs shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's musick,

Puck. I remember.

Ob. That very time I saw (but thou could'st not),
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd : a certain aim he took 160
At a fair vestal, throned by the west ;
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts :
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon ;
And the imperial votress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy free,
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of cupid fell :
It fell upon a little western flower, — 169
Before, milk-white ; now purple with love's wound, —
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower ; the herb I shew'd thee once ;
The juice of it, on sleeping eye-lids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly doat
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb ; and be thou here again,
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes, [Exit.

Ob.

Ob. Having once this juice, 180
 I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
 And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
 The next thing when she waking looks upon
 (Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
 On meddling monkey, or on busy ape),
 She shall pursue it with the soul of love.
 And ere I take this charm off from her sight
 (As I can take it with another herb),
 I'll make her render up her page to me.
 But who comes here? I am invisible; 190
 And I will over-hear their conference.

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA, following him.

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
 Where is Lysander, and fair Hermia?
 The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.
 Thou told'st me, they were stoln unto this wood;
 And here am I, and wood within this wood,
 Because I cannot meet my Hermia.
 Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
 But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
 Is true as steel: Leave you your power to draw, 200
 And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?
 Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
 Tell you—I do not, nor I cannot love you?

Hel. And even for that do I love you the more.
 I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,

The

The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave, 210
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worser place can I beg in your love
(And yet a place of high respect with me),
Than to be used as you use your dog?

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;
For I am sick, when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am sick, when I look not on you.

Dem. You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not; 220
To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsel of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege for that.

It is not night, when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night:
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company;
For you, in my respect, are all the world:
Then how can it be said, I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me? 230

Dem. I'll run from thee, and hide me in the
brakes,

And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind

Makes

Makes speed to catch the tyger: Bootless speed!
When cowardice pursues, and valour flies.

Dem. I will not stay thy questions; let me go:
Or, if thou follow me do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood. 240

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We shou'd be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well. [*Exeunt.*]

Ob. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this
grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.— 250
Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

Re-enter PUCK.

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Ob. I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopy'd with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamel'd skin, 260
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.

Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove :
 A sweet Athenian lady is in love
 With a disdainful youth : anoint his eyes ;
 But do it, when the next thing he espies
 May be the lady : Thou shalt know the man
 By the Athenian garments he hath on.
 Effect it with some care ; that he may prove
 More fond on her, than she upon her love :
 And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*Another Part of the Wood. Enter the Queen of Fairies,
 with her Train.*

Queen. Come, now a roundel, and a fairy song ;
 Then, for the third part of a minute, hence :
 Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds ;
 Some, war with rear-mice for their leathern wings,
 To make my small elves coats ; and some, keep back
 The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
 At our quaint spirits : Sing me now asleep ;
 Then to your offices, and let me rest.

First Fairy.

*You spotted snakes, with double tongue,
 Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen ;*

D

Newts,

Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong;

Come not near our fairy queen:

Chorus.

Philomel, with melody,

Sing in your sweet lullaby;

Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:

Never harm, nor spell nor charm,

Come our lovely lady nigh;

So, good night, with lullaby.

Second Fairy.

Weaving spiders, come not here;

Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence:

Beetles black, approach not near;

Worm, nor snail, do no offence.

Chorus.

Philomel, with melody, &c.

First Fairy.

Hence, away; now all is well:

One, aloof, stand sentinel.

[*Exeunt Fairies. The Queen sleeps.*]

Enter OBERON.

Ob. What thou see'st, when thou dost wake,

[*Squeezes the Flower on her Eye-lids.*]

Do it for thy true love take;

Love,

Love, and languish for his sake :
 Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
 Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
 In thy eye that shall appear
 When thou wak'st, it is thy dear ;
 Wake, when some vile thing is near.

Exit OBERON.

Enter LYSANDER, and HERMIA.

Lys. Fair Love, you faint with wandering in the
 wood ;

And, to speak troth, I have forgot our way :
 We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
 And tarry for the comfort of the day. 310

Her. Be it so, Lysander : find you out a bed,
 For I upon this bank will rest my head.

Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both ;
 One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

Her. Nay, good Lysander ; for my sake, my dear,
 Lye further off yet, do not lye so near.

Lys. O, take the sense, sweet of my innocence ;
 Love takes the meaning, in love's conference.
 I mean that my heart unto yours is knit ;
 So that but one heart we can make of it : 320

Two bosoms interchained with an oath ;
 So then, two bosoms, and a single troth.

Then, by your side no bed-room me deny ;
 For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

Her. Lysander, riddles very prettily :
 Now much beshrew my manners, and my pride,

If Hermia meant to say, Lysander ly'd,
 But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
 Lye further off; in human modesty
 Such separation, as, may well be said, 330
 Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid:
 So far be distant; and good night, sweet friend:
 Thy love ne'er alter, till thy sweet life end!

Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;
 And then end life, when I end loyalty!

Here is my bed: Sleep give thee all his rest!

Her. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be
 press'd! [They sleep.]

Enter PUCK.

Puck Through the forest have I gone,
 But Athenian found I none,
 On whose eyes I might approve 340
 This flower's force in stirring love.
 Night and silence! who is here?
 Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
 This is he, my master said,
 Despised the Athenian maid;
 And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
 On the dank and dirty ground.
 Pretty soul! she durst not lye
 Near to this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.
 Churl, upon thy eyes I throw 350
 All the power this charm doth owe:
 When thou wak'st, let love forbid
 Sleep his seat on thy eye-lid.

So awake, when I am gone; and live till I
: For I must now to Oberon. *[Exit.]*

Enter DEMETRIUS, and HELENA running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.

Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

Hel. O, wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.

Dem. Stay on thy peril; I alone will go. *How will W*

[Exit DEMETRIUS.

Hel. O, I am out of breath, in this fond chace! A

The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace: again 61

Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies, & I being dead, I do not care.

For she hath blessed and attractive eyes,

How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:

If so, my eyes are oftner wash'd than hers: *best bnA*

No, no, I am as ugly as a bear; with a long nose and

For beasts, that meet me, run away for fear:

Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius is called

Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.

What wicked and dissembling glass of mine

Made me compare with Hermia's spheric eye?—

But who is here? Lysander! on the ground!

Dead ? or asleep ? I see no blood, no wound :—

Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

Lys. And run through fire I will, for thy sweet
sake. *Enter more men to lead her off.* *Waking.*

Transparent Helena! Nature shews art, of a noble kind

That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.

Where is Demetrius? Oh, how fit a word

Is that vile name, to perish on my sword!

Hel. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so: 380

What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what
though?

Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.

Lys. Content with Hermia? No: I do repent

The tedious minutes I with her have spent,

Not Hermia, but Helena I love: will thou

Who will not change a raven for a dove?

The will of man is by his reason sway'd;

And reason says, you are the worthier maid.

Things growing are not ripe until their season;

So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason; 390

And touching now the point of human skill,

Reason becomes the marshal to my will,

And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook

Love's stories, written in love's richest book, on 400

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?

When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorn?

Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,

That I did never, no, nor never can,

Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,

But you must flout my insufficiency? 400

Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,

In such disdainful manner me to woo.

But fare you well: perforce I must confess,

I thought you lord of more true gentleness,

Oh, that a lady, of one man refus'd

Should, of another, therefore be abus'd! [Exit.

Lys.

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Act 2 MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. Scene 3.



Ramberg del.

Newman sculp.

MISS FARREN in the Character of *HERMIA*.
(Starting from Sleep)

*Help me Lysander, Help me! do thy best,
To pluck this crawling Perpet from my Breast!*

London Printed for J. Ball British Library Strand August 5th 1785.

Lys. She sees not Hermia:—Hermia, sleep thou there;

And never may'st thou come Lysander near!
For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things,
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;
Or, as the heresies, that men do leave,
Are hated most of those they did deceive;
So thou, my surfeit, and my heresy,
Of all be hated; but the most, of me!
And all my powers, address your love and might,
To honour Helen, and to be her knight!

[*Exit.*

Her. [*starting from sleep.*] Help me, Lysander, help me! do thy best,

To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!
Ay me, for pity!—what a dream was here?
Lysander, look, how I do quake with fear:
Methought, a serpent eat my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey:
Lysander! what, remov'd? Lysander! lord!
What, out of hearing; gone? no sound, no word?

Alack, where are you? speak, an if you hear;
Speak, of all loves; I swoon almost with fear.
No?—then I well perceive you are not nigh:
Or death, or you, I'll find immediately.

[*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Wood. Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING.

The Queen of Fairies lying asleep.

Bottom.

ARE we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal: This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our tyring-house; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

Bot. Peter Quince,—

Quin. What say'st thou, bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisby, that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. By'rakin, a parlous fear.

Star. I believe, we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit; I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue: and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords; and that Pyramus is not kill'd, indeed: and, for the more better assurance tell them, that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: This will put them out of fear.

22

Quin.

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afraid of the lion?

Star. I fear it; I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves; to bring in, God shield us! a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl, than your lion, living; and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore, another prologue must tell, he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, on to the same defect,—Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or, I would request you, or, I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: No, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are:—and there, indeed, let him name his name; and tell them plainly, he is Snug the joiner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moon-light into a chamber: for you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moon-light.

Snug. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bot.

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanack;
find out moon-shine, find out moon-shine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why, then you may leave a casement of the
great chamber window, where we play, open; and
the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush
of thorns and a lantern, and say, he comes to disfi-
gure, or to present, the person of moon-shine. Then,
there is another thing: we must have a wall in the
great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the
story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You never can bring in a wall:—What say
you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall: and
let him have some plaster, or some lome, or some
rough-cast, about him, to signify wall; or let him
hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall
Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit
down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts,
Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your
speech, enter into that brake; and so every one ac-
cording to his cue.

Enter Puck behind.

Puck. What hempen home-spuns have we swag-
gering here,

So near the cradle of the fairy queen?

What, a play toward? I'll be an auditor;

An

An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause. 80

Quin. Speak, Pyramus:—Thisby, stand forth.

Pyr. *Thisby, the flower of odious savours sweet.*

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pyr. —odours savours sweet.

So doth thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.—

But, hark, a voice! stay thou but here a whit,

And by and by I will to thee appear.

[Exit PYRAMUS.]

Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here!

[Aside.] [Exit.

This. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you: for you must understand, he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again. 92

This. Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,

Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,

Most briskly juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew,

As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,

I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

Quin. Ninus' tomb, man! Why you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your part at once, cues and all.—Pyramus enter; your cue is past; it is, never tire. 101

Re-enter PUCK, and BOTTOM, with an Ass's Head.

This. O,—As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.

Pyr. If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine:—

Quin. O monstrous! O strange!—we are haunted.

Pray,

Pray, masters! fly, masters! help!

[Exeunt Clowns.]

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through bush, through brake,
through brier;

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,

A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire; 109

And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.

[Exit.]

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of
them, to make me afeard.

Re-enter SNOOT.

Snout. O Bottom, thou art chang'd! what do I see
on thee?

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass' head of
your own; Do you? 117

Re-enter QUINCE.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art
translated. *[Exit.]*

Bot. I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of
me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir
from this place, do what they can: I will walk up
and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear
I am not afraid. *[Sings.]*

— The ouzel-cock, so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,

The

The throstle with his note so true,

The wren with little quill :

Queen. What angel wakes me from my flowery
bed ? *[Waking.*

Bottom sings.

The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,

The plain-song cuckow gray,

Whose note full many a man doth mark,

And dares not answer, nay ;—

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a
bird ? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry,
cuckoo, never so.

Queen. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again :

Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,

So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape ;

And thy fair virtue's force, perforce doth move me ;

On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little rea-
son for that : And yet, to say the truth, reason and
love keep little company together now-a-days : The
more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not
make them friends. Nay, I can glee, upon occa-
sion.

Queen. Thou art as wise, as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither : but if I had wit enough to
get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine
own turn.

E

Queen.

Queen. Out of this wood do not desire to go;
 Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
 I am a spirit, of no common rate;
 The summer still doth tend upon my state,
 And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;
 I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;
 And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
 And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep:
 And I will purge thy mortal grossness so, 160
 That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.—
 Pease-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seed!

Enter four Fairies.

1 Fair. Ready.

2 Fair. And I.

3 Fair. And I.

4 Fair. And I: Where shall we go:

Queen. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
 Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
 Feed him with apricocks, and dewberries,
 With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries; 170
 The honey-bags steal from the humble bees,
 And, for night tapers, crop their waxen thighs,
 And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
 To have my love to bed, and to arise;
 And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
 To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes:
 Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

1 Fair. Hail, mortal, hail!

2 Fair. Hail!

3 Fair.

3 Fair. Hail! 180

Bot. I cry your worship's mercy heartily.—I beseech, your worship's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good master Cobweb: If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.—Your name, honest gentleman?

Pease. Pease-blossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to mistress Squash, your mother, and to master Peascod, your father. Good master Pease-blossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too.—Your name, I beseech you, sir.

Mus. Mustard-seed. 192

Bot. Good master Mustard-seed, I know your patience well: that same cowardly, giant-like, ox beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house: I promise you your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you, more acquaintance, good master Mustard-seed.

Queen. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my power. 199

The moon, methinks, looks with a watry eye;
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.
Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.*Enter OBERON.*

Ob. I wonder, if Titania be awak'd;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must doat on in extremity.

Enter PUCK.

Here comes my messenger.—How now, mad spirit?
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower, 210
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake:
When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass's nowl I fixed on his head; 220
Anon, his Thisby must be answered,
And forth my minnock comes: When they him
spy,
As wild geese, that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky;

So, at his sight, away his fellows fly:
 And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;
 He murder cries, and help from Athens calls:
 Their sense, thus weak, lost with their fears, thus
 Made senseless things begin to do them wrong:
 For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch;
 Some, sleeves; some, hats: from yielders all things
 I led them on in this distracted fear,
 And left sweet Pyramus translated there:
 When in that moment (so it came to pass)
 Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.

Ob. This falls out better than I could devise,
 But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes
 With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Puck. I took him sleeping,—that is finish'd too,—
 And the Athenian woman by his side;
 That, when he wak'd, of force she must be y'd.

Enter DEMETRIUS, and HERMIA.

Ob. Stand close; this is the same Athenian.

Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?
 Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse;
 For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
 If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
 Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
 And kill me too.

The sun was not so true unto the day,
 As he to me: Would he have stol'n away
 From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon,
 This whole earth may be bor'd; and that the moon
 May through the centre creep, and so displease
 Her brother's noon-tide with the Antipodes,
 It cannot be, but thou hast murder'd him;
 So should a murderer look, so dead, so grim.

Dem. So should the murder'd look; and so should I,
 Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty:
 Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
 As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

Her. What's this to my Lysander? where is he?
 Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I had rather give his carcass to my hounds.
Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the
 bounds

Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then?
 Henceforth be never number'd among men!
 O! once tell true, tell true, even for my sake;
 Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake,
 And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!
 Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?
 An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
 Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood:
 I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;
 Nor is he dead, for ought that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

Dem. An if I could, what should I get therefore?

Her.

Her. A privilege, never to see me more.—

And from thy hated presence part I so:—

See me no more, whether he be dead, or no. [Exit.

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein;
Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.

So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow,

For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;

Which now in some slight measure it will pay,

If for his tender here I make some stay. [Lies down.

Ob. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken
quite,

291

And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight:

Of thy misprision must perforce ensue

Some true love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules; that, one man hold-
ing troth,

A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Ob. About the wood go swifter than the wind,

And Helena of Athens look thou find:

All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer

With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear:

By some illusion see thou bring her here;

I'll charm his eyes, against she do appear. [Exit.

Puck. I go, I go; look, how I go;
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [Exit.

Ob. Flower of this purple dye,

Hit with Cupid's archery,

Sink in apple of his eye!

When his love he doth espy,

Let her shine as gloriously

As

As the Venus of the sky.—
 When thou wak'st, if she be by,
 Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter PUCK.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
 Helena is here at hand;
 And the youth, mistook by me,
 Pleading for a lover's fee,
 Shall we their fond pageant see?
 Lord, what fools these mortals be!

Ob. Stand aside: the noise they make,
 Will cause Demetrius to awake. 320

Puck. Then will two, at once, woo one;
 That must needs be sport alone;
 And those things do best please me,
 That befall prepost'rously.

Enter LYSANDER, and HELENA.

Lys. Why should you think, that I should woo in
 scorn?

Scorn and derision never come in tears:
 Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
 In their nativity all truth appears.

How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
 Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true? 330

Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more.
 When truth kills truth, O devilish holy fray!

These vows are Hermia's; Will you give her o'er?
 Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:

Your

Your vows, to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh; and both as light as tales.

Lys. I had no judgment, when to her I swore.

Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her
o'er.

Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

Dem. [awaking] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?

Chrystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show

Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!

That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,

Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow,

When thou hold'st up thy hand: O, let me kiss

This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!

Hel. O spight! O hell! I see, you all are bent

To set against me, for your merriment,

If you were civil, and knew courtesy,

You would not do me thus much injury.

Can you not hate me, as I know you do,

But you must join, in souls, to mock me too?

If you were men, as men you are in show,

You would not use a gentle lady so;

To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,

When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.

You both are rivals, and love Hermia;

And now both rivals to mock Helena:

A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,

To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes,

With your derision! none, of nobler sort,

Would

Would so offend a virgin; and extort
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
For you love Hermia; this, you know, I know:
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death. 870

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone:
My heart with her but, as guest-wise, sojourn'd;
And now to Helen it is home return'd,
There to remain.

Lys. Helen, it is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear. 879
Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function
takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompence:
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth press
to go

Would

Her.

Her. What love could press Lysander from my side? 389

Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let him bide,
Fair Helena; who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery o's and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee
know,

The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so?

Her. You speak not as you think; it cannot be.

Hel. Lo, she is one of this confederacy!

Now I perceive they have conjoin'd, all three,
To fashion this false sport in spite of me,
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid! 399

Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
To bait me with this foul derision?

Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us,—O, and is all forgot?

All school-day friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,

Have with our needls created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key; 410

As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,

Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
But yet a union in partition,

Two lovely berries molded on one stem:
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;

Two

Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
 Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
 And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
 To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
 It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
 Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it;
 Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words:
 I scorn you not; it seems that you scorn me.

Hel. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
 To follow me, and praise my eyes and face?
 And made your other love, Demetrius
 (Who even but now did spurn me with his foot),
 To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
 Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
 To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander
 Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
 And tender me, forsooth, affection;
 But by your setting on, by your consent?
 What though I be not so in grace as you,
 So hung upon with love, so fortunate;
 But miserable most, to love unlov'd?
 This you should pity, rather than despise.

Her. I understand not what you mean by this.

Hel. Ay, do, persevere, counterfeit sad looks,
 Make mouths upon me when I turn my back;
 Wink at each other; hold the sweet jest up:
 This sport, well carry'd, shall be chronicled.
 If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
 You would not make me such an argument.

But,

But, fare ye well : 'tis partly mine own fault ;
Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.

Lys. Stay, gentle Helena ; hear my excuse ;
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena !

Hel. O excellent !

Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat ;
Thy threats have no more strength, than her weak
prayers.

Helen, I love thee ; by my life, I do ;
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false, that says I love thee not.

Dem. I say, I love thee more than he can do.

Lys. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

Dem. Quick, come, —

Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this ?

Lys. Away, you Ethiop !

Dem. No, no, sir, he'll
Seem to break loose ; take on, as you would follow ;
But yet come not : You are a tame man, go !

Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr, vile thing,
let loose ;
Or I will shake thee from me, like a serpent.

Her. Why are you grown so rude ? what change is
this,
Sweet love ?

Lys. Thy love ? out, tawny Tartar, out !
Out, loathed medicine ! hated potion, hence !

Her. Do you not jest ?

Hel. Yes, 'sooth; and so do you.

Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

Dem. I would, I had your bond: for, I perceive,
A weak bond holds you; I'll not trust your word.

Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her
dead?

Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

Her. What, can you do me greater harm, than
hate? 480

Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?

Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?

I am as fair now, as I was erewhile.

Since night, you lov'd me; yet, since night, you left
me:

Why, then you left me,—O the gods forbid!—

In earnest, shall I say?

Lys. Ay, by my life;

And never did desire to see thee more.

Therefore, be out of hope, of question, doubt,

Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest, 490

That I do hate thee, and love Helena.

Her. O me! you jugler! oh, you canker-blossom!

You thief of love! what, have you come by night,

And stol'n my love's heart from him?

Hel. Fine, i' faith!

Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,

No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear

Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?

Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you! 499

Her. Puppet! why so? Ay, that way goes the game.

Now

Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures, she hath urg'd her height;
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.—
And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish, and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;
How low am I? I am not yet so low,
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice;
Let her not strike me: You, perhaps, may think,
Because she's something lower than myself,
That I can match her.

Her. Lower! hark, again.

Hel. Good *Hermia*, do not be so bitter with me. I
I evermore did love you, *Hermia*,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto *Demetrius*,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood:
He follow'd you; for love, I follow'd him.
But he hath chid me hence; and threaten'd me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too;
And now, so you will, let me quiet go
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further: Let me go.
You see how simple and how fond I am.

Fij

Her.

Her. Why, get you gone: Who is't that hinders
you? 330

Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

Her. What, with Lysander?

Hel. With Demetrius.

Lys. Be not afraid; she shall not harm thee, Helena.

Dem. No, sir; she shall not, though you take her
part.

Hel. O; when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd;
She was a vixen, when she went to school;
And, though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. Little again? nothing but low and little:—
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus? 440
Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf;
You minimus, of hind'ring knot-grass made;
You bead, you acorn.

Dem. You are too officious,
In her behalf that scorns your services.
Let her alone; speak not of Helena;
Take not her part: for if thou dost intend
Never so little shew of love to her,
Thou shalt aby it. 550

Lys. Now she holds me not;
Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Or thine or mine, is most in Helena.

Dem. Follow? nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by
jowl. [Exit *LYSANDER* and *DEM.*]

Her. You, mistress, all this coyl is 'long of you:
Nay, go not back.

Hel.

Hel. I will not trust you, I;
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray;
My legs are longer though, to run away.

Her. I am amaz'd, and know not what to say.

[*Exeunt: HERMIA pursuing HELENA.*]

Ob. This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st,
Or else commit'st thy knaveries willingly.

Puck. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me, I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on?
And so far blameless proves my enterprize,
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes:
And so far am I glad it did so sort,
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

Ob. Thou seest these lovers seek a place to fight;
Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog, as black as Acheron;
And lead these testy rivals so astray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;
And sometimes rail thou like Demetrius;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
'Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep:
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye;
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all error, with his might,

And make his eye-balls roll with wonted sight;
 When they next wake, all this derision
 Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision;
 And back to Athens shall the lovers wend, 589
 With league, whose date 'till death shall never end.
 Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
 I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy;
 And then I will her charmed eye release
 From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste;
 For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
 And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
 At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
 Troop home to church-yards: damned spirits all,
 That in cross-ways and floods have burial, 600
 Already to their wormy beds are gone;
 For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
 They wilfully themselves exile from light,
 And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

Ob. But we are spirits of another sort;
 I with the morning's love have oft made sport;
 And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
 Even 'till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
 Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
 Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams. 610
 But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay;
 We may effect this business yet ere day.

[*Exit OBERON.*]

Puck. Up and down, up and down;
 I will lead them up and down;

I am

I am fear'd in field and town;

Goblin, lead them up and down.

Here comes one.

Enter LYSANDER.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak
thou now.

Puck. Here, villain; drawn and ready. Where
art thou?

Lys. I will be with thee straight. 620

Puck. Follow me then
To plainer ground.

[Lys. goes out, as following DEM.]

Enter DEMETRIUS.

Dem. Lysander! speak again.

Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak. In some bush? where dost thou hide thy
head?

Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou
child;

I'll whip thee with a rod: He is defil'd,
That draws a sword on thee. 630

Dem. Yea; art thou there?

Puck. Follow my voice; we'll try no manhood
here. *Excunt.*

Re-enter

Re-enter LYSANDER.

Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me on ;
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
The villain is much lighter heel'd than I :
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly ;
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day !
[*Lies down.*
For if but once thou shew me thy grey light,
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spight. 640

Re-enter PUCK, and DEMETRIUS.

Puck. Ho, ho, ho ! coward, why comest thou not ?
Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st : for well I wot,
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place ;
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou ?

Puck. Come hither ; I am here.

Dem. Nay, then thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy
this dear,
If ever I thy face by day-light see :
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed. — 650
By day's approach look to be visited. [*Lies down.*

Enter HELENA.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours ; shine, comforts, from the east ;
That I may back to Athens, by day-light,

From these that my poor company detest : —

And,

And, sleep, that sometime shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me a while from mine own company. [*Sleeps.*

Puck. Yet but three? come one more;

Two of both kinds makes up four.

Here she comes, curst, and sad:—

660

Cupid is a knavish lad,

Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe,

Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers;

I can no further crawl, no further go;

My legs can keep no pace with my desires.

Here will I rest me, 'till the break of day.

Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!

[*Lies down.*]

Puck. On the ground

Sleep sound:

670

I'll apply

To your eye,

Gentle lover, remedy.

[*Squeezing the Juice on LYSANDER'S Eye.*]

When thou wak'st,

Thou tak'st

True delight

In the sight

Of thy former lady's eye:

And the country proverb known,

That every man should take his own,

In your waking shall be shown:—

681

Jack

Jack shall have Jill ;
 Nought shall go ill ;
 The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be
 well. *[Exit PUCK.] [They sleep.]*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Wood. Enter Queen of the Fairies, BOTTOM, Fairies attending, and the King behind them.

Queen.
 COME, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
 While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
 And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
 And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where's Pease-blossom?

Pease. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Pease-blossom.—Where's
 monsieur Cobweb?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monsieur Cobweb, good monsieur, get your
 weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hip'd hum-
 ble bee on the top of a thistle; and, good monsieur,
 bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too
 much in the action, monsieur; and, good monsieur,
 have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loth
 to have you over-flown with a honey-bag, signior.—
 Where's monsieur Mustard-seed?

Must. Ready.

Bot.

Bot. Give me your neif, monsieur Mustard-seed.
Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur. 20

Must. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help cavalero Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, monsieur; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face: and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Queen. What, wilt thou hear some musick, my sweet love?

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in musick: let us have the tongs and the bones. 30

Queen. Or, say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

Queen. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful, or two, of dried pease. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me. 40

Queen. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.

Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.
So doth the woodbine, the sweet honey-suckle,
Gently entwist,—the female ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

OBERON advances. Enter PUCK.

Ob. Welcome, good Robin. Seest thou this sweet sight?

Her dotage now I do begin to pity.
 For meeting her of late, behind the wood,
 Seeking sweet savours for this hateful fool;
 I did upbraid her, and fall out with her:
 For she his hairy temples then had rounded
 With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
 And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
 Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,
 Stood now within the pretty flowret's eyes,
 Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail.
 When I had, at my pleasure taunted her,
 And she, in mild terms, begg'd my patience,
 I then did ask of her her changeling child;
 Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
 To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
 And, now I have the boy, I will undo
 This hateful imperfection of her eyes.
 And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
 From off the head of the Athenian swain;
 That he awaking when the others do,
 May all to Athens back again repair,
 And think no more of this night's accidents,
 But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
 But first I will release the fairy queen;

OBERON

Be,

Be, as thou wast wont to be ;

[*Touching her Eyes with an Herb.*

See, as thou wast wont to see :

Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower

Hath such force and blessed power.

Now, my Titania ; wake you, my sweet queen.

Queen. My Oberon ! what visions have I seen !

Methought, I was enamour'd of an ass.

Ob. There lies your love.

Queen. How came these things to pass ?

80

Oh, how mine eye doth loath his visage now !

Ob. Silence, a while.——Robin, take off this head.——

Titania, musick call ; and strike more dead

Than common sleep, of all these five the sense.

Queen. Musick, ho ! musick ; such as charmeth sleep.

Puck. When thou awak'st, with thine own fool's eyes peep.

Ob. Sound, musick. [*Still musick.*] Come my queen, take hands with me,

And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.

Now thou and I are new in amity ;

And will, to-morrow midnight, solemnly,

90

Dance in duke Theseus' house triumphantly,

And bless it to all fair posterity :

There shall these pairs of faithful lovers be

Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

G

Puck.

Puck. Fairy king, attend, and mark;
I do hear the morning lark.

Ob. Then my queen, in silence sad,
Trip we after the night's shade:
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wand'ring moon. 100

Queen. Come, my lord; and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found,
With these mortals, on the ground. [*Exeunt.*

[*Wind Horns within.*

Enter THESEUS, EGEUS, HIPPOLITA, and Train.

The. Go, one of you, find out the forester;—
For now our observation is perform'd:
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the musick of my hounds.—
Uncouple in the western valley; go:—
Dispatch, I say, and find the forester. 110
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules, and Cadmus, once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder. 120

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,

So flew'd, so sanded, and their heads are hung
 With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
 Crook-knee'd, and dew-lap'd like Thessalian bulls;
 Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
 Each under each. A cry more tuneable
 Was never halloo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
 In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:
 Judge, when you hear.—But, soft; what nymphs
 are these?

129

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep;
 And this Lysander; this Demetrius is;
 This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:
 I wonder at their being here together.

The. No doubt, they rose up early, to observe
 The rite of May; and, hearing our intent,
 Came here in grace of our solemnity.—
 But, speak, Egeus; is not this the day
 That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

Ege. It is, my lord.

The. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their
 horns.

140

*Horns, and Shout within; DEMETRIUS, LYSANDER,
 HERMIA, and HELENA, wake and start up.*

The. Good-morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is
 past;

Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

Lys. Pardon, my lord. [*They all kneel to THESEUS.*]

The. I pray you all, stand up.
 I know, you two are rival enemies;

Gij

How

How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half 'sleep, half waking: But, as yet, I swear, 150
I cannot truly say how I came here:
But, as I think (for truly would I speak,—
And now I do bethink me, so it is);
I came with Hermia hither: our intent
Was, to be gone from Athens, where we might be
Without the peril of the Athenian law.

Ege. Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough;
I beg the law, the law, upon his head.—
They would have stol'n away, they would, Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated you and me: 160
You, of your wife; and me, of my consent;
Of my consent that she should be your wife.

Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood;
And I, in fury hither follow'd them;
Fair Helena in fancy following me.
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power
(But by some power it is), my love to Hermia,
Melted as is the snow, seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gawd, 170
Which in my childhood I did doat upon:
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia:

But,

But, like a sickness, did I loathe this food ;
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met : 180
Of this discourse we shall hear more anon. —

Egeus, I will over-bear your will ;
For in the temple, by and by with us,
These couples shall eternally be knit.
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside. —

Away, with us, to Athens : Three and three,
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity. —

Come Hippolita. [*Exeunt THE, HIP. and Train.*]

Dem. These things seem small, and undistinguish-
able, 190
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks, I see these things with parted eye,
When every thing seems double.

Hel. So methinks :
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own,

Dem. Are you sure
That we are awake ? — it seems to me,
That yet we sleep, we dream. — Do not you think,
The duke was here, and bid us follow him ? 200

Her. Yea ; and my father.

Hel. And Hippolita.

Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why then, we are awake ; let's follow him ;
G i i j And,

And, by the way, let us recount our dreams. [*Exeunt.*

As they go out, BOTTOM awakes.

Bot. When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer:—my next is, *Most fair Pyramus*——Hey, ho! —Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God's my life! stol'n hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream,—past the wit of man to say what dream it was: Man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had,—But man is but a patch'd fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen; man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be call'd Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the duke: Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Athens. QUINCE'S House. Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING.

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?

226

Star.

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is transported.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marr'd; It goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens, able to discharge Pyramus, but he.

Flu. No; he hath simply the best wit of any handy-craft-man in Athens.

Quin. Yea, and the best person too: and he is a very paramour, for a sweet voice.

Flu. You must say, paragon: a paramour is, God bless us! a thing of nought.

Enter SNUG.

Snug. Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married: if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men. 242

Flu. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost six-pence a-day during his life; he could not have 'scap'd six-pence a-day: an the duke had not given him six-pence a-day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hang'd; he would have deserv'd it: six-pence a-day, in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter BOTTOM.

Bot. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

Quin. Bottom!—O most courageous day! O most happy hour! 251

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me

me not what ; for, if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you, is, that the duke hath dined : Get your apparel together ; good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps ; meet presently at the palace ; every man look o'er his part ; for, the short and the long is, our play is preferr'd. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen ; and let not him, that plays the lion, pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions, nor garlick, for we are to utter sweet breath ; and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words ; away ; go, away. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Palace. Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLITA, EGEUS, PHILOSTRATE, Lords, &c.

Hippolita.

'T IS strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

The. More strange than true. I never may believe These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.

Lovers and madmen, have such seething brains,

Such

Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatick, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact :
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold ; 9
That is, the madman : the lover, all as frantick,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt :
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to
heaven ;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation, and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination ;
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy ; 20
Or, in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear ?

Hip. But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy ;
But, howsoever, strange, and admirable.

Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, and HE-
LENA.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and
mirth.—

Joy,

Joy, gentle friends! joy, and fresh days of love,
Accompany your hearts!

Lys. More than to us

Wait on your royal walks, your board, your bed!

The. Come now; what masks, what dances shall
we have,

To wear away this long age of three hours,

Between our after-supper, and bed-time?

Where is our usual manager of mirth?

What revels are in hand? Is there no play,

To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?

Call Philostrate.

Phil. Here, mighty Theseus.

The. Say, what abridgment have you for this even-
ing?

What mask? what musick? How shall we beguile

The lazy time, if not with some delight?

Philost. There is a brief, how many sports are
ripe;

Make choice of which your highness will see first.

[Giving a Paper,

The. reads.] The battle of the Centaurs, to be sung

By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.

We'll none of that: that I have told my love,

In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,

Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.

That is an old device; and it was play'd

When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.

The

*The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary.*

That is some satire, keen, and critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

*A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,
And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth.*

Merry and tragical? Tedious and brief? 60

That is, hot ice, and wonderous strange snow.

How shall we find the concord of this discord?

Philost. A play there is, my lord, some ten words
long;

Which is as brief as I have known a play;

But by ten words, my lord, it is too long;

Which makes it tedious: for in all the play

There is not one word apt, one player fitted.

And tragical, my noble lord, it is;

For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.

Which, when I saw rehears'd, I must confess, 70

Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears

The passion of loud laughter never shed.

The. What are they that do play it?

Philost. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens
here,

Which never labour'd in their minds 'till now;

And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories

With this same play, against your nuptial.

The. And we will hear it.

Philost. No, my noble lord,

It is not for you: I have heard it over, 80

And it is nothing, nothing in the world;

Unless

Unless you can find sport in their intents,
Extremely stretch'd, and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.

The. I will hear that play:
For never any thing can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in;—and take your places, ladies.

[Exit PHILOST.

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his service perishing. 90

The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such
thing.

Hip. He says, they can do nothing in this kind.

The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for no-
thing.

Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake:
And what poor duty cannot do,
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have seen them shiver, and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences, 100
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome: Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence, yet, I pick'd a welcome;
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.

Love,

Love, therefore, and tongue-ty'd simplicity,
In least, speak most, to my capacity.

Enter PHILOSTRATE.

Philost. So please your grace, the prologue is ad-
drest, 110

The. Let him approach. [*Flour. Trum.*]

Enter the Prologue.

Prol. If we offend, it is with our good-will.

That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good-will. To shew our simple skill,

That is the true beginning of our end.

Consider then, we come but in despite.

We do not come, as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,

We are not here. That you should here repent you,
The actors are at hand; and, by their show, 120
You shall know all, that you are like to know.

The. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

Lys. He hath rid his prologue, like a rough colt;
he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord: It
is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

Hip. Indeed he hath play'd on this prologue, like
a child on a recorder; a sound, but not in govern-
ment.

The. His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing
impair'd, but all disorder'd. Who is next? 130

H

Enter

*Enter PYRAMUS and THISBE, WALL, MOONSHINE,
and LION, as in dumb Show.*

Prot. " Gentles, perchance, you wonder at this
" show;

" But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.

" This man is Pyramus, if you would know;

" This beauteous lady Thisby is, certain.

" This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present

" Wall, that vile wall which did these lovers
" sunder:

" And through wall's chink, poor souls, they are
" content

" To whisper; at the which let no man wonder.

" This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,

" Presenteth moonshine: for, if you will know,

" By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn: 141

" To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.

" This grisly beast, which by name lion hight,

" The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,

" Did scare away, or rather did affright:

" And as she fled, her mantle she did fall;

" Which lion vile with bloody mouth did stain:

" Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth, and tall,

" And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain: 149

" Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,

" He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;

" And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade,

" His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,

" Let

" Let lion, moon-shine, wall, and lovers twain,
" At large discourse, while here they do remain."

[*Exeunt all but Wall.*]

The. I wonder if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when
many asses do.

Wall. " In this same interlude, it doth befall,

" That I one Snout by name, present a wall: 160

" And such a wall, as I would have you think,

" That had in it a cranny'd hole, or chink,

" Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,

" Did whisper often very secretly.

" This lome, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth shew

" That I am that same wall; the truth is so:

" And this the cranny is, right and sinister,

" Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper:"

The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard
discourse, my lord. 171

The. Pyramus draws near the wall; silence!

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. " O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so
" black!

" O night, which ever art, when day is not!

" O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,

" I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!—

" And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,

Hij

" That

" That stand'st between her father's ground and
" mine ;

" Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,

" Shew me thy chink to blink through with mine
" eyne. 180

" Thanks, courteous wall : Jove shield thee well for
" this !

" But what see I ? No Thisby do I see.

" O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss ;

" Curst be thy stones for thus deceiving me !"

The. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should
curse again.

Pyr. No, in truth, sir, he should not. *Deceiving*
me, is Thisby's cue ; she is to enter now, and I am
to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will
fall pat as I told you :—Yonder she comes. 190

Enter THISBY.

This. " O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,

" For parting my fair Pyramus and me :

" My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones :

" Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee."

Pyr. " I see a voice : now will I to the chink,

" To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.

" Thisby !"

This. " My love : thou art my love, I think."

Pyr. " Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's
" grace ;

" And like Limander am I trusty still."

200

This.

This. "And I like Helen, till the fates me kill."

Pyr. "Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true."

This. "As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you."

Pyr. "O, kiss me through the hole of this vile wall."

This. "I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all."

Pyr. "Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?"

This. "Tide life, tide death, I come without delay."

Wall. "Thus have I, wall, my part discharged so;
"And, being done, thus wall away doth go."

[*Exeunt WALL, PYRAMUS, and THISBE.*

The. Now is the mural down between the two neighbours. 211

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning.

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

The. The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Hip. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

The. If we imagine no worse of them, than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a moon, and a lion. 221

Enter LION and MOONSHINE.

Lion. "You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear

H i i j

"The

" The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,

" May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
 " When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.

" Then know, that I, as Snug the joiner, am

" A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam :

" For if I should as lion come in strife

" Into this place, 'twere pity on my life." 229

The. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

The. True ; and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my lord : for his valour cannot carry his discretion ; and the fox carries the goose.

The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour ; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well : leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon. 240

Moon. " This lantern doth the horned moon
 " present :

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.

The. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

Moon. " This lantern doth the horned moon pre-
 " sent ;

" Myself the man i' the moon do seem to be."

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest ; the
 man

man should be put into the lantern ; How is it else the man i'the moon ? 250

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle ; for you see, it is already in snuff.

Hip. I am weary of this moon : Would, he would change !

The. It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane ; but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, moon.

Moon. All that I have to say, is to tell you, that the lantern is the moon ; I, the man in the moon ; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush ; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lantern ; for they are in the moon. But, silence ; here comes Thisbe. 264

Enter THISBE.

This. " This is old Ninny's tomb : Where is my love ? "

Lion. " Oh — " [*The Lion roars.* — *THISBE runs off.*

Dem. Well roar'd, lion.

The. Well run, Thisbe.

Hip. Well shone, moon. — Truly, the moon shines with a good grace. 270

The. Well mous'd, lion.

Dem. And then came Pyramus.

Lys. And so the lion vanish'd.

Enter

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. " Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny
" beams;

" I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright:

" For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams,

" I trust to taste of truest Thisby's sight,

" But stay;—O spight!

" But mark;—Poor knight,

" What dreadful dole is here? 280

" Eyes, do you see?

" How can it be?

" O dainty duck! O dear!

" Thy mantle good,

" What, stain'd with blood?

" Approach, ye furies fell!

" O fates! come, come;

" Cut thread and thrum;

" Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!"

The. This passion, and the death of a dear friend,
would go near to make a man look sad. 291

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. " O, wherefore, nature, didst thou lions
" frame?

" Since lion vile hath here deflour'd my dear:

" Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame,

" That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd

" with cheer,

" Come tears, confound;

" Out sword, and wound

" The

" The pap of Pyramus:

" Ay, that left pap,

300

" Where heart doth hop:—

" Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.

" Now am I dead,

" Now am I fled;

" My soul is in the sky:

" Tongue, lose thy light!

" Moon take thy flight!

" Now, die, die, die, die, die."

[Dies. Exit MOONSHINE.

Dem. No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

310

Lys. Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.

The. With the help of a surgeon, he might yet recover, and prove an ass.

Hip. How chance the moonshine is gone, before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

The. She will find him by star-light.—

—Enter THISBE.

Here she comes, and her passion ends the play.

Hip. Methinks, she should not use a long one, for such a Pyramus: I hope, she will be brief.

320

Dem. A moth will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better.

Lys. She hath spied him already, with those sweet eyes.

Dem. And thus she moans, *videlicet*.

This.

This. " Asleep, my love ?

" What, dead, my dove ?

" O Pyramus, arise,

" Speak, speak. Quite dumb ?

" Dead, dead ? A tomb

" Must cover thy sweet eyes. 330

" These lily brows,

" This cherry nose,

" These yellow cowslip cheeks,

" Are gone, are gone :

" Lovers, make moan !

" His eyes were green as leeks,

" O sisters three,

" Come, come, to me,

" With hands as pale as milk ;

" Lay them in gore, 340

" Since you have shore

" With shears his thread of silk.

" Tongue, not a word :—

" Come, trusty sword ;

" Come blade, my breast imbrue ;

" And farewell, friends ;—

" Thus Thisby ends :

" Adieu, adieu, adieu." [Dies.

The. Moonshine and lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and wall too. 350

Bot. No, I assure you ; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance, between two of our company ?

The.

The. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it, had play'd Pyramus, and hang'd himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is, truly; and very notably discharged. But come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone. *[Here a Dance of Clowns.]*
 The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve;—
 Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time. 364
 I fear, we shall out-sleep the coming morn;
 As much as we this night have overwatch'd.
 This palpable-gross play hath well beguil'd
 The heavy gait of night.—Sweet friends, to bed.—
 A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
 In nightly revels, and new jollity. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars, 371
 And the wolf beholds the moon;
 Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
 All with weary task fordone.
 Now the wasted brands do glow,
 Whilst the scritch-owl, scritch'ing loud,
 Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
 In remembrance of a shroud.

Now

Now it is the time of night,
 That the graves, all gaping wide,
 Every one lets forth his spright,
 In the church-way paths to glide :
 And we fairies, that do run
 By the triple Hecat's team,
 From the presence of the sun,
 Following darkness like a dream,
 Now are frolick ; not a mouse
 Shall disturb this hallow'd house :
 I am sent, with broom, before,
 To sweep the dust behind the door. 390

Enter King and Queen of Fairies, with their Train.

Ob. Through this house give glimmering
 light,
 By the dead and drowsy fire :
 Every elf, and fairy sprite,
 Hop as light as-bird from brier ;
 And this ditty, after me,
 Sing and dance it trippingly.

Tit. First, rehearse this song by rote :
 To each word a warbling note,
 Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
 Will we sing, and bless this place. 400

SONG and DANCE.

Ob. Now, until the break of day,
 Through this house each fairy stray.

To

To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be;
And the issue, there create,
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be;
And the blots of nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand;
410 Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.—
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gate;
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace, with sweet peace:
Ever shall it safely rest,
And the owner of it blest. 420

Trip away;
Make no stay;
Meet me all by break of day.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Train.*]

Puck. *If we shadows have offended,
Think but this (and all is mended),
That you have but slumber'd here,
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend;
430 If you pardon, we will mend.*

I

And,

*And, as I'm an honest Puck,
 If we have unearned luck
 Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
 We will make amends ere long;
 Else the Puck a liar call,
 So, good night unto you all.
 Give me your hands, if we be friends,
 And Robin shall restore amends.*

439

[Exit.]

THE END.



127
ANNOTATIONS

BY

SAM. JOHNSON & GEO. STEEVENS,

AND

439
Exit.
THE VARIOUS COMMENTATORS,

UPON

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM,

WRITTEN BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE.

—SIC ITUR AD ASTRA.

VIRG.

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СИТИТАОИНА



THE VARIOUS COMMENTATORS.

NO 5 U

MIDGEMMER NIGHT, DREAM

WRIGHT BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE.

1945

Printed for, and sold by, J. B. BELL, at the Royal Exchange, in the City of London.



ANNOTATIONS

UPON

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT I.

line 6. **LONG** WITHERING OUT a young man's revenue.] So, in Chapman's Translation of the 4th book of *Homer* :

“—there the goodly plant lies *withering out* his grace.” STEEVENS.

10. *New bent in heaven*,—] The old copies read—*Now bent*.—Mr. Rowe made the change. MALONE.

28. —*witch'd*—] The old copies read *bewitch'd*. JOHNSON.

34. —*gawds*—] i. e. baubles, toys, trifles. Our author has the word frequently. The Rev. Mr. Lambe, in his notes on the ancient metrical history of the *Battle of Flodden*, observes, that a *gawd* is a child's toy, and that the children in the North call their play-things *gowdys*, and their baby-house a *gowdy-house*.

STEEVENS.

45. *Of to her death: according to our law.*] By a law of Solon's, parents had an absolute power of life and death over their children. [So it suited the poet's purpose well enough, to suppose the Athenians had it before. Or, perhaps, be neither thought nor knew any thing of the matter.] WATSON.

67. *He die the death.*] See note on Measure for Measure, act ii. line 732. STEVENS.

769. *Know of your youth.*—] Bring your youth to the question. Consider your youth. JOHNSON.

78. *For aye.*—] For ever. STEVENS.

78. *But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd.*] Thus all the copies: yet *earthlier* is so harsh a word, and *earthlier happy*, for *happier earthly*, a mode of speech so unusual, that I wonder none of the editors have proposed *earlier happy*. JOHNSON.

It has since been observed, that Mr. Pope did propose *earlier*. We might read, *earthly happier*.

STEEVENS.

This is a thought in which Shakspeare seems to have much delighted. We meet with it more than once in his Sonnets. See 5th, 6th, and 54th Sonnets.

JOHNSON. MALONE.

83. *to whose unwhil'd yoke*] Thus the modern editors: the particle *to* is wanting in the old copies.

STEEVENS.

95. *You have her father's love, Demetrius.*

Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.] I

suspect that Shakspeare wrote:

“Let

"Let me have *Hermia*; do you marry him."

112. *spotless*—] *spotless* is innocent, so

113. *Bestow them*—] Give them, bestow upon them.

The word is used by Spenser:

"So would I, said th' enchanter, glad and fair

"Bestow to you his sword, you to defend."

Faery Queen.

JOHNSON.

Again, in *The Case is Altered*. *How? Ask Dario and Milo, 1605:*

"I could bestow her a better match."

But I rather think that to *bestow* in this place signifies (as in the northern counties) to pour out; from *tonner*, Danish.

136. *The course of true love, &c.*] This passage seems to have been imitated by Milton.

Paradise Lost, B. X.—896.

MALONE.

145. The old editions read *momentary*, which is the old and proper word. The modern editors, *momentary*.

The first folio has not *momentary* but *momentary*.

MALONE.

"—that short, *momentary* rage"— is an expression of Dryden.

147. *Brief as the lightning in the collyer night,*

That, in a speech, unfolds both heaven and earth,

And ere a man hath power to say, — Behold!

The jaws of darkness do devour it up :] Though the word *spleen* be here employed oddly enough, yet I believe it right. Shakspeare, always hurried on by the grandeur and multitude of his ideas, assumes every now and then, an uncommon licence in the use of his words. Particularly in complex moral modes it is usual with him to employ one, only to express a very few ideas of that number of which it is composed. Thus wanting here to express the ideas—of a sudden, or—in a trice, he uses the word *spleen*, which, partially considered, signifying a hasty sudden fit, is enough for him, and he never troubles himself about the further or fuller signification of the word. Here, he uses the word *spleen* for a sudden hasty fit; so just the contrary, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, he uses *sudden* for *splenetic*—*sudden quips*. And it must be owned this sort of conversation adds a force to the diction. X. *Warburton*.

Brief as the lightning in the colly'd night,] colly'd, i. e. black, smutted with coal, a word still used in the midland counties.

So, in Ben Jonson's *Poetaster* :

“—Thou hast not collid thy face enough.”

Stevens.

159. *I have a widow aunt, &c.]* These lines perhaps might more properly be regulated thus :

I have a widow aunt, a dowager

Of great revenue, and she hath no child,

And she respects me as her only son;

Her house from Athens is remov'd seven leagues,

There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee,

And to that place—— JOHNSON.

161. *remote*—] *Remote* is the reading of both the quartos. STEEVENS.

Remov'd, which is the reading of the folio, was, I believe, the author's word.—He uses it again in *Hamlet* for *remote*.

“He waits you to a more removed ground.”

MALONE.

176. *—by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,*]

Shakspeare had forgot that Theseus performed his exploits before the Trojan war, and consequently long before the death of Dido. STEEVENS.

186. *Your eyes are lode-stars;*—] This was a compliment not unfrequent among the old poets. The lode-star is the leading or guiding star, that is, the pole-star. The magnet is, for the same reason, called the lode-stone, either because it leads iron, or because it guides the sailor. Milton has the same thought in *L'Allegro*.

Tow'rs and battlements he sees

Bosom'd high in tufted trees,

Where perhaps some beauty lies,

“The cynosure of neighb'ring eyes.”

JOHNSON.

189. *—O, were favour* 187] *Favour*, is *feature*, countenance. So, in *Twelfth Night*.

“———thine eye

“Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves.”

190. This emendation is taken from the Oxford edition. The old reading is, *Your words I catch.*

JOHNSON.

194. —*to be to you translated.*] *To translate*, in our author, sometimes signifies *to change*, *to transform*. So, in *Timon*:

“—————to present slaves and servants

Translates his rivals.”————— STEEVENS.

203. His folly, Helena, is *no fault* of mine.] The folio and one of the quartos read, *His folly, Helena, is none of mine.* JOHNSON.

204. *None, but your beauty; would that fault were mine!*] I would point this line thus:

None. — But your beauty; — Would that fault were mine! HENDERSON.

207. Perhaps every reader may not discover the propriety of these lines. Hermia is willing to comfort Helena, and to avoid all appearance of triumph over her. She therefore bids her not to consider the power of pleasing, as an advantage to be much envied or much desired, since Hermia, whom she considers as possessing it in the supreme degree, has found no other effect in it than the loss of happiness.

JOHNSON.

219. *Emptying our bosoms of their counsels swell'd;*

There my Lysander and myself shall meet:

And thence, from Athens, turn away our eyes,

To seek new friends and strange companions.]

This whole scene is strictly in rhyme; and that it deviates in these two couplets, I am persuaded, is

owing

owing to the ignorance of the first, and the inaccuracy of the later editors: I have therefore ventured to restore the rhymes, as I make no doubt but the poet first gave them. *Swell'd* was easily corrupted into *swell'd*, because that made an antithesis to *emptying*; and strange companions our editors thought was plain English; but *stranger companies*, a little quaint and unintelligible. Our author very often uses the substantive, *Stranger*, *adjectively*, and *companies* to signify companions: as *Richard II.*

To tread the stranger paths of banishment.
And Henry V.

His companies unlettered, rude, and shallow.

THEOBALD.

Dr. Warburton retains the old reading, and, perhaps justifiably: for a *bosom swell'd with secrets* does not appear as an expression unlikely to have been used by our author, who speaks of a *stuff'd bosom* in *Macbeth*.

In Lylly's *Midas*, 1592, is a somewhat similar expression: *I am one of those whose tongues are swell'd with silence*. Again, in our author's *King Richard II.*

the unseen grief

That swells in silence in the tortured soul.

In the scenes of *K. Richard II.* there is likewise a mixture of rhyme and blank verse. I have therefore restored the old reading, *strange companions*. Mr. Tyrwhitt concurs with Theobald.

STEEVENS.

B. 11.

I think,

I think, *sweet*, the reading proposed by Theobald, is right.

Empty relates in construction to *emptying*—and not to the last word in the line, as it is now made to do by reading *sweet*. A similar phraseology is used by a writer contemporary with Shakspeare:

“So ran the poor girls filling the air with shrieks,

Emptying of all the colour their pale cheeks.”

Heywood's *Apology for Actors*, Sig. B. 4. 1610.

The adjective *all* here added to *colour*, exactly answers, in construction, to *sweet* in the text, as regulated by Theobald.

226. ——— *when Phæbe doth behold, &c.*

——— *deep midnight.*] Shakspeare has a little forgotten himself. It appears from act i. line 7, that to-morrow night would be within three nights of the new moon, when there is no moonshine at all, much less at deep midnight. The same oversight occurs in act ii.

235. ——— *no quantity.*] *Quality* seems a word more suitable to the sense than *quantity*, but either may serve.

245. ——— *in game*——] *Game* here signifies not contentious play, but *sport, fest*. So, Spenser:

“——— *'twixt earnest, and 'twixt game.*” JOHNSON.

245. ——— *Hermia's eyne,*] This plural is common both in Chaucer and Spenser. So, in Chaucer's *Character of the Prioress*, late edition, v. 132.

“——— *hir eyen grey as glas.*”

Again,

Again, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. I. c. 4, st. 91

"While flashing beams do dare his feeble *gling*!"

— *gling* is a word of no authority in any of the editions.

247. *South's hail*—] Thus all the editions, except the quarto, 1608, printed by Roberts, which reads instead of *this hail*, *his hail*.

255. — *the bellows-mender*.] In Ben Jonson's masque of *Pan's Anniversary*, &c. a man of the same profession is introduced. I have been told that a *bellows-mender* was one who had the care of organs, regals, &c.

255. In this scene Shakspeare takes advantage of his knowledge of the theatre, to ridicule the prejudices and competitions of the players. Bottom, who is generally acknowledged the principal actor, declares his intention to be for a tyrant, for a part of fury, tumult, and noise, such as every young man pants to perform when he first steps upon the stage. The same Bottom, who seems bred in a tiring-room, has another histrionical passion. He is for engrossing every part, and would exclude his inferiors from all possibility of distinction. He is therefore desirous to play *Pyramus*, *Thisbe*, and the *Lyon* at the same time.

257. — *the scrip*.] A scrip, Fr. *escript*, now written *écrit*.

So, Chaucer, in *Trilus and Cressida*, L. II. 1130,

"*Scripe nor bil*."

Again, in Heywood's, *If you know not me, you know Nobody*, 1633, Part II.

"I'll

"I'll take thy own word without scrip or scroll."
Holinshed likewise uses the word. STEEVENS.

264. —grow to a point.] I meet with the same kind of expression in *Wily Beguiled*:

"As yet we are grown to no conclusion."

Again, in *The Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:

"Our reasons will be infinite, I trow,

"Unless unto some other point we grow."

—and so grow to a point.] The first folio reads:

—and so grow on to a point. MALONE.

265. —The most lamentable comedy, &c.] This is very probably a burlesque on the title-page of *Camoyes*:

"A lamentable Tragedie, mixed full of pleasant Mirth, containing, *The Life of Cambises King of Persia*, &c. By Tho. Preston, bl. let. no date.

On the registers of the Stationers-Company however appears, "the booke of *Perymus and Thesbye*," 1562.

Perhaps Shakspere copied some part of his interlude from it. STEEVENS.

268. A very good piece of work—and a merry.]

This is designed as a ridicule on the titles of our ancient moralities and interludes. Thus Skelton's *Magnificence* is called "a goodly interlude and a mery."

STEVENSON.

269. —I will condole in some measure.] When we

use this verb at present we put *with* before the person for whose misfortune we profess concern. Anciently it seems to have been employed without it. So, in *A Pennyworth of good Counsell*, an ancient ballad:

"Thus

"Thus to the wall

"I may condole."

Again, in the *Three Merry Coblers*, another old song:

"Poore weather beaten soles,

"Whose case the body condoles." STEEVENS,

285. — I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to tear
a CAT in, —] In the old comedy of the *Roaring*

Girl, 1611, there is a character called *Tear-cat*, who
says; "I am called, by those who have seen my

valour, *Tear-cat*." In an anonymous piece called
Histriomastix, or *The Player Whipt*, 1610, in six acts,

a parcel of soldiers drag a company of players on the
stage, and the captain says: "Sirrah, this is you that

would rend and *tear a cat* upon a stage," &c. Again,
in *The Isle of Gulls*, a comedy by J. Day, 1606: "I

had rather hear two such jests, than a whole play of
such *Tear-cat* thunder-claps." STEEVENS.

286. — to make all split.] This is to be connected
with the previous part of the speech; not with the

subsequent rhymes. It was the description of a bully.
In the second act of the *Scornful Lady*, we meet with

"two roaring boys of Rome, that made all split."
FARMER.

I meet with the same expression in the *Widow's*
Tears, by Chapman, 1612: "Her wit I must employ

upon this business to prepare my next encounter, but
in such a fashion as shall make all split." MALONE.

288. and shivering shocks,] Dr. Farmer rightly
wished to read with. STEEVENS.

396.

306. —as small, &c.] This passage shews how the want of women on the old stage was supplied. If they had not a young man who could perform the part with a face that might pass for feminine, the character was acted in a mask, which was at that time a part of a lady's dress so much in use that it did not give any unusual appearance to the scene: and he that could modulate his voice in a female tone might play the woman very successfully. It is observed in Downes's *Roscius Anglicanus*, that Kynaston, one of these counterfeit heroines, moved the passions more strongly than the women that have since been brought upon the stage. Some of the catastrophes of the old comedies, which make lovers marry the wrong women, are by recollection of the common use of masks, brought nearer to probability. JOHNSON.

Pryne, in his *Histriomastix*, exclaims with great vehemence through several pages, because a woman acted a part in a play at Black-Friars in the year 1628. STEEVENS.

316. —you must play *Thisby's* mother.] There seems a double forgetfulness of our poet, in relation to the characters of this interlude. The father and mother of *Thisby*, and the father of *Pyramus*, are here mentioned, who do not appear at all in the interlude; but *Wall* and *Moonshine* are both employed in it, of whom there is not the least notice taken here.

THEOBALD.

Theobald is wrong as to this last particular. The introduction of *Wall* and *Moonshine* was an after-thought.

thought. See act iii. sc. 1. It may be observed, however, that no part of what is rehearsed is afterwards repeated, when the piece is acted before Thea-
seus.

STEEVENS.

321. —there is a play fitted.] Both the quartos read *here*.

STEEVENS.

323. —slow of study.] Study is still the cant term used in a theatre for getting any nonsense by rote. Hamlet asks the player if he can “study” a speech.

STEEVENS.

337. —you] Omitted in the first folio. MALONE.

351. —your perfect yellow.] Here Bottom again discovers a true genius for the stage by his solicitude for propriety of dress, and his deliberation which beard to choose among many beards, all unnatural.

JOHNSON.

This custom of wearing coloured beards, the reader will find more amply explained in *Measure for Measure*, act iv. line 267.

STEEVENS.

352. —French crowns, &c.] See *Measure for Measure*, act i. line 140.

STEEVENS.

360. —properties, —] Properties are whatever little articles are wanted in a play for the actors, according to their respective parts, dresses and scenes excepted. The person who delivers them out is, to this day, called the *property-man*.

So, in *Albumazar*, 1610:

“Furbo, our peards,

“Black patches for our eyes, and other pro-
perties.”

Again,

Again, in *Westward-Hee*, 1606: "I'll go make ready my rustical properties."

365. *At the dukes oak the meet—hold, or cut bow-strings.* This proverbial phrase came originally from the camp. When a rendezvous was appointed, the militia soldiers would frequently make excuse for not keeping word, that their *bowstrings* were *broke*, i. e. their arms unserviceable. Hence, when one would give another absolute assurance of meeting him, he would say proverbially—*hold, or cut bow-strings*—i. e. whether the bow-strings held or broke. For *cut* is used as a neuter, like the verb *frets*. As when we say, the *string frets*, the *silk frets*; for the passive, it is *cut* or *fretted*. WARBURTON.

This interpretation is very ingenious, but somewhat disputable. The excuse made by the militia soldiers is a mere supposition, without proof; and it is well known that while *bows* were in use, no archer ever entered the field without a supply of *strings* in his pocket; whence originated the proverb, *to have two strings to one's bow*. In *The Country Girl*, a comedy by T. B. 1647, is the following threat to a fiddler: "I'll strike you, else, and cut your *bow-strings*." So, in *The Ball*, by Chapman and Shirley, 1639:

"I'll strike you, else, and cut your *bow-strings*."

So, in *The Ball*, by Chapman and Shirley, 1639:

"I'll strike you, else, and cut your *bow-strings*."

"I'll strike you, else, and cut your *bow-strings*."

The

The *bowstrings* in both these instances may only mean the *strings* which make part of the *bow* with which musical instruments of several kinds are struck. The propriety of the allusion I cannot satisfactorily explain.

STEEVENS.

ACT II.

Line 1. *OVER hills, over dale, &c.]* So Drayton in his *Court of Fairy*:

Thorough brake, thorough brier,

Thorough muck, thorough mire,

Thorough water, thorough fire.

JOHNSON.

7. ——— *the moones sphere]* Unless we suppose this to be the Saxon genitive case (as it is here printed), the metre will be defective. So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. III. c. 1. st. 15.

"And eke through feare as white as whiter bone."

So, in a letter from Gabriel Harvey to Spenser, 1586:

"Have we not *God hye wrath*, for *Goddes wrath*, and a thousand of the same stampe, wherein the corrupte orthography in the *moete*, has been the sole or principal cause of corrupte prosodye in over-manny?"

STEEVENS.

9. *To draw her orbs upon the green:]* For *orbs* Dr. Grey is inclined to substitute *herbs*. The *orbs* here mentioned are the circles supposed to be made by the

fairies on the ground, whose verdure proceeds from the fairy's care to water them. Thus Drayton:

They in their courses make that round,

In meadows and in marshes found,

Of them so called the fairy ground.

JOHNSON.

Thus in *Olaus Magnus de Gentibus Septentrionalibus*—*similes illis spectris, quæ in multis locis, præsertim nocturno tempore, suum, saltatorium orbem cum omnium musarum concentu versare solent.* It appears from the same author, that these dancers always parched up the grass, and therefore it is properly made the office of Puck to refresh it. STEEVENS.

10. The cowslip was a favourite among the fairies. There is a hint in *Drayton* of their attention to May morning:

For the queen a fitting tow'r,

Quoth he, is that fair cowslip flow'r.—

In all your train there's not a fay

That ever went to gather May,

But she hath made it in her way,

The tallest there that groweth.

JOHNSON.

11. *In their gold coats spots you see ;]* Shakspeare, in *Cymbeline*, refers to the same red spots:

"A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops

"I'th' bottom of a cowslip."

PERCY.

Perhaps there is likewise some allusion to the habit of a pensioner. See a note on the second act of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*.

STEEVENS.

15. *And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.]* The same thought occurs in an old comedy call'd *The*

Wisdom

Wisdom of Doctor Dodypoll, 1600; i. e. the same year in which the first printed copies of this play made their appearance. An enchanter says,

" 'Twas I that led you through the painted meads

" Where the light fairies danc'd upon the flowers,

" Hanging on every leaf an orient pearl."

STEEVENS.

16. —*lob of spirits*,—] *Lob*, *lubber*, *looby*, *lobcock*, all denote both inactivity of body, and dulness of mind.

JOHNSON.

Both *lob* and *lobcock* are used as terms of contempt in *The Rival Friends*, 1632.

Again, in the interlude of *Jacob and Esau*, 1568:

" Should find Esau such a lout or a *lob*."

Again, in the *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, by Beaumont and Fletcher: " There is a pretty tale of a witch that had the devil's mark about her, that had a giant to her son, that was called *Lob-lye-bye-the-fire*." This being seems to be of kin to the *lubbar-fiend* of Milton, as Mr. Warton has remarked in his *Observations on the Faery Queen*.

STEEVENS.

23. —*changeling*:] i. e. A child got in exchange. A Fairy is now speaking.

REMARKS.

So Spenser, B. I. c. 10.

" And her base elfin brood there for thee left,

" Such men do *changelings* call, so call'd by fairy theft.

STEEVENS.

29. —*Shen*,] Shining, bright, gay.

JOHNSON.

So, in *Tancred and Guismund*, 1592:

C ij

" —but

"———but why

"Doth Phœbus' sister *sheen* despise thy power?"

Again, in the ancient romance of *Syr Tryamour*,
bl. let. no date:

"He kyssed and toke his leve of the quene,

"And of other ladies bright and *shene*."

STEEVENS.

30. *But they do square*;——] To *square* here is to quarrel. The French word *contrecarrer* has the same import.

JOHNSON.

So, in *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, 1601:

"———let me not seem rude

"That thus I seem to *square* with modesty.

"———pray let me go, for he'll begin to *square*,"

&c.

Again, in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578:

"Marry she knew you and I were at *square*,

"And lest we fell to blowes, she did prepare."

STEEVENS.

It is somewhat whimsical, that the glaziers use the words *square* and *quarrel* as synonymous terms, for a pane of glass.

BLACKSTONE.

34. ——*Robin Goodfellow*:——] This account of Robin Goodfellow corresponds, in every article, with that given of him in *Harsenet's Declaration*, ch. xx. p. 135: "And if that the bowle of curds and creame were not duly set out for Robin Goodfellow, the frier, and Sisse the dairy-maid, why then either the pottage was burnt to next day in the pot, or the cheeses would not curdle, or the butter would not come,

come, or the ale in the fat never would have got head. But if a pater-noster, or an housle egge were bestowed, or a patch of tythe unpaid—then beware of bull-beggars, spirits," &c. He is mentioned by Cartwright as a spirit particularly fond of disconcerting and disturbing domestick peace and oeconomy.

*Saint Francis and Saint Benedight
Blesse this house from wicked wight;
From the night-mare and the goblin,
That is hight goodfellow Robin.
Keep it, &c.*

Cartwright's *Ordinary*, act iii. sc. i. v. 8.

WARTON.

Reginald Scot gives the same account of this frolicsome spirit, in his *Discovery of Witchcraft*, Lond. 1588. 4to. p. 66. "Your grandames, maids, were wont to set a bowl of milk for him, for his pains in grinding of malt and mustard, and sweeping the house at midnight—this white bread and bread and milk, was his standing fee." STEEVENS.

36. *Skim milk; and sometimes labour in the quern,—*
A *Quern* is a hand-mill, *kuerna*, *mola*. Islandic. So in Stanynhurst's translation of the first book of *Virgil*, 1582, *quern-stones* are mill-stones.

"Theyre corne in quern-stones they do grind,"
&c.

Again, in *The More the Merrier*, a collection of epigrams, 1608:

"Which like a *querne* can grind more in an hour."

619j

Again,

Again, in the old Song of *Robin Goodfellow*, printed in the 3d volume of Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* :

"I grind at mill,

"Their malt up still," &c. STEEVENS.

38. —no barm ;] *Barme* is a name for yeast, yet used in our midland counties, and universally in Ireland. STEEVENS.

40. *Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,*

You do their work.——] To those tradition-ary opinions Milton has reference in *L' Allegro* :

Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,——

With stories told of many a feat,

How Fairy Mab the junks eat ;

She was pinch'd and pull'd she said,

And he by friar's lanthorn led ;

Tell how the drudging goblin sweat

To earn his cream-bowl duly set,

When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,

His shadowy flail had thresh'd the corn,

Which ten day-labourers could not end ;

Then lies him down the lubber fiend.

A like account of Puck is given by Drayton, in his *Nymphidia* :

He maketh Puck, which most men call

Hobgoblin, and on him doth fall.——

This Puck seems but a dreaming dolt,

Still walking like a ragged colt,

And oft out of a bed doth bolt,

Of purpose to deceive us ;

And

And leading us makes us to stray,
Long winters' nights out of the way,
And when we stick in mire and clay,
He doth with laughter leave us.

It will be apparent to him that shall compare Drayton's poem with this play, that either one of the poets copied the other, or, as I rather believe, that there was then some system of the fairy empire generally received, which they both represented as accurately as they could. Whether Drayton or Shakspeare wrote first, I cannot discover.

JOHNSON.
The editor of the *Canterbury Tales of Chaucer*, in 4 vols. 8vo. 1775, has incontrovertibly proved Drayton to have been the follower of Shakspeare; for, says he, "*Don Quixot* (which was not published till 1605.) is cited in the *Nymphidia*, whereas we have an edition of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* in 1600."

In this century some of our poets have been as little scrupulous in adopting the ideas of their predecessors. In Gay's ballad, inserted in the *What d'ye call it*, is the following stanza:

"How can they say that nature
Has nothing made in vain;
Why then beneath the water
Should hideous rocks remain?" &c. &c.

Compare this with a passage in Chaucer's *Frankleines Tale*, late edit. V. I. 11179, &c.

"In idel, as men sain, ye nothing make,
But, lord, thise grisly fendly rockes blake,"
&c. &c.

And

And Mr. Pope is more indebted to the same author for beauties in his *Eloisa to Abelard*, than he has been willing to acknowledge. STEEVENS.

If Drayton wrote the *Nymphidia* after the *Midsummer Night's Dream* had been acted, he could with very little propriety say,

"Than since no muse hath bin so bold,

"Or of the later or the ould,

"Those elvish secrets to unfold

"Which lye from others reading;

"My active muse to light shall bring

"The court of that proud fayry king

"And tell there of the revelling,

"Jove prosper my proceeding." T. H. W.

—sweet *Puck*,] The epithet is by no means superfluous; as *Puck* alone was far from being an endearing appellation. It signified nothing better than fiend, or devil. So, the author of *Pierce Ploughman* puts the *pouk* for the devil, fol. xc. b. v. penult. See also fol. lxxvii. v. 15. "*none helle powke*."

It seems to have been an old Gothic word, *Puke*, *puken*; Sathanas. *Gudm. And. Lexicon Island.*

TYRWHITT.

In the *Bugbears*, an ancient MS. comedy in the possession of the Earl of Shelburne, I likewise met with this appellation of a fiend:

"*Puckes, puckerels, hob howlard, bygorn and Robin Goodfellow.* Again, in *The Scourge of Venus, or the Wanton Lady, with the rare Birth of Adonis*, 1614:

"Their

" Their bed doth shake and quaver as they lie,

" As if it groan'd to beare the weight of sinne;

" The fatal night-crowes at their windowes flee,

" And crie out at the shame they do live in ;

" And that they may perceive the heavens frown,

" The *poukes* and goblins pul the coverings
down."

Again, in Spenser's *Epithal.* 1595 :

" Ne let house-fyres, nor lightning's helpelesse
harms,

" Ne let the *pouke*, nor other evil spright,

" Ne let mischievous witches with their charmes

" Ne let hobgoblin," &c. STEEVENS.

48. Puck. *Thou speak'st aright* ;] I would fill up
the verse which I suppose the author left complete :

I am, thou speak'st aright ;

It seems that in the Fairy mythology, Puck, or
Hobgoblin, was the trusty servant of Oberon, and
always employed to watch or detect the intrigues of
Queen Mab, called by Shakspeare Titania. For in
Drayton's *Nymphidia*, the same fairies are engaged in
the same business. Mab has an amour with Pig-
widden ; Oberon being jealous, sends Hobgoblin to
catch them, and one of Mab's nymphs opposes him
by a spell.

49. — *a roasted crab* ;] See the song at the end of

Love's Labour's Lost. STEEVENS.

52. *The wisest aunt*, —] *Aunt* is *procuress*. In Gas-
coigne's *Glass of Government*, 1575, the *bawd* Panda-
rina is always called *aunt*. " These are *aunts* of

Antwerp,

Antwerp, which can make twenty marriages in one week for their kinswomen." See *Winter's Tale*, act iv. Among Ray's proverbial phrases is the following: "She is one of mine aunts that made mine uncle to go a begging." The wisest aunt may mean the most sentimental bawd. STEEVENS.

This conjecture is much too wanton and injurious to the word *aunt*, which in this place at least certainly means no other than an innocent old woman.

REMARKS.

55. *And taylor cries—*] The custom of crying *taylor* at a sudden fall backwards, I think I remember to have observed. He that slips beside his chair, falls as a tailor squats upon his board. The Oxford editor, and Dr. Warburton after him, read *and rails or cries*, plausibly, but I believe not rightly. Besides, the trick of the fairy is represented as producing rather merriment than anger. JOHNSON.

56. *—hold their hips, and loffe,*] "And laughter holding both his sides." Milton.

STEEVENS.

57. *And waxen—*] And increase, as the moon waxes. JOHNSON.

61. *Enter Oberon.*] Oberon had been introduced on the stage in 1594, by some other author. In the Stationers' book is entered "The Scottishe story of James the fourth, slain at Floddon; intermixed with a pleasant comedie presented by Oberon, King of Fairies." The judicious editor of the *Canterbury Tales*

Tales of Chaucer, in his Introductory Discourse (See Vol. IV. p. 161.) observes, that *Pluto and Proserpina* in the *Merchant's Tale*, appear to have been "the true progenitors of Shakspeare's *Oberon and Titania*."

STEEVENS.
69. *Queen*.] As to the *Fairy Queen*, (says Mr. War-
ton in his *Observations on Spenser*), considered apart
from the race of fairies, the notion of such an ima-
ginary personage was very common. Chaucer, in his
Rime of Sir Thopas, mentions her, together with a
Fairy land:

"In the old days of the king Arthure,

"Of which the Bretons spoken great honour;

"All was this lond fulfillid of fayry:

"The *Elf-queene*, with her jolly company

"Daunsid full oft in many a grene mede:

"This was the old opinion as I rede."

Wife of Bath's Tale.

STEEVENS.

78. *Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering
night*] The *glimmering night* is the night faintly illumi-
nated by stars. In *Macbeth* our author says:

"The west yet glimmers with some streaks of
day."

STEEVENS.

79. *From Periguné whom he ravished?*] *Periguné*
(or *Perigyné*) was the daughter of *Sinnis*, a cruel
robber, and tormentor of passengers in the Isthmus.
Plutarch and *Athenæus* are both express in the cir-
cumstance of *Theseus* ravishing her.

THEOBALD.

Ægle,

Ægle, Ariadne, and Antiope, were all at different times mistresses to Theseus. See Plutarch.

83. *And never, since the middle summer's spring, &c.*] There are not many passages in Shakspeare which one can be certain he has borrowed from the ancients; but this is one of the few that, I think, will admit of no dispute. Our author's admirable description of the miseries of the country being plainly an imitation of that which Ovid draws, as consequent on the grief of Cerus for the loss of her daughter:

*Nec scit adhuc ubi sit: terras tamen increpat omnes;
Ingratasque vocat, nec frugum munere dignas.*

Ergo illic sava vertentia glebas

Fregit aratra manu: parilique irata colonos

Ruricolasque boves leto dedit: arvaque jussit

Fallere depositum; vitiataque semina fecit.

Fertilitas terra, latum vulgata per orbem,

Cassa jacet: primis segetes moriuntur in herbis:

Et modo sol nimius, nimius modo corripit imber:

Sideraque; ventique nocent.

THE middle summer's spring,] We should read **THAT**. For it appears to have been some years since the quarrel first began. **WARBURTON.**

By the *middle summer's spring*, our author seems to mean the *beginning* of middle or mid summer. *Spring* for *beginning* he uses again: *Henry IV. Part II.*

"As flaws congeal'd in the spring of day."

which expression has authority from the scripture, St. Luke, ch. i. v. 78. "whereby the day-spring from on high hath visited us."

Ovid had been translated by Golding:—the first four books in 1565, and all the rest, in a few years afterwards. STEEVENS.

Dr. Warburton's reason for reading *That* instead of *The*, appears to be satisfactory, and authorized by the context. *The middle summer's spring*, is, I apprehend, the season when trees put forth their *second*, or as they are frequently called their *midsummer shoots*. Thus, Evelyn in his *Silva*: "Cut off all the side boughs, and especially at midsummer, if you spy them *breaking out*." And, again, "Where the rows and brush lie longer than *midsummer*, unbound, or made up, you endanger the loss of the *second spring*."

HENLEY.

85. —*paved fountain*,—] A fountain laid round the edge with stone. JOHNSON.

Perhaps *paved* at the bottom. So, Lord Bacon in his *Essay on Gardens*: "As for the other kind of *fountain*, which we may call a bathing-pool, it may admit much curiosity and beauty. . . . As that the bottom be finely *paved*. . . . the *sides* likewise," &c.

STEEVENS.

The epithet seems here intended to mean no more, than that the beds of these fountains were covered with pebbles, in opposition to those of the rushy brooks which are oozy. The same expression is used by Sylvester in a similar sense:

"By some cleare river's lillie-PAVED side."

HENLEY.

89. —*the winds, piping*—] So, Milton:

D

"While

"While rocking winds, are piping loud."

JOHNSON.

92. —*pelting river*—] Thus the quartos: the folio reads *petty*.

Shakspeare has in *Lear* the same word, *low pelting farms*. The meaning is plainly, *despicable, mean, sorry, wretched*; but as it is a word without any reasonable etymology, I should be glad to dismiss it for *petty*: yet it is undoubtedly right. We have "*petty pelting officer, in Measure for Measure*."

JOHNSON.

So, in Gascoigne's *Glass of Government*, 1575:

"Doway is a *pelting* town pack'd full of poor scholars."

This word is always used as a term of contempt. So again, in Lylly's *Midas*, 1592: "—attire never used but of old women and *pelting* priests."

STEEVENS.

93. ———*overborne their continents*.] Borne down the banks that contain them. So in *Lear*:

"———*close pent up guilts*

"*Rive your concealing continents!*" JOHNSON.

98. ———*murrain flock*.:] The *murrain* is the plague in cattle. It is here used by Shakspeare as an adjective; as a substantive by others:

"———*sends him as a murrain*

"To strike our herds; or as a worser plague,

"Your people to destroy."

Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613.

STEEVENS.

99. *The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud;*] In that part of Warwickshire where Shakspeare was educated, and the neighbouring parts of Northamptonshire, the shepherds and other boys dig up the turf with their knives, to represent a sort of imperfect chess-board. It consists of a square, sometimes only a foot diameter, sometimes three or four yards. Within this is another square, every side of which is parallel to the external square; and these squares are joined by lines drawn from each corner of both squares, and the middle of each line. One party, or player, has wooden pegs, the other stones, which they move in such a manner as to take up each other's men as they are called, and the area of the inner square is called the Pound, in which the men taken up are impounded. These figures are by the country people called *Nine Men's Morris*, or *Merrils*, and are so called, because each party has nine men. These figures are always cut upon the green turf or leys, as they are called, or upon the grass at the end of ploughed lands, and in rainy seasons never fail to be choked up with mud.

JAMES.

See Peck on Milton's *Masque*, 115, Vol. I. p. 135.

STEEVENS.

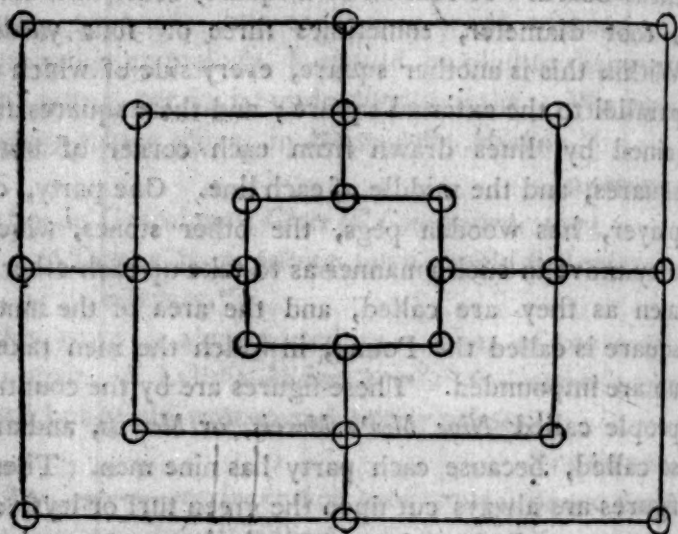
Nine men's morris is a game still play'd by the shepherds, cowkeepers, &c. in the midland counties, as follows:

A figure is made on the ground (like this which I have drawn) by cutting out the turf; and two persons take each nine stones, which they place by turns

Dij

in

in the angles, and afterwards more alternately, as at chess or drafts. He who can place three in a strait line, may then take off any one of his adversary's where he pleases, till one, having lost all his men, loses the game.



ALCHORNE.

In Cotgrave's *Dictionary*, under the articles *Merelles*, is the following explanation. "Le Jeu des Merelles. The boyish game called Merils, or fivepenny morris; played here most commonly with stones, but in France with pawns, or men made on purpose, and termed *merelles*." The pawns or figures of men used in the game might originally be *black*, and hence called *morris*, or *merelles*, as we yet term a black cherry a *morello*,

morello, and a small black cherry a *merry*, perhaps from *Maurus* a *Moor*, or rather from *morum* a mulberry.

TOLLET.

102. *The human mortals*——] Shakspeare might have employed this epithet, which, at first sight, appears redundant, to mark the difference between *men* and *fairies*. *Fairies* were not *human*, but they were yet *subject to mortality*.

STEEVENS.

See their genealogy in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. 10, or has it has been epitomized by Mr. Warton in his *Observations on Spenser*, Vol. I. p. 55.

KEED.

It should seem, however, by what follows, that Shakspeare considered *Fairies* as *immortal*: for Titania, speaking of her henchman's mother, remarks to Oberon:

“But she, being *mortal*, of that boy did die.”

If this observation be founded, the sense of the epithet is obvious.

HENLEY.

102. *The human mortals want their winter* HERE,] Dr Warburton, under the idea that winter is an evil which human mortals would gladly be exempt from, proposes to read:

“*The human mortals want their winter* HERVED”—that is, *praised, celebrated*; and considers this alteration as confirmed by the line that follows.

According to a news-paper critick, cited by Mr. Reed, the *human mortals*, mean the distressed Amazons whom Theseus had conquered; whilst *here* is to be understood of Hippolita their princess, who was

D i i j

carried

carried captive by Theseus to Athens: it being an old word from the *Teutonic* HERR, *Belgic*, HEER, *Dominus*; and both from the *Latin* HERUS, a lord or master.

The human mortals want their winter *here*,
i. e. "their princess, the encourager of their winter revels." For the use of the word *here* he refers to Douglas's Virgil, fol. 258, l. 49, &c. &c.

Dr. Johnson, after all the endeavours of preceding editors, considers the passage as still unintelligible, and therefore proposes not only to read for *winter here*, WONTED YEAR; but also to dislocate in two instances the arrangement of the passage; for which he, however, confesses, that he neither gives himself credit, nor expects it from the reader.

Sir T. Hanmer proposed to read *cheer*, and with him concur Mr. Tyrwhitt and Mr. Malone, the latter remarking that the first folio reads *heere*.

To me, however, the sense of the passage appears unembarrassed. That *cheer* could not have been the true reading seems obvious; as the evils complained of were not felt *universally*, but confined to those ONLY who inhabited the immediate district of the Fairies' haunt—The human mortals want their winter *here*.

The reason that

No night is now with hymn or carol blest:—
abundantly appears from the prevailing distemperature of the seasons (*the mazed world not knowing which is which*), and the evils resulting from them.

These

These evils—which not only render the face of the earth unpleasant, but destroy also the hopes of the coming year, cut off the flocks, infect the human constitution with diseases, and preclude the customary festivities of the time—the wholesome severities of a dry winter are ever effectual to remove.

HENLEY.

The repeated adverb, *therefore*, throughout this speech, I suppose to have constant reference to the first time when it is used.—All these irregularities of season, happened in consequence of the disagreement between the king and queen of the fairies, and not in consequence of each other.—Ideas crowded fast on Shakspeare; and as he committed them to paper, he did not attend to the distance of the leading object from which they took their rise.—Mr. Malone concurs with me on this occasion.

That the festivity and hospitality attending Christmas, decreased, was the subject of complaint to many of our ludicrous writers.—Among the rest to Nash, whose comedy, called *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, made its first appearance in the same year with this play, viz. 1600. There *Christmas* is introduced, and Summer says to him:

“Christmas, how chance thou com'st not as the rest

“Accompanied with some musick or some song?

“A merry carrol would have grac'd thee well,

“Thy ancestors have us'd it heretofore.”

Christmas,

Christmas. "Ay, antiquity was the mother of ignorance," &c. and then proceeds to give reasons for such a decay in mirth and house-keeping.

The confusion of seasons here described, is no more than a poetical account of the weather, which happened in England about the time when this play was first published. For this information I am indebted to chance, which furnished me with a few leaves of an old meteorological history. STEEVENS.

107. ———distemperature,———] is perturbation of the elements. STEEVENS.

109. *Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose ;]* To have, "snow in the lap of June," is an expression used in *Northward Hoe*, 1607, and Shakspeare himself in *Coriolanus*, talks of the "consecrated snow that lies on Dian's lap :—" and Spenser in his *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. 2. has :

"And fills with flow'rs fair Flora's painted lap."
STEEVENS.

110. *And on old Hyem's chin, and icy crown,]* I believe this peculiar image of *Hyem's chin* must come from Virgil, through the medium of the translation of the day. *Æn.* iv. 231.

"———Tum flumina mento
Præcipitant senis, et glacie riget horrida
barba."

Virgil borrowed the idea from Sophocles' *Trachinæ*, v. 13. S. W.

For *chin*, Mr. Tyrwhitt conjectures the poet wrote *thin*, i. e. thin-hair'd.

So,

So, Cordelia speaking of *Lear* :

"——— to watch poor perdu !

" With this *thin* helm."

STEEVENS.

113. *The childing autumn*——] Is the *pregnant autumn*, *frugifer autumnus*.

So, in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611 :

" I *childed* in a cave remote and silent."

Again, in his *Silver Age*, 1613 :

" And at one instant she shall *child* two issues."

There is a *rose* called the *childing rose*. STEEVENS.

115. *By their increase*,——] That is, *By their produce*. JOHNSON.

So, in our author's 97th *Sonnet* :

" The teeming autumn, big with rich *increase*,

" Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime"——

MALONE.

122. ——*henchman*.] Page of honour. This office was abolished by queen Elizabeth. GREY.

The office might be abolished at court, but probably remained in the city. Glapthorne, in his comedy, called, *Wit in a Constable*, 1637, has this passage :

" ——I will teach his *hench-boys*,

" Serjeants, and trumpeters to act, and save

" The city all that charges."

So, again :

" When she was lady may'ress, and you humble

" As her trim *hench-boys*."

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Christmas Masque*,——" he said grace as well as any of the sheriff's *hench-boys*."

Skinner

Skinner derives the word from Hine A. S. quasi domesticus famulus. Spelman from Hengstman, equi curator, ἵπποκροῦς. STEEVENS.

Upon the establishment of the household of Edward IV. were "*henxmen six enfants, or more, as it pleyeth the king, eatinge in the halle, &c.*" There was also a maister of the henxmen, to shewe them the schoole of nurture, and learne them to ride, to wear their harness; to have all curtesie—to teach them all languages, and other virtues, as harping, pypinge, singinge, dauncinge, with honest behavioure of temperaunce and patyence." MS. Harl. 993.

At the funeral of Henry VIII. nine *henchmen* attended with Sir Francis Bryan, master of the *henchmen*.

Strype's Eccl. Mem. v. 2 App. n. 1.

TYRWHITT.

—*Henchmen*. Quasi haunch-man. One that goes behind another. *Pedissequus*. BLACKSTONE.

The learned commentator might have given his etymology some support from the following passage in *King Henry IV.* Part II.

"O Westmoreland! thou art a summer bird,

"Which ever in the haunth of winter sings

"The lifting up of day." STEEVENS.

150. ——— Thou remember'st

Since once I sat upon a promontory,

And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,

Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,

That the rude sea grew civil at her song;

And

*And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.]* The first thing observable on these words is, that this action of the *mermaid* is laid in the same time and place with Cupid's attack upon the *vestal*. By the *vestal* every one knows is meant queen Elizabeth. It is very natural and reasonable then to think, that the *mermaid* stands for some eminent personage of her time. And if so, the allegorical covering, in which there is a mixture of satire and panegyrick, will lead us to conclude, that this person was one of whom it had been inconvenient for the author to speak openly, either in praise or dispraise. All this agrees with Mary queen of Scots, and with no other. Queen Elizabeth could not bear to hear her commended; and her successor would not forgive her satirist. But the poet has so well marked out every distinguished circumstance of her life and character in this beautiful allegory, as will leave no room to doubt about his secret meaning. She is called a *mermaid*, 1. to denote her reign over a kingdom situate in the sea, and 2. her beauty, and intemperate lust:

“ Ut iupiter atrum ”

“ Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne ”

For as Elizabeth for her chastity is called a *vestal*, this unfortunate lady, on a contrary account, is called a *mermaid*. 3. An ancient story may be supposed to be here alluded to. The emperor Julian tells us, Epistle 41. that the Sirens (which, with all the modern poets, are *mermaids*) contended for precedency with

the Muses, who, overcoming them, took away their wings. The quarrels between Mary and Elizabeth had the same cause, and the same issue.

— on a dolphin's back,] This evidently marks out that distinguishing circumstance of Mary's fortune, her marriage with the dauphin of France, son of Henry II.

Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,] This alludes to her great abilities of genius and learning, which rendered her the most accomplished princess of her age. The French writers tell us, that, while she was in that court, she pronounced a Latin oration in the great hall of the Louvre, with so much grace and eloquence, as filled the whole court with admiration.

That the rude sea grew civil at her song;] By the *rude sea* is meant Scotland encircled with the ocean; which rose up in arms against the regent, while she was in France. But her return home presently quieted those disorders: and had not her strange ill conduct afterwards more violently inflamed them, she might have passed her whole life in peace. There is the greater justness and beauty in this image, as the vulgar opinion is, that the mermaid always sings in storms:

And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,

To hear the sea-maid's musick.

Thus concludes the description, with that remarkable circumstance of this unhappy lady's fate, the destruction she brought upon several of the English nobility,

whom

whom she drew in to support her cause. This, in the boldest expression of the sublime, the poet images by *certain stars shooting madly from their spheres*: By which he meant the earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, who fell in her quarrel; and principally the great duke of Norfolk, whose projected marriage with her was attended with such fatal consequences. Here again the reader may observe a peculiar justness in the imagery. The vulgar opinion being that the mermaid allured men to destruction by her songs. To which opinion Shakspeare alludes in his *Comedy of Errors*:

“O train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,

“To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears!”

On the whole, it is the noblest and justest allegory that was ever written. The laying it in *fairy land*, and out of nature, is in the character of the speaker. And on these occasions Shakspeare always excels himself. He is borne away by the magick of his enthusiasm, and hurries his reader along with him into these ancient regions of poetry, by that power of verse which we may well fancy to be like what:

“———*Olim Fauni Vatesque canebant.*”

WARBURTON.

And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

“And little stars shot from their fixed places.”

MALONE.

* 160. *Cupid all arm'd*:] *All armed*, does not signify
E dressed

dressed in panoply, but only enforces the word *armed*, as we might say *all booted*.

JOHNSON.

So, in Greene's *Never too Late*, 1616:

"Or where proud Cupid sate *all arm'd* with fire."

STEEVENS.

161. *At a fair vestal, throned by the west;*] It was no uncommon thing to introduce a compliment to queen *Elizabeth* in the body of a play. So, again, in *Tancred and Gismund*, 1692:

"There lives a virgin, one without compare,
"Who of all graces hath her heavenly share;
"In whose renown, and for whose happy days,
"Let us record this Pæan of her praise."

Cantant.

STEEVENS.

171. *And maidens call it, love-in-idleness.*] This is as fine a metamorphosis as any in *Ovid*: with a much better moral, intimating, that irregular love has only power when people are idle, or not well employed.

WARBURTON.

I believe the singular beauty of this metamorphosis to have been quite accidental, as the poet is of another opinion, in the *Taming the Shrew*, act i. sc. 1.

"But see, while *idly* I stood looking on,
"I found th' effect of *love in idleness*;
"And now in plainness I confess to thee,
"Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
"If I achieve not this young *modest* girl."

And Lucentio's was surely a regular and honest passion. It is scarce necessary to mention, that *love in idleness*

idleness is a flower. Taylor, the water-poet, quibbling on the names of plants, mentions it as follows:

"When passions are let loose without a bridle,
Then precious time is turn'd to love in idle."

STEEVENS.

The flower or violet, commonly called pansies, or heart's ease, is named *love in idleness* in Warwickshire, and in Lyte's Herbal. There is a reason why Shakspeare says it is, "now purple with love's wound," because two of its petals are of a purple colour.

TOLLET.

It is called in other counties the *Three coloured violet*, the *Herb of Trinity*, *Three faces in a hood*, *Cuddle me to you*, &c.

STEEVENS.

178. *I'll put a girdle round about the earth, &c.]*

This expression occurs in the *Bird in a Cage*, 1633:

Perhaps, it is proverbial:

"And when I have put a girdle 'bout the world;

"This purchase will reward me."

Again, in *Bussy d'Ambois*, by Chapman, 1613:

"To put a girdle round about the world."

And in other plays.

STEEVENS.

190. ——— *I am invisible;*] I thought proper here to observe, that as Oberon, and Puck his attendant, may be frequently observed to speak when there is no mention of their entering, they are designed by the poet to be supposed on the stage during the greatest part of the remainder of the play; and to mix, as they please, as spirits, with the other actors;

E ij and

and embroil the plot, by their interposition, without being seen or heard, but when to their own purpose.

THEOBALD.

196. ———— and wood, ————] Wood, or mad, wild, raving.

POPE.

We meet with the word in Chaucer, in the character of the *Monk*, late edit. v. 184.

"What, should he studie, or make himselfen wood?"

Spenser also uses it, *Eglogue* III. *March*:

"The elf was so wanton, and so wode."

"The name *Woden*," says Verstegan in his *Antiquities*, "signifies fierce or furious;" and in like sense we still retain it, saying when one is in a great rage, that he is *wood*, or taketh on, as if he were *wood*.

STEEVENS.

199. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;

But yet you draw not iron,—] I learn from Edward Fenton's *Certaine Secrete Wonders of Nature*, bl. let. 1569, that—"there is now a dayes a kind of adamant which draweth unto it fleshe, and the same so strongly, that it hath power to knit and tie together, two mouthes of contrary persons, and drawe the heart of a man out of his bodie without offending any parte of him."

STEEVENS.

227. Nor doth the wood lack worlds of company;]

The same thought occurs in the 2d Part of *King Henry VI*.

"A wilderness is populous enough,

"So Suffolk had thy heavenly company."

Again,

Again, in Marston's *Dutch Courtesan*, 1605 :

"So could I live in desert most unknown,

"Yourself to me enough were populous."

MALONE.

233. *The wildest hath not such a heart as you.*]

"Mitius inveni quam te genus omne ferarum."

Ovid.

See *Timon of Athens*, act iv. sc. 1.

"———where he shall find

"The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind."

S. W.

255. *Where ox-lips———]* The *ox-lip* is the greater *cowslip*.

So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song 15.

"To sort these flowers of shewe, with other that were sweet,

"The cowslip then they couch, and th' *oxlip* for her meet."

STEEVENS.

255. *Quite over-canopy'd with luscious woodbine,*]
Thus all the old editions.

On the margin of one of my folios an unknown hand has written *lush woodbine*, which, I think is right.

This hand I have since discovered to be Theobald's.

JOHNSON.

Shakspeare uses the word *lush* in *The Tempest*, act ii.

"How *lush* and lusty the grass looks? how green?"

STEEVENS.

Both *lush* and *luscious* are words of the same origin.

HENLEY.

274. ——— a roundel and a fairy song ;] *Rounds or roundels* are thus described by Sir John Davies, in his *Orchestra*, 1622 :

“ Then first of all he doth demonstrate plain

“ The motions seven that are in nature found,

“ Upward and downward, forth and back again

“ To this side, and to that, and turning round ;

“ Whereof a thousand brawls he doth compound,

“ Which he doth teach unto the multitude,

“ And ever with a turn they must conclude.

“ * * * * *

“ Thus when at first love had them marshalled,

“ As erst he did the shapeless mass of things,

“ He taught them *rounds* and *winding ways* to tread,

“ And about trees to cast themselves in rings :

“ As the two bears whom the first mover flings

“ With a short turn about heaven's axletree,

“ In a round dance for ever wheeling be.”

REED.

A *roundell*, *rondill*, or *roundelay*, is used to signify a song beginning or ending with the same sentence, *redit in orbem*.

Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry*, 1589, has a chapter *On the roundel, or sphere*, and produces what he calls, *A general resemblance of the roundel to God, the world, and the queen*.

STEEVENS.

A *roundel*; that is, as I suppose, a *circular dance*. Ben Jonson seems to call the rings which such dances are supposed to make in the grass, *rondels*. Vol. V. *Tale of a Tub*, p. 23.

“ I'll

"I'll have no *rondels*, I, in the queen's paths."

TYRWHITT.

275. *Then, for the third part of a minute, hence :]*

So the old copies. But the queen sets them work, that is, to keep them employed for the remainder of the night ; the poet, undoubtedly, intended her to say, Dance your round, and sing your song, and then instantly (before the third part of a minute) begone to your respective duties.

THEOBALD.

Dr. Warburton reads :

————— *for the third part of the midnight.*

The persons employed are *fairies*, to whom the third part of a minute might not be a very short time to do such work in. The critick might as well have objected to the epithet *tall*, which the fairy bestows on the *cowslip*. But Shakspeare, throughout the play, has preserved the proportion of other things in respect of these tiny beings, compared with whose size, a cowslip might be tall, and to whose powers of execution, a minute might be equivalent to an age.

STEEVENS.

277. ——— *with rear-mice* ———] A *re-re-mouse* is a bat, a *mouse* that *rears* from the ground by the aid of wings. So, in *Albertus Wallenstein*, 1640 :

" ——— dull

" Half-spirited souls, who strive on *re-re-mice* wings."

Again, in Ben Jonson's *New-Inn* :

" ——— I keep no shades

" Nor shelters, I, for either owls or *re-re-mice*."

STEEVENS.

280. ——— *quaint* spirits : ———] For this Dr. Warburton reads, against all authority:

————— *quaint* sports —————

But Prospero, in *The Tempest*, applies *quaint* to Ariel.

JOHNSON.

“Our *quaint spirits*.” Dr. Johnson is right in the word, and Dr. Warburton in the interpretation. A *spirit* was sometimes used for a *sport*. In Decker’s play, *If it be not good the Devil is in It*, the king of Naples says to the devil Ruffman, disguised in the character of Shalcan :

“Now Shalcan, some new *spirit*? Ruff. A thousand wenches stark-naked to play at *leap-frog*. Omnes. O rare sight!”

FARMER.

297. Hence, away, &c.] This, according to all the editions, is made part of the song; but I think without sufficient reason, as it appears to be spoken after the song is over. In the quarto 1600, it is given to the 2d Fairy; but the other division is better.

STEEVENS.

302. Be it ounce, ———] The ounce is a small tiger, or tiger-cat.

JOHNSON.

317. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence;

Love takes the meaning, in love’s conference.]

Lysander in the language of love professes, that as they have one heart, they shall have one bed; this Hermia thinks rather too much, and entreats him to lie further off. Lysander answers:

O take the sense, sweet, of my innocence;

understand

understand the meaning of my innocence, or my innocent meaning. Let no suspicion of ill enter thy mind:

Love takes the meaning, in love's conference.

In the conversation of those who are assured of each other's kindness, not *suspicion* but *love takes the meaning*. No malevolent interpretation is to be made, but all is to be received in the sense which *love* can find, and which *love* can dictate.

JOHNSON.

The latter line is certainly intelligible as Dr. Johnson has explained it; but, I think, it requires a slight alteration to make it connect well with the former. I would read;

Love take the meaning in love's conference.

That is, Let *love take the meaning*. TYRWHITT.

There is no occasion for alteration. The idea is exactly similar to that of St. Paul; "Love thinketh no evil."

HENLEY.

320. —we can make of it:] The folio, instead of *we can*, reads *can you*.

STEEVENS.

321. —interchained—] Thus the quarto; the folio *interchanged*.

STEEVENS.

326. *Now much beshrew*, &c.] This word, of which the etymology is not exactly known, implies a sinister wish, and means the same as if she had said "now *ill befall* my manners," &c. It is used by Heywood in his *Iron Age*, 1632:

"*Beshrew* your amorous rhetorick."

Again,

"Well, Paris, I *beshrew* you, with my heart."

STEEVENS.

See

See Minshew's etymology of it, which seems to be an imprecation or wish of such evil to one, as the venomous biting of the *shrew-mouse*. TOLLET.

349. *Near to this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.*] Mr. Theobald and Sir T. Hanmer, for the sake of the measure, leave out *this lack-love*. I have only omitted the words *to* and *this*. STEEVENS.

The old copy has not *to*. Might we not therefore adhere to it, and at the same time preserve the measure, by printing the line thus :

Near this lack-love, this kill-court'sy.

We meet with the same abbreviation in our author's *Venus and Adonis* :

"They all strain *court'sy*, who shall cope him first." MALONE.

358. ——— *wilt thou darkling leave me ?* ———] So, in the *Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599 : "—we'll run away with the torch, and leave them to fight *darkling*." The word is likewise used by Milton.

STEEVENS.

361. ——— *my grace.*] My acceptableness, the favour that I can gain. JOHNSON.

385. *Not Hermia, but Helena I love :*] The first folio has :

— *but Helena now I love.* MALONE.

391. — *touching now the point of human skill,*] *i. e.* my senses being now at their utmost height of perfection. So, in *K. Henry VIII.*

"I have *touch'd* the highest point of all my greatness." STEEVENS.

392. *Reason becomes the marshal to my will,*] That is,
My will now follows reason. JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth* :

"Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going."

STEEVENS.

404. —true gentleness.] *Gentleness* is equivalent
to what, in modern language, we should call the
spirit of a gentleman. PERCY.

412. —those they did deceive;] The folio
reads—that did deceive. MALONE.

422. *And you—*] Instead of *you*, the elder folio
reads *yet*. Mr. Pope first gave the right word from the
quarto 1600. STEEVENS.

426. *Speak, of all loves ;—*] *Of all loves*, is an ad-
juration more than once used by our author. So,
Merry Wives, &c. act ii.

"——to send her your little page, of all
loves." STEEVENS.

428. *Or death, or you, &c.*] The folio 1623, and
the quarto 1600, instead of the first *or*, read *either*.

STEEVENS.

ACT III.

Line 1. *ENTER* Quince, &c.] The two quartos 1600, and the folio, read only, *Enter the Clowns.*

STEEVENS.

13. *By'rlakin, a parlous fear.*] By our ladykin, or little lady, as *isakins* is a corruption of *by my faith*. The former is used in *Preston's Cambyzes*:

"The clock hath stricken vive ich think *by laken*."

Again, in *Magnificence*, an ancient folio interlude, written by Skelton, and printed by Rastell:

"*By our lakin, syr, not by my will.*"

Parlous, a word corrupted from *perilous*, i. e. dangerous. So, Phaer and Twyne translate *Virg. Æn. lib. vii. 302*:

"*Quid Syrtes, aut Scylla mihi, quid vasta Charybdis*

"*Profuit?*"

"What good did Scylla me? What could prevail Charybdis wood?"

"Or Sirtes *parlous* sands?"

STEEVENS.

75. —*that brake*; —] *Brake* a thicket or bush.

Brake, in the west of England, is used to express a large extent of ground over-grown with furze, and appears both here and in the next scene to convey the same idea:

"The

"The shallowest thick skin of the barren sort

"Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake."

HENLEY.

85. So doth thy breath,—] The old copies concur in reading :

So hath thy breath,——

Mr. Pope, I believe, first made the alteration.

STEEVENS.

86. ——— stay thou but ere a whit,] In the old editions :

——— stay thou but here a while ;

The verses should be alternately in rhyme ; but *sweet* in the close of the first line, and *while* in the third, will not do for this purpose. The author, doubtless, gave it :

——— stay thou but here a whit ;

i. e. a little while : for so it signifies, as also any thing of no price or consideration ; a trifle : in which sense it is very frequent with our author.

THEOBALD.

88. ——— than e'er play'd here !] I suppose he means in that theatre where the piece was acting.

STEEVENS.

95. ——— *juvenal*,——] i. e. young man. So, Falstaff, "—— the *juvenal* thy master." STEEVENS.

100. ——— *cues and all*.] A *cue*, in stage cant, is the last words of the preceding speech, and serves as a hint to him who is to speak next. So *Othello* :

"Were it my *cue* to fight, I should have known it

"Without a prompter."

So, in the *Return from Parnassus* :

“Indeed, master *Kempe*, you are very famous: but that is as well for works in print, as your part in *cue*.”
Kempe was one of *Shakspeare*’s fellow comedians.

STEEVENS;

103. *If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine.*] I think, this ought to be pointed differently:—If I were, [i. e. as true, &c.] fair *Thisbe*, I were only thine.

MALONE.

107. *Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier;*] Here are two syllables wanting. Perhaps, it was written :

Through bog, through mire,—— JOHNSON.

118. ——*to make me afeard.*] *Afeard* is from *to fear*, by the old form of the language, as *an hungered*, from *to hunger*. So *adry*, for *thirsty*. JOHNSON.

114. *O Bottom, thou art chang’d! what do I see on thee?*] It is plain by *Bottom*’s answer, that *Snout* mentioned an *ass’s head*. Therefore we should read :

Snout. O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee?

An *ass’s head* ? JOHNSON.

125. *The ouzel-cock,*——] The *ousel-cock* is generally understood to be the cock blackbird. Ben Jonson uses the word in *The Devil is an Ass* :

“——stay till cold weather come,

“I’ll help thee to an *ousel* and a field-fare.”

P. Holland, however, in his translation of *Pliny’s Natural History*, B. X. c. 24. represents the *ouzel* and the

the *blackbird*, as different birds. See also Sir Ashton Lever's *Museum*.

127. *The throstle with his note so true,*] So, in the old metrical romance of *The Squhr of Low Degree*, bl. let. no date:

“The pee and the popinjaye,

“The *thrustele*, sayinge both nyght and daye.”

Again, in the first book of Gower *De Confessione Amantis*, 1554:

“The *throstle* with the nightingale.”

It appears from the following passage in Thomas Newton's *Herball to the Bible*, 8vo. 1587, that the *throstle* is a distinct bird from the *thrush*. “—There is also another sorte of myrte or myrtle which is wild, whose berries the mavises, *throssels*, owsells, and thrushes, delite much to eate.” STEEVENS.

131. —*plain-song cuckow*, &c.] That is, the cuckoo, who, having no variety of strains, sings in *plain song*, or in *plano cantu*, by which expression the uniform modulation or simplicity of the *chaunt* was anciently distinguished, in opposition to *prick-song*, or variegated musick sung by note. Skelton introduces the birds singing the different parts of the service of the funeral of his favourite sparrow: among the rest is the cuckoo. P. 277. edit. Lond. 1736:

“But with a large and a long

“To keep just *playne songe*

“Our chanter shall be your *cuckow*.”

WARTON.

Fij “Our

"Our life is a *plain song* with cunning penn'd."

Return from Parnassus,

Again, in *Hans Beer-pot's Invisible Comedy*, &c.

"The cuckoo sings not worth a groat

"Because she *never changeth note*." STEEVENS.

138. *Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note ;*

So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape ;

*And thy fair virtue's force, perforce doth move
me,*

On the first view to say, to swear, I love thee.]

These lines are in one quarto of 1600, the first folio of 1623, the second of 1632, and the third of 1664, &c. ranged in the following order :

Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,

On the first view to say, to swear, I love thee ;

So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape,

And thy fair virtue's force (perforce) doth move me.

This reading I have inserted, not that it can suggest any thing better than the order to which the lines have been restored by Mr. Theobald from another quarto, but to shew that some liberty of conjecture must be allowed in the revisal of works so inaccurately printed, and so long neglected.

JOHNSON.

146. —gleek—] Joke or scoff. POPE.

Gleek was originally a game at cards. The word is often used by our ancient comick writers in the same sense as by our author.

So, in *Mother Bombie*, 1594 :

"There's *gleek* for you, let me have my gird."

Mr. Lambe observes in his notes on the ancient metrical

trical history of the *Battle of Floddon*, that in the north to *gleek* is to *deceive*, or *beguile*; and that the reply made by the queen of the fairies, proves this to be the meaning of it. STEEVENS.

166. ——— *Where shall we go?*] Perhaps this question should be proposed by the four fairies together.

STEEVENS.

169. ——— *dewberries*,] *Dewberries* strictly and properly are the fruit of one of the species of wild bramble called the creeping or the lesser bramble; but as they stand here among the more delicate fruits, they must be understood to mean raspberries, which are also of the bramble kind. HAWKINS.

Dewberries are *gooseberries*, which are still so called in several parts of the kingdom. HENLEY.

173. ——— *the fiery glow-worm's eyes*,] I know not how Shakspeare, who commonly derived his knowledge of nature from his own observation, happened to place the glow-worm's light in his eyes, which is only in his tail. JOHNSON.

180. ——— *hail!*] Out of the four fairies, only three address themselves to Bottom. If this salutation be given to the second fairy, the repetition of the same word will serve for the other two.

STEEVENS.

184. *I shall desire you of more acquaintance*, —] This line has been very unnecessarily altered. The same mode of expression occurs in *Lusty Juventus*, a morality, 1561:

“I shall desire you of better acquaintance.”

Such phraseology was very common to many of our ancient writers.

So, in *An Humorous Day's Mirth*, 1599 :

"I do desire you of more acquaintance."

Again, in Greene's *Groatworth of Wit*, 1621 :

"——craving you of more acquaintance."

STEEVENS.

I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good master Cobweb; If I cut my finger I shall make bold with you.] In *The Mayde's Metamorphosis*, a comedy, by Lilly, there is a dialogue between some foresters and a troop of fairies, very similar to the present.

"*Mopso*. I pray you, sir, what might I call you?

"1 *Fai*. My name is Penny.

"*Mopso*. I am sorry I cannot purse you.

"*Frisco*. I pray you, sir, what might I call you?

"2 *Fai*. My name is Cricket.

"*Fris*. I would I were a chimney for your sake."

The Maid's Metamorphosis was not printed till 1600, but was probably written some years before.

MALONE.

188. ——*mistress Squash, your mother,*] A squash is an immature peascod. So, in *Twelfth Night*, act i.

"——as a squash is before 'tis a peascod."

STEEVENS.

193. ——*patience*] By *patience* is meant, standing still in a mustard pot to be eaten with the beef, on which it was a constant attendant.

COLLINS.

208. ——*my love's tongue—*] The old copies read :

——my

——my lover's tongue—— STEEVENS.

208. What night-rule——] Night-rule in this place should seem to mean, what frolick of the night, what revelry is going forward?

It appears, from the old song of *Robin Goodfellow*, in the third volume of Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, that it was the office of this waggish spirit "to viewe the night-sports." STEEVENS.

212. ——patches,——] Puck calls the players, "a crew of patches." A common opprobrious term, which probably took its rise from *Patch*, cardinal Wolsey's fool. In the western counties, *cross-patch* is still used for *perverse*, *ill-natur'd fool*. WARTON.

The name was rather taken from the *patch'd* or *pyed* coats worn by the fools or jesters of those times. So, in the *Tempest*:

"——what a *py'd* Ninny's this?"

Again, in *Preston's Cambyzes*:

"Hob and Lob, ah ye country patches!"

Again, in the *Three Ladies of London*, 1584:

"It is simplicitie, that *Patch*." STEEVENS.

220. ——nowl——] A head. Saxon. JOHNSON.

So, Chaucer, in *The History of Beryn*, 1524:

"No sothly, quoth the steward, it lieth all in thy noll,

"Both wit and wysdom," &c.

Again, in the *Three Ladies of London*, 1584:

"One thumps me on the neck, another strikes me on the nole." STEEVENS.

222. ——— *minnock* ———] This is the reading of the old quarto, and I believe right. *Minnekin*, now *minx*, is a nice trifling girl. *Minnock* is apparently a word of contempt. JOHNSON.

The folio reads *minnick*; perhaps for *mimick*, a word more familiar than that exhibited by one of the quartos, for the other reads, *minnick*. STEEVENS.

I believe the reading of the folio is right:

And forth my *mimick* comes.

The line has been explained as if it related to *Thisbe*, but it does not relate to her, but to *Pyramus*. *Bottom* had just been playing that part, and had retired into the brake. "Anon his *Thisbe* must be answered, *And forth my mimick* (i. e. my actor) *comes*." In this there seems no difficulty.

Mimick is used as synonymous to *actor*, by Decker, in his *Guls's Hornebooke*, 1609: "Draw what troope you can from the stage after you: the *mimicks* are beholden to you for allowing them elbow-room." Again, in his *Satiromastix*, 1602: "Thou [B. Jonson] hast forgot how thou amblest in a leather pilch by a play-waggon in the highway, and took'st mad *Jeronymo's* part, to get service amongst the *mimicks*."

MALONE.

224. ——— *sort*,] Company. So above:

"——— *that barren sort* ;"

and in Waller:

"A sort of lusty shepherds strive."

JOHNSON.

So, in Chapman's *May-day*, 1611:

"——— though

"—though we never lead any other company than a sort of quart pots." STEEVENS.

228. *And, at our stamp,—*] This seems to be a vicious reading. Fairies are never represented stamping, or of a size that should give force to a stamp; nor could they have distinguished the stamps of Puck from those of their own companions. I read :

And at a stump here o'er and o'er one falls,
So Drayton :

" *A pain he in his head-piece feels,*

" *Against a stubbed tree he reels,*

" *And up went poor hobgoblin's heels ;*

" *Alas, his brain is dizzy.—*

" *At length upon his feet he gets,*

" *Hobgoblin fumes, Hobgoblin frets,*

" *And as again he forward sets,*

" *And through the bushes scrambles,*

" *A stump doth trip him in his pace,*

" *Down fell poor Hob upon his face,*

" *And lamentably tore his case,*

" *Among the briars and brambles."* JOHNSON.

I adhere to the old reading. The stamp of a fairy might be efficacious though not loud; neither is it necessary to suppose, when supernatural beings are spoken of, that the size of the agent determines the force of the action. That fairies stamped to some purpose, may be known from the following passage in *Olaus Magnus de Gentibus Septentrionalibus*.—"Vero saltem adeo profundè in terram impresserant, ut loca insigni

insigni ardore orbiculariter peresus, non parit arenti redivivum cespite gramen." Shakspeare's own authority, however, is most decisive. See the conclusion of the first scene of the fourth act:

"Come, my queen, take hand with me,
"And rock the ground whereon these sleepers
be." STEEVENS.

Honest Reginald Scott, says "Our grandams maides were wont to set a boll of milke before Incubus and his cousine Robin Goodfellow, for grinding of malt or mustard, and sweeping the house at midnight: and—that he would chafe exceedingly, if the maid or good wife of the house, having compassion of his nakedness, laid aside clothes for him, besides his messe of white bread and milk, which was his standing fee. For in that case he saith; What have we here? Hemton, haniten, here will I never more tread nor stampen." *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584, p. 85.

REMARKS.

238. *Some, sleeves; some, hats:—*] There is the like image in Drayton of queen Mab and her fairies flying from Hobgoblin:

"Some tore a ruff, and some a gown,
"Gainst one another justling;
"They flew about like chaff i'th' wind,
"For haste some left their masks behind,
"Some could not stay their gloves to find,
"There never was such bustling." JOHNSON.

239. *—latch'd—*] Or letch'd, lick'd over, lecher, to lick, French. HANMER.

In

In the North, it signifies to *infect*. STEEVENS.

251. *Being o'er shoes in blood,—*] An allusion to the proverb, *Over shoes, over boots*. JOHNSON.

258. *—noon-tide with the Antipodes.*] So, in *The Death of Robert Earl of Huntingdon, 1601*:

“And dwell one month *with the Antipodes*.”
Again, in *K. Richard II.*

“While we were wand’ring *with the Antipodes*.”

STEEVENS.

260. *—so dead,—*] So, in the Second Part of *Henry IV. act i. sc. 3*,

“Even such a man, *so faint, so spiritless,*

“*So dull, so dead, in look, so woe-begone.*”

STEEVENS.

273. *—O brave touch!*] *Touch* in Shakspeare’s time was the same with our *exploit*, or rather *stroke*. A brave touch, a noble stroke, *un grand coup*. “*Mason was very merry, pleasantly playing both the shrewd touches of many curst boys, and the small discretion of many lewd school-masters.*” Ascham. JOHNSON.

A *touch* anciently signified a *trick*. In the old black letter story of *Howleglas*, it is always used in that sense: “—for at all times he did some mad *touch*.”

STEEVENS.

277. *—mispris’d—*] Mistaken; so below *misprision* is mistake. JOHNSON.

283. *And from thy hated presence part I so:*] So has been supplied by some of the modern editors.

MALONE.

288. *For debt that bankrupt sleep—*] The first and second

second folio read—*slip*. The same error has, perhaps, happened in *Measure for Measure* :

110. "Which for these nineteen years we have let
111. *slip*." —MALONE.

306. *Hit with Cupid's archery,*] This alludes to what was said before :

——the bolt of Cupid fell,
"It fell upon a little western flower
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound.

101. STEEVENS.

344. —*Taurus' snow,*] Taurus is the name of a range of mountains in Asia. JOHNSON.

347. "This princess of pure white,—] Thus all the editions to Sir T. H.'s. He reads :

"This pureness of pure white ;
and Dr. Warburton follows him. The old reading may be justified from a passage in Sir Walter Raleigh's *Discovery of Guiana*, where the pine-apple is called *The princess of Fruits*. Again, in *Wyatt's Poems*, "Of beauty *princesse* chief." STEEVENS.

In the *Winter's Tale* we meet with a similar expression :

"——good sooth, she is
"The Queen of curds and cream." MALONE.

——*seal of bliss*] He has in *Measure for Measure*, the same image :

"But my kisses bring again,
"Seals of love, but seal'd in vain." JOHNSON.

358. —*join, in souls,*—] i. e. join heartily, unite in the same mind.

Shakspeare

Shakspeare in *Henry V.* uses an expression not unlike this :

"For we will hear, note, and believe in heart;"
i. e. heartily believe: and in *Measure for Measure*, he talks of electing with *special soul*. In *Troilus and Cressida*, Ulysses, relating the character of Hector as given him by Æneas, says :

"——— with *private soul*

"Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me."

And, in *All Fools*, by Chapman, 1605, is the same expression as that for which I contend :

"Happy, in *soul*, only by winning her."

Again, in a Masque called *Luminalia*, or *The Festival of Light*, 1637 :

"You that are chief in *souls*, as in your blood."

Again, in *Pierce Pennyless his Supplication to the Devil*, 1595 :

"——— whose subversion in *soul* they have vow'd."

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602. B. XII. ch. 75.

"Could all, in *soul*, of very God say as an Ethnick said

"To one that preached Hercules?"——

Sir T. Hanmer would read—in *flouts*; Dr. Warburton *insolents*. STEEVENS.

I rather believe the line should be read thus:

But you must join, ill souls, to mock me too?

Ill is often used for *bad*, *wicked*. So, in the *Sea Voyage* of Beaumont and Fletcher, act iv. sc. 1.

"They did begin to quarrel like *ill* men ;

G

which

which I cite the rather, because *ill* had there also been changed into *in*, by an error of the press, which Mr. Sympson has corrected from the edition 1647.

TYRWHITT.

This is a very reasonable conjecture, though I think it hardly right.

JOHNSON.

We meet with this phrase in an old poem by Robert Dabourne :

“ —Men shift their fashions—

“ They are *in souls* the same.” FARMER.

360. *A trim exploit, a manly enterprize, &c.*] This is written much in the manner and spirit of Juno's reproach to Venus in the 4th book of the *Æneid* :

“Egregiam verò laudem et spolia ampla refertis,

“Tuque puerque tuus; magnum et memorabile nomen,

“Una dolo divum si femina victa duorum est.”

STEEVENS.

363. —Extort

A poor soul's patience,—] Harass, torment.

JOHNSON.

374. *My heart to her—*] We should read :

My heart with her but as guest-wise sojourn'd.

So, Prior :

“No matter what beauties I saw in my way,

“They were but my visits, but thou art my home.”

JOHNSON.

So, in our author's 109th Sonnet :

“This

"This is my *home* of love; if I have rang'd,

"Like him that travels, I *return* again."

MALONE.

379. *Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.*] The folio has *abide*. MALONE.

386. —thy *sound*.] Fol.—*that sound*. MALONE.

392. —*all yon fiery O's*—] Shakspeare uses O for a circle. So, in the prologue to *Henry V.*

"——can we crowd

"Within this little O, the very casques

"That did affright the air at Agincourt?"

Again, in the *Partheneia Sacra*, 1633:

"—the purple canopy of the earth, powder'd over and beset with silver *o'es*, or rather an azure vault,"

&c. STEEVENS.

D'Ewes's *Journal of Queen Elizabeth's Parliament*, p. 650, mentions a patent to make spangles and *o'es* of gold; and I think haberdashers call small curtain rings, *O's*, as being circular. TOLLET.

This *little O* in the passage from *Henry V.* refers, I apprehend, to the orbicular form of the globe theatre.

HENLEY.

398. —*in spight of me.*] I read, *in spite to me.*

JOHNSON.

407. —*artificial gods*,] *Artificial* is ingenious, artful. STEEVENS.

408. *Have with our needls, &c.*] *Needls* for *needles*, a common contraction in the inland counties at this day. See Gammer Gurton's *Needle*.

Gij

Again,

Again, in Sir Arthur Gorges's translation of Lucan, 1614 :

" Thus Cato spake, whose feeling words

" Like pricking *needles*, or points of swords," &c.

Again, in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609 :

" Deep clerks she dumbs, and with her *needle*
composes

" Nature's own shape."

Again, in Stanyhurst's *Virgil*, 1582 :

" —On *needle*-wrought carpets."

The same ideas occur in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609 :

" ————she

" Would ever with Marina be :

" Be't when they weav'd the sleded silk,

" With fingers long, small, white as milk,

" Or when she would with sharp *needle* wound

" The cambrick," &c.

In the age of Shakspeare many contractions were used. Ben Jonson has *wher* for *whether* in the prologue to his *Sad Shepherd*; and in the earl of Sterline's *Darius* is *sport* for *support*, and *twards* for *towards*.

STEEVENS.

441. *Ay, do; persever,—*] *Persever* is the reading of all the old copies. The word was formerly so pronounced. Thus our author in *All's Well that Ends Well*, act iv.

" ————say thou art mine, and ever

" My love, as it begins, so shall *persever*."

So, in Glapthorne's *Argalus and Parthenia*, 1639 :

" —for

"——— for ever

"May they in love and union still *persever*."

STEEVENS.

446. —*such an argument*.] Such a *subject* of light merriment.

JOHNSON.

So, in the first part of *King Henry IV.* act ii.

"——it would be *argument* for a week," &c.

STEEVENS.

455. —*than her weak prayers*.] The old copies read :

——*than her weak praise*.

STEEVENS.

A modern editor very plausibly reads—*than her weak prays*. The using the verb as a substantive is much in our author's manner; and the transcriber's ear might have deceived him here as in many other places.

MALONE.

492. —*you canker-blossom*!] The *canker-blossom* is not in this place the blossom of the *canker* or *wild rose*, which our author alludes to in *Much Ado About Nothing*, act i.

"I had rather be a *canker* in a hedge

"Than a rose in his grace;"

but a worm that preys on the leaves or buds of flowers, always beginning in the middle. So, in this play, act ii.

"Some to kill *cankers* in the musk-rose buds."

STEEVENS.

529. "——*how fond I am*.] *Fond*, i. e. foolish.

STEEVENS.

543. *You minimus*,—] Shakspeare might have given

it :

G iij

"on

"You Minim, you"——

i. e. You *Diminutive* of the creation, you *reptile*, as in Milton. THEOBALD.

543. ———of *hind'ring knot-grass made* ;] It appears that *knot-grass* was anciently supposed to prevent the growth of any animal or child.

Beaumont and Fletcher mention this property of it in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* :

"Should they put him into a straight pair of gaskins, 'twere worse than *knot-grass*, he would never grow after it."

Again, in *The Coxcomb* :

"We want a boy extremely for this function, kept under, for a year, with milk and *knot-grass*." Daisy-roots were supposed to have had the same effect.

That prince of verbose and pedantick coxcombs, Richard Tomlinson, apothecary, in his translation of *Renodius his Dispensatory*, 1657, informs us that *knot-grass* "is a low reptant hearb, with exile, copious, nodose, and geniculated branches." Perhaps no hypochondriack is to be found who might not derive his cure from the perusal of any single chapter in this work. STEEVENS.

540. *Thou shalt aby it*.] To *aby* is to pay dear for, to suffer. So, in the *Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601 :

"Had I sword and buckler here,

"You should *aby* these questions."

The word has occurred before in this play.

Again, in *The Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599 :

"—but thou shalt dear *aby* this blow."

STEEVENS.

The folio reads,——*abide it*.

MALONE.

561. *I am amaz'd, and know not what to say.*] This line is not in the folio.

MALONE.

563. —*thy knaveries willingly.*] The quarto in 1600 reads *wilfully*.

STEEVENS.

569. ———*so sort,*] So happen in the issue.

JOHNSON.

So, in *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606:

"—never look to have any action *sort* to your honour."

STEEVENS.

584. —*virtuous property,*] Salutiferous. So he calls, in the *Tempest*, *poisonous dew*, *wicked dew*.

JOHNSON.

599. ———*damned spirits all,*

That in cross-ways and floods have burial,]

i. e. The ghosts of self-murderers, who are buried in cross-roads; and of those who being drowned, were condemned (according to the opinion of the ancients) to wander for a hundred years, as the rites of sepulture had never been regularly bestowed on their bodies. That the waters were sometimes the place of residence for *damned spirits*, we learn from the ancient bl. let. Romance of *Syr Eglamoure of Artoys*, no date:

"Let some preest a gospel saye

"For doute of *fendes in the flode*." STEEVENS.

The laying of ghosts in the *red-sea* is a circumstance sufficiently notorious. An account of the origin of these

these notions may be seen in a note on the bishop of London's Lectures on the Hebrew Poetry, translated by Mr. Gregory. HENLEY.

606. *I with the morning's love have oft made sport ;*]
Thus all the old copies, and I think, rightly. Tithonus was the husband of Aurora, and Tithonus was no young deity. So, in *The Fawne*, by J. Marston, 1606 :

"Aurora yet keeps chaste old Tithon's bed ;
"Yet blushes at it when she rises."

Again, in *Aurora*, a collection of sonnets, by lord Sterline, 1604 :

"And why should Tithon thus, whose day grows late,

"Enjoy the morning's love ?"

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. III. c. 3.

"As faire Aurora rising hastily,

"Doth by her blushing tell that she did lye

"All night in old Tithonus' frozen bed."

Again, in the *Faithful Shepherdess* of Beaumont and Fletcher :

"O, lend me all thy red,

"Thou shame-fac'd morning, when from Tithon's bed

"Thou risest ever-maiden!"

How such a waggish spirit as the King of the Fairies might make sport with an antiquated lover, or his mistress in his absence, may be easily understood. Dr. Johnson reads with all the modern editors, "I with the morning light," &c. STEEVENS.

641. *Ho, ho, ho! coward, why comest thou not?*] It may be remarked that this exclamation is peculiar to Puck. In the old Song printed by Peck, in which he relates all his gambols, he concludes every verse with *Ho, ho, ho!* He here forgets his assumed character.

REMARKS.

647. — *buy this dear,*] i. e. *thou shalt dearly pay for this.* Though this is sense, and may well enough stand, yet the poet perhaps wrote *thou shalt 'by it dear.* So, in another place, *thou shalt aby it.* So, Milton,
 “*How dearly I abide that boast so vain.*”

JOHNSON.

674. *When thou wak'st,*

Thou tak'st, &c.] The second line would be improved I think, both in its measure and construction, if it were written thus: *When thou wak'st, See thou tak'st, True delight, &c.*

TYRWHITT.

682. *Jack shall have Jill, &c.*] These three last lines are to be found among Heywood's *Epigrams on three hundred Proverbs.*

STEEVENS.

ACT IV.

Line 1. I SEE no reason why the fourth act should begin here, when there seems no interruption of the action. In the old quartos of 1600, there is no division of acts, which seems to have been afterwards arbitrarily made in the first folio, and may therefore be altered at pleasure.

JOHNSON.

2. —do coy,] To coy is to sooth, to stroke. So, in the *Arraignment of Paris*, 1584 :

“Plays with Amyntas’ lusty boy, and coys him in the dales.”

Again, in Warner’s *Albion’s England*, 1602. B. VI. ch. 30.

“And whilst she coys his sooty cheeks, or curls his sweaty top.”

Again, in Sir A. Gorges’s translation of Lucan, B. IX.

“——his sports to prove,

“Coying that pow’rful queen of love.”

STEEVENS.

19. —neif,——] i. e. fist. *Henry IV.* act ii.

“Sweet night, I kiss thy neif.” GREY.

22. —cavalero Cobweb——] Without doubt it should be cavalero Pease-blossom; as for cavalero Cobweb, he had just been dispatched upon a perilous adventure. GREY.

30. —the tongs—] The old rustick musick of the tongs and key. The folio has this stage direction.

——“Musicke, Tongs, Rurall Musicke.” STEEVENS.

42. In the former editions—and be always away.] What! was she giving her attendants an everlasting dismissal? No such thing; they were to be still upon duty. I am convinced the poet meant;

——and be all ways away.

i. e. disperse yourselves, and scout out severally, in your watch, that danger approach us from no quarter.

THEOBALD.

Mr.

Mr. Upton reads :

And be away—away.

JOHNSON.

Mr. Heath would read :—and be *always i' th' way*.

STEEVENS.

44. ———*the female ivy*——] Shakspeare calls it *female ivy*, because it always requires some support, which is poetically called its husband. So Milton :

“ ———led the vine

“ To wed *her elm* : she *spous'd* about him *twines*

“ Her *marriageable arms*” ———

“ *Ulmo conjuncta marito.*” Catull,

“ *Platanusque calebs*

“ *Evinct ulmos.* Hor.

STEEVENS.

———*the female ivy* so

Enrings the barky *fingers* of the elm.] Though the *ivy* here represents the *female*, there is, notwithstanding, an evident reference in the words *enrings* and *fingers* to the *ring* of the *marriage rite*.

HENLEY.

50. —*sweet savours*——] The first edition reads *favours*.

STEEVENS.

91. *Dance in duke Theseus' house triumphantly,*

And bless it to all FAIR posterity.] We should read :

———*to all FAR posterity.*

i. e. to the remotest posterity.

WARBURTON.

97. *Then, my queen, in silence sad,*

Trip we after the night's shade :] Mr. Theobald says, *why sad ? Fairies are pleased to follow night.* He will have it *fade* ; and so, to mend the rhyme, spoils both

both the sense and grammar. But he mistakes the meaning of *sad*; it signifies only grave, sober; and is opposed to their dances and revels, which were now ended at the singing of the morning lark. —So *Winter's Tale*, act iv. —“*My father and the gentlemen are in SAD talk.*” For grave or serious.

WARBURTON.

106. —our observation is perform'd:] The honours due to the morning of *May*. I know not why Shakspeare calls this play a *Midsummer Night's Dream*, when he so carefully informs us that it happened on the night preceding *May-day*.

JOHNSON.

The title of this play seems no more intended to denote the precise *time of the action*, than that of the *Winter's Tale*; which we find, was at the season of sheep-shearing.

FARMER.

109. *Uncouple in the western valley; go*:] The folio reads:

Uncouple in the western valley let them go.

Shakspeare might have written:

Uncoupled in the western valley let them go.

MALONE.

115. —————*they bay'd the bear*] Thus all the old copies. And thus in Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*, v. 2020. late edit:

“The hunte ystrangled with the wild *beres*.”

Bearbaiting was likewise once a diversion esteemed proper for royal personages, even of the softer sex. While the princess Elizabeth remained at Hatfield-House, under the custody of Sir Thomas Pope, she

was

was visited by queen Mary. The next morning they were entertained with a grand exhibition of *bear-baiting*, with which their highnesses were right well content. See Life of Sir Thomas Pope, cited by Warton in his History of English Poetry, Vol. II. p. 391.

STEEVENS.

Holinshed, with whose histories our poet was well acquainted, says "the *beare* is a beast commonlie hunted in the East countries." See Vol. I. p. 206; and in p. 226, he says, "Alexander at vacant times hunted the tiger, the pard, the bore, and the *beare*." Pliny, Plutarch, &c. mention bear-hunting. Turberville, in his *Book of Hunting*, has two chapters on hunting the *bear*. As the persons mentioned by the poet are foreigners of the heroick strain, he might perhaps think it nobler sport for them to hunt the *bear* than the *boar*. Shakspeare must have read the *Knight's Tale* in Chaucer, where are mentioned Theseus's "white alandes [grey-hounds] to huntin
"at the lyon, or the wild *bere*." TOLLET.

117. *Such gallant chiding*;—] *Chiding*, in this instance, means only *sound*. So, in *Henry VIII*.

"As doth a rock against the *chiding* flood."
Again, in *Humour out of Breath*, a comedy, by John Day, 1608:

"——I take great pride
"To hear soft musick, and thy shrill voice *chide*."
Again, in the 22d chapter of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

"——drums and trumpets *chide*." STEEVENS.

121. *My hounds are bred, &c.*] This passage has been imitated by Lee in his *Theodosius*:

“Then through the woods we chac’d the foaming
boar,

“With hounds that open’d like Thessalian bulls,

“Like tygers flew’d, and sanded as the shore,

“With ears and chests that dash’d the morning
dew.” MALONE.

122. *So flew’d,——*] Sir T. Hanmer justly remarks, that *flew’d* are the large chaps of a deep-mouth’d hound. Sir Arthur Golding uses this word in his translation of *Ovid’s Metamorphoses*, finished 1567, a book with which Shakspeare appears to have been well acquainted. The poet is describing Actæon’s hounds, B. III. p. 33. b. 1603. Two of them, like our author’s, were of Spartan kind, bred from a Spartan bitch and a Cretan dog:

“—with other twaine, that had a sire of Crete,

“And dam of Spart: th’ one of them called
Jollyboy, a grete

“And *large-flew’d* hound.”

Shakspeare mentions Cretan hounds (with Spartan) afterwards in this speech of Theseus. And Ovid’s translator, Golding, in the same description, has them both in one verse, *ibid.* p. 33. a.

“This latter was a hound of Crete, the other
was of a Spart.” WARTON.

122. *——so sanded,——*] *Sandy’d* means of a sandy colour, which is one of the true denotements of a blood-hound.

STEEVENS.

141. ——— *Saint Valentine is past;*] Alluding to the old saying, that birds begin to couple on St. Valentine's day. STEEVENS.

166. *Fair Helena in fancy following me.*] *Fancy* is here taken for *love* or *affection*, and is opposed to *fury* as before:

Sighs and tears poor Fancy's followers.

Some now call that which a man takes particular delight in, his *fancy*. *Flower-fancier*, for a florist, and *bird-fancier*, for a lover and feeder of birds, are colloquial words. JOHNSON.

So, in *Hymen's Triumph*, a Masque, by Daniel, 1628:

“With all persuasions sought to win her mind

“To *fancy* him.”

Again:

“Do not enforce me to accept a man

“I cannot *fancy*.”

STEEVENS.

169. ——— *is* ———] Omitted in the early edition.

MALONE.

170. ——— *an idle gawd,*] See before, act i. line 34. STEEVENS.

195. *And I have found Demetrius like a JEWEL,*

Mine own, and not mine own.] *Helena*, I think, means to say, that having found *Demetrius unexpectedly*, she considered her property in him as insecure as that which a person has in a *jewel* that he has found by accident, which he knows not whether he shall retain, and which therefore may properly enough be called *his own, and not his own*.

Hij

Helena

Helena does not say, as Dr. Warburton represented, that Demetrius *was like a jewel*, but that she had *found him, like a jewel*, &c.

A kindred thought occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“———by starts

“His fretted fortunes give him hope and fear

“Of what he has, and has not.”

The same kind of expression is found also in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“Where ev’ry something, being blent together,

“Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,

“Express, and not express.”

MALONE.

See also the REVISAL, p. 57.

197. *Are you sure,*

That we are awake?——] This passage, hitherto omitted, I have restored from the quarto, 1600.

STEEVENS.

215. ——*man is but a patch’d fool,*] The quarto, 1600, gives the passage thus: “But man is but *patch’d a fool*,” &c.

STEEVENS.

224. ——*at her death.*] He means *the death of Thisbe*, which is what his head is at present full of.

STEEVENS.

238. ——*a thing of nought.*] So, in *Hamlet*:

“Ham. The king is a *thing*——

“Guil. A *thing* my lord?

“Ham. Of *nothing*.”

See the note on this passage.

STEEVENS.

242. *made men.*] In the same sense as in the *Tempest*, any monster in England makes a man.

JOHNSON.

247. —*sixpence a day in Pyramus or nothing.*] Shakspeare has already ridiculed the title-page of *Cambyzes* by Thomas Preston; and here he seems to aim a personal stroke at him. Preston acted a part in John Ritwise's play of *Dido*, before queen Elizabeth at Cambridge, in 1564; and the queen was so well pleased, that she bestowed on him a pension of twenty pounds a year, which is little more than a shilling a day. Our poet, in the first part of *Henry IV.* has made Falstaff declare, that when he presented the prince's father, he would do it

"In King Cambyzes' vein." STEEVENS.

ACT V.

Line 2. THESE beautiful lines are in all the old editions thrown out of metre. They are very well restored by the later editors. JOHNSON.

8. *Are of imagination all compact:*] i. e. made up of mere imagination. So, in *As You Like It*:

"If he, *compact* of jars, grow musical."

STEEVENS.

10. *That is the madman: the lover, all as frantick,*] Such is the reading of all the old copies; instead of which, the modern editors have given us:

"The madman: while the lover all as frantick."

STEEVENS.

12. —in a fine frenzy rolling,] This seems to have been imitated by Drayton in his *Epistle to J. Reynolds on Poets and Poetry*: describing Marlowe, he says:

“ —that fine madness still he did retain,

“ Which rightly should possess a poet's brain!”

MALONE.

The powers of imagination were never more philosophically or poetically expressed than by Shakspeare in this description.—The word *habitation*, in line 17, will illustrate the poet's use of *inhabit* in *Macbeth*, which, in defiance of every thing like sense, has been changed to *inhibit*.

HENLEY.

26. *Constancy*;] Consistency, stability, certainty.

JOHNSON.

39. *Call Philostrate.*] In the folio, 1623, it is, *Call Egeus*, and all the speeches afterwards spoken by Philostrate, except, that beginning, “No, my noble lord,” &c. are there given to that character. But the modern editions, from the quarto 1600, have rightly given them to Philostrate, who appears in the first scene as master of the revels to Theseus, and is there sent out on a similar kind of errand.

In the *Knight's Tale* of Chaucer, Arcite, under the name of *Philostrate*, is 'squire of the chamber to *Theseus*.

STEEVENS.

41. *Say, what abridgment, &c.*] By *abridgment* our author means a dramattick performance, which crowds the events of years into a few hours. So, in

Hamlet,

Hamlet, act ii. he calls the players, "*abridgments, abstracts, and brief chronicles of the time.*"

Again, in *King Henry V.*

"Then brook *abridgment*; and your eyes advance

"After your thoughts——" STEEVENS.

44. —a brief,——] i. e. a short account or enumeration. So, in Gascoigne's *Dulce Bellum Inexpertis*:

"She sent a *brief* unto me by her mayd,"

STEEVENS.

44. One of the quartos has *rise*, the other old editions, *rife*. JOHNSON.

Rife is a word used both by *Sidney* and *Spenser*. It means abounding, but it is now almost obsolete. Again, in *Stephen Gosson's School of Abuse*, 1579: "——you shall find the theaters of the one, the abuses of the other, to be *rife* among us."

STEEVENS.

46. [*The. reads.*] This is printed as Mr. Theobald gave it from both the old quartos. In the first folio, and all the following editions, *Lysander* reads the catalogue, and *Theseus* makes the remarks.

JOHNSON.

54. *The thrice three Muses mourning for the death Of learning, &c.*] I do not know whether it has been before observed, that *Shakspeare* here, perhaps, alluded to *Spenser's* poem, entitled *The Tears of the Muses*, on the neglect and contempt of learning. This piece first appeared in quarto, with others, 1591. The oldest edition of this play now known is dated 1600. If *Spenser's* poem be here intended,

tended, may we not presume that there is some earlier edition of this? But however, if the allusion be allowed, at least it seems to bring the play below 1591. WARTON.

This pretended title of a dramattick performance might be designed as a covert stroke of satire on those who had permitted Spenser to die through absolute want of bread in the year 1598:—*late deceas'd in beggary*—seems to refer to this circumstance.

STEEVENS.
86. —*keen, and critical*] *Critical* here means criticizing, censuring.

So, in *Othello*:

"O, I am nothing if not critical." STEEVENS.

80. *Merry and tragical?*—] Our poet is still harping on *Cambyzes*.

76. —*unbreath'd memories*] That is, unexercised, unpractised memories. STEEVENS.

82. *Unless you can find sport in their intents,*] Thus all the copies. But as I know not what it is to stretch and con an intent, I suspect a line to be lost.

JOHNSON.

To intend and to attend were anciently synonymous. Of this use several instances are given in a note on the third scene of the first act of *Othello*. *Intents* therefore may be put for the object of their attention. We still say a person is intent on his business.

STEEVENS.

86. —*never any thing can be amiss,*

When simpleness and duty attend is.] Ben Jon-

son,

son, in *Cynthia's Revels*, has employed this sentiment of humanity on the same occasion when Cynthia is preparing to see a masque :

" Nothing which duty and desire to please,

" Bears written on the forehead comes amiss."

STEEVENS.

94. *Our sport shall be, &c.*] Voltaire says something like this of Louis XIV. who took a pleasure in seeing his courtiers in confusion when they spoke to him.

STEEVENS.

95. *And what poor duty cannot do,*
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.] In might, is perhaps an elliptical expression for *what might have been*.

STEEVENS.

97. *Where I have come, great clerks, have purposed, &c.*] So, in *Pericles*:

" She sings like one immortal, and she dances

" As goddess like to her admired lays;

" Deep clerks she dumbs."

It should be observed, *periods* in the text is used in the sense of *full stops*.

MALONE.

110. ———— *address.*] That is, ready. So, in *King Henry V.*

" To-morrow for our march we are *address.*"

STEEVENS.

111. [*Flourish of trumpets.*] It appears from the *Gull's Hornbook*, by Decker, 1609, that the prologue was anciently usher'd in by trumpets: " Present not yourselfe on the stage (especially at a new play) untill the quaking prologue hath (by rubbing) got cullor

cullor into his cheekes, and is ready to give the trumpets their cue that hees upon point to enter."

STEEVENS.

127. —on a recorder;——] Lord Bacon in his natural history, cent. iii. sect. 221, speaks of *recorders* and flutes at the same instant, and says, that the *recorder* hath a less bore, and a greater, above and below; and elsewhere, cent. ii. sect. 187, he speaks of it as having six holes, in which respect it answers to the *Tibia minor* or *Flajolet* of Mersennus. From all which particulars, it should seem that the flute and the *recorder* were different instruments, and that the latter, in propriety of speech, was no other than the *flajolet*. *Hawkins's History of Musick*, Vol. IV. p. 479.

REED.

Shakspeare introduces it in *Hamlet*; and Milton says:

"To the sound of soft *recorders*."

This instrument is mentioned in many of the old plays.

STEEVENS.

——but not in government.] That is, not regularly, according to the tune.

STEEVENS.

131. In this place the folio, 1623, exhibits the following prompter's direction. *Tawyer with a trumpet before them.*

STEEVENS.

142. To meet at Ninus' tomb, &c.] So, in Chaucer's *Legend of Thisbe of Babylon*:

"Thei settin markes their metingis should be,

"There king *Ninus* was graven undir a tre."

Again:

"And as she ran her *wimple* she let fall," &c.

STEEVENS.

146. ————*her mantle she did fall;*] Thus all the old copies. The modern editions read :—"she *let* fall," unnecessarily. *To fall* in this instance is a verb active, and occurs in *The Tempest*, &c.

STEEVENS.

150. *Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,*] Mr. Upton rightly observes, that Shakspeare in this line ridicules the affectation of beginning many words with the same letter. He might have remarked the same of

*The raging rocks
And shivering shocks.*

Gascoigne, contemporary with our poet, remarks and blames the same affectation. JOHNSON.

This alliteration seems to have reached the height of its fashion in the reign of king Henry VIII. The following stanza is quoted from a poem *On the Fall and evil Success of Rebellion*, written in 1537, by Wilfride Holme.

" Loe, leprous lurdeins, lubricke in loquacitie,
" Vah, vaporous villeins, with venim vulnerate,
" Proh, prating parenticides, plexious to pin-
nositie,
" Fie, frantike, fabulators, furibund, and fatuate,
" Out, oblatrant, obliet, obstacle, and obsecate.
" Ah addict algoes, in acerbitie acclamant,
" Magnall, in mischief, malicious to mugilate,
" Repriving your Roy so renowned and radiant."

In *Tusser's Husbandry*, p. 104, there is a poem of which every word begins with a T; and the old play entitled,

The

The Historie of the Two valiant Knights, Syr Clyomon Knight of the Golden Sheeld, Sonne to the King of Denmark; and Clamydes the White Knight, Son to the King of Suavia, 1599, is another remarkable instance of alliteration:

“Bringing my barke to Denmarke here, to bide
the bitter broyle

“And beating blowes of billows high,” &c.

STEEVENS.

170. *It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord.*] Demetrius is represented as a punster: I believe the passage should be read: This is the wittiest *partition*, that ever I heard *in discourse*. Alluding to the many stupid *partitions* in the argumentative writings of the time. Shakspeare himself, as well as his contemporaries, uses *discourse* for *reasoning*: and he here avails himself of the double sense; as he had done before in the word, *partition*. FARMER.

177. *And thou, O wall, O sweet,——*] The first folio reads:

And thou, O wall, thou sweet. MALONE.

183. *O wicked wall, &c.*] So, in Chaucer's *Legend of Thisbe*:

“Thus would thei saïne, alas! thou wicked wal,”

&c.

STEEVENS.

194. *——— knit up in thee.*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads: *knit now again*. STEEVENS.

200. *And like Limander, &c.*] Limander and Helen, are spoken by the blundering player, for Leander and Hero. Shafalus and Procrus, for Cephalus and Procris.

JOHNSON.

On

On the books of the Stationers-Company, October 22, 1593, is enter'd, "A booke entitled, *Procris & Cephalus*, divided into four parts." It has been already observed, that *book* was once the technical term for *play*. Shakspeare therefore might design to ridicule Chute's play on this subject. This poor author was the butt of Nash and other literary buffoons of his age.

STEEVENS.

210. *Thes. Now is the mural down between the two neighbours.*

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning.] This alludes to the proverb, "*Walls have ears.*" A wall between almost any two neighbours would soon be down, were it to exercise this faculty without previous warning.

FARMER.

The old copies read *moral*, instead of *mural*. Mr. Pope made the change.

MALONE.

220. *Here come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion.*] I don't think the jest here is either complete, or right. It is differently pointed in several of the old copies, which, I suspect, may lead us to the true reading, viz.

Here come two noble beasts—in a man and a lion.

Immediately upon Theseus saying this, Enter Lion and Moonshine. It seems very probable therefore, that our author wrote,

—*in a moon and a lion.*

the one having a crescent and a lanthorn before him, and representing the *man* in the *moon*; the other in a lion's hide.

THEOBALD.

I

Here

Here come two noble beasts in, a moon and a lion. I cannot help supposing that we should have it, a *moon-calf*. The old copies read a *man*: possibly *man* was the marginal interpretation of *moon-calf*; and being more intelligible, got into the text.

The *man in the moon* was no new character on the stage, and is here introduced in ridicule of such exhibitions. Ben Jonson, in one of his masques, called *News from the New World in the Moon*, makes his *Factor* doubt of the person who brings the intelligence. "I must see his dog at his girdle, and the bush of thorns at his back, ere I believe it."—"Those," replies one of the heralds, "are *stale ensigns o' the stage*."

FARMER.

I believe our author wrote

Here come two noble beasts; *e'en*, &c.

So, in *As You Like It*: "Here comes a pair of very strange beasts," &c. not—"here comes in——." See my note on *All's Well that Ends Well*, act i. "You are shallow, Madam, in great friends." MALONE.

226. *Then know, that I, one Snug the joiner, am]* Thus the folio, 1623, which likewise reads *a lion fell*. This not agreeing with the remainder of the speech, the modern editors have altered it into *no lion fell*. Had they consulted the quarto, 1600, it would have set them right:

"Then know that I, *as* Snug the joyner, am

"A lion fell, nor else no lyons dam." STEEVENS.

252. —*in snuff*.] An equivocation. *Snuff* signifies both the cinder of a candle, and hasty anger.

JOHNSON.

271. *Well mous'd, lion*] So, in an ancient bl. let. ballad on this story, entitled, *The Constancy of true Love, &c.*

“ And having *mused* thus the same

“ Thither he went whence first he came.”

Theseus means that he has well tumbled and bloody'd the veil of Thisbe.

STEEVENS.

276. ———glittering streams.] The old copies read *beams*.

STEEVENS.

The emendation by the Editor of the second folio.

MALONE.

288. *Cut thread and thrum* ;] *Thrum* is the end or extremity of a weaver's warp ; it is popularly used for very coarse yarn. The maids now call a mop of yarn a *thrum mop*.

WARNER.

So, in *Hannibal and Scipio*, 1637:

“ ———no rough pelt of *thrums*,

“ To fight with weather.”

Again, in Chapman's translation of the 16th Iliad :

“ And tapestries all golden fring'd, and curl'd with *thrums* behind.”

So in Howell's Letter to Sir Paul Neale, knt.

“ Translations * are like the wrong side of a Turkey

* This idea has been adopted by Howell from *Don Quixote* : “ —me parece, que el traducir de una lengua en otra, es como quien mira los tapices flamencos por el reverso, que aunque se ven las figuras, son llenas de hilos que las escurecen, y no se ven con la lisura y tez de la haz.” *Hilos* however, which Howell has rendered *thrums*, more properly signifies *floss*, *thread's ends*, or *fastenings*.

HENLEY.

carpet, which useth to be full of *thrums* and knots, and nothing so even as the right side." STEEVENS.

289. ———and quell1] To *quell* is to murder, to destroy. So, in the 12th pageant of the *Lusus Coventriae*, commonly called the *Corpus Christi Play*. MS. Cott. Vesp. D. viii.

"That he the lawe may here do,

"With stonys her to *quell*." STEEVENS.

314. —and *prove an ass*.] The character of Theus throughout this play is more exalted in its humanity than its greatness. Though some sensible observations on life, and animated descriptions fall from him, as it is said of Jago, *you shall taste him more as a soldier than as a wit*, which is a distinction he is here striving to deserve, though with little success; as in support of his pretensions he never rises higher than a *pun*, and frequently sinks as low as a *quibble*.

STEVENSON.
321. The first quarto makes this speech a little longer, but not better. JOHNSON.

The passage omitted is,—"He for a man, God warn'd us; she for a woman, God bless us."

STEVENSON.
340. Lay *them in gore*,] Mr. Theobald and Dr. Warburton instead of *lay*, read *lave*, but have no note to justify their alteration. STEEVENS.

352. A *Bergomask dance*,] Sir Thomas Hanmer observes in his *Glossary*, that this is a dance after the manner of the peasants of *Bergomasco*, a country in Italy, belonging to the Venetians. All the buffoons in

in Italy affect to imitate the ridiculous jargon of that people; and from thence it became also a custom to imitate their manner of dancing. STEEVENS.

353. —our company?] At the conclusion of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Beggar's Bush*, there seems to be a sneer at this character of *Bottom*; but I do not very clearly perceive its drift. The beggars have resolved to embark for England, and exercise their profession there. One of them adds:

"——— we have a course;———"

"The spirit of *Bottom* is grown bottomless:"

This may mean, that either the publick grew indifferent to bad actors, to plays in general, or to characters, the humour of which consisted in blunders.

STEEVENS.

368. —gait—] i. e. *passage, progress*.

STEEVENS.

372. In the old copies: *And the wolf beholds the moon*. As it is the design of these lines to characterize the animals, as they present themselves at the hour of midnight: and as the wolf is not justly characterized by saying he *beholds* the moon, which other beasts of prey, then awake, do: and as the sounds these animals make at that season, seem also intended to be represented, I make no question but the poet wrote:

And the wolf behowls the moon.

For so the wolf is exactly characterized, it being his peculiar property to *howl at the moon*. (*Behowl, as bemoan, bexcem, and an hundred others.*)

WARBURTON.

So, in *Marston's Antonio and Mellida*, where the whole passage seems to be copied from this of our author :

"Now barks the wolfe against the full-check'd moon,

"Now Lyons half-clam'd entrals roar for food,

"Now croaks the toad, and night-crows screech aloud,

"Flutt'ring 'bout casements of departing souls ;

"Now gape the graves, and thro' their yawns let loose

"Imprison'd spirits to revisit earth."

THEOBALD.

The alteration is better than the original reading ; but perhaps the author meant only to say, that the wolf gazes at the moon. JOHNSON.

I think, now the wolf *behowls* the moon, was the original text. The allusion is frequently met with in the works of our author and his contemporaries.

" 'Tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon," says he, in his *As You Like It* ; and Massinger, in his *New Way to pay Old Debts*, makes an usurer feel only

"As the moon is moved

"When wolves with hunger pin'd, howl at her brightness." FARMER.

The word *behold* was in the time of Shakspeare frequently written *behowld* (as I suppose it was then pronounced)—which probably occasioned the mistake.

It is observable, that in the passage in Lodge's

Rosalynde,

Rosalynde, 1592, which Shakspeare seems to have had in his thoughts, when he wrote in *As You Like It*—
 “ ‘Tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon ;”—the expression is found, that Marston has used instead of *behows*. “ In courting Phebe, thou *barkest* with the wolves of Syria against the moon.”
 See also Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. I. c. v. s. 30.

MALONE.

374. —*fordone*.] *i.e.* overcome. So, Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. I. c. x. s. 33.

“ And many souls in dolours had *foredone*.”

Again, in Jarvis Markham's *English Artadia*, 1607 :

“ —fore-wearied with striving, and *fore-done* with the tyrannous rage of her enemy.”

Again, in the ancient metrical Romance of *Sir Bevis of Hampton*, bl. let. no date :

“ But by the other day at none,

“ These two dragons were *fort-done*.”

STEEVENS.

389. I am sent, with broom, before,

To sweep the dust behind the door.] Cleanliness

is always necessary to invite the residence and the favour of fairies :

“ These make our girls their slutt'ry rue,

“ By pinching them both black and blue,

“ And put a penny in their shoe

“ The house for cleanly sweepings.” Drayton.

JOHNSON.

To sweep the dust behind the door is a common expression, and a common practice in large old houses; where

where the doors of halls and galleries are thrown backward, and seldom or never shut. FARMER.

391. *Through this house give glimmering light,*]
Milton perhaps had this picture in his thought:

"Glowing embers through the room"

"Teach light to counterfeit a gloom." Il Penseroso.

So Drayton:

"Hence shadows seeming idle shapes"

"Of little frisking elves and apes,"

"To earth do make their wanton 'scapes,"

"As hope of pastime hastes them."

I think it should be read:

"Through this house in glimmering light."

JOHNSON.

401. *Now until, &c.*] This speech, which both the old quartos give to Oberon, is in the edition of 1623, and in all the following, printed as the song. I have restored it to Oberon, as it apparently contains not the blessing which he intends to bestow on the bed, but his declaration that he will bless it, and his orders to the fairies how to perform the necessary rites. But where then is the song?—I am afraid it is gone after many other things of greater value. The truth is that two songs are lost. The series of the scene is this; after the speech of Puck, Oberon enters, and calls his fairies to a song, which song is apparently wanting in all the copies. Next Titania leads another song, which is indeed lost like the former, though the editors have endeavoured to find it. Then Oberon dismisses his fairies to the dispatch of the ceremonies.

The songs, I suppose, were lost, because they were not inserted in the players' parts, from which the drama was printed. JOHNSON.

412. *Nor mark prodigious, —*] *Prodigious* has here its primitive signification of *portentous*. So, in *King Richard III.*

“ If ever he have child, abortive be it,

“ *Prodigious*, and untimely brought to light.”

STEEVENS.

416. —*take his gate* ;] *i. e.* take his way, or direct his steps. So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. I. c. 8.

“ And guide his weary gate both to and fro.”

Again, in a Scottish Proverb :

“ A man may speer the gate to Rome.”

Again, in the *Mercer's Play*, among the Chester collection of *Whitsun Mysteries* :

“ Therefore go not through his cuntrey,

“ Nor the gate you came to day.”

STEEVENS.

419. Ever shall it *safely* rest,] This is an arbitrary deviation (first introduced by Mr. Pope) from the old copies, which read — *in safety*.

By printing the line thus :

“ *E'er* shall it in safety rest,”

any change becomes unnecessary.

MALONE.

424. [*Exeunt King, &c.*] Since the former part of this play was printed off, I have been informed that the originals of Shakspeare's *Oberon* and *Titania*, are to be sought in the ancient French romance of *Huon de Bordeaux*.

STEEVENS.

Mr.

Mr. Steevens's informer has left him short of the fact.—There is no notice of any MS. of *Huon de Bordeaux*, prior to the invention of printing; it may be presumed, therefore, to have been but little, if at all, anterior to that æra. The first edition is without date (a small folio); the second in quarto was printed in 1516. Though *Oberon* plays the most conspicuous part in this romance, he may, nevertheless, be further traced to the *Histories of Ogier of Denmark*, and *Isaiah the sorrowful*; the last of which was compiled (probably, for the entertainment of our Henry I. whilst he kept his court in Normandy) between the years 1110 and 1120, by Rusticien de Puisse, from the British chronicles of S. Graal, &c. HENLEY.

433. —————*unearned luck*] i. e. if we have better fortune than we have deserved. STEEVENS.

434. *Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,*] That is, if we be dismissed without hisses. JOHNSON.

So, in J. Markham's *English Arcadia*, 1607:

"But the nymph, after the custom of distrest tragedians, whose first act is entertained with a *snaky salutation*, &c. STEEVENS.

438. *Give me your hands*——] That is, Clap your hands. Give us your applause. JOHNSON.

439. [*Exit.*] Of this play there are two editions in quarto; one printed for Thomas Fisher, the other for James Roberts, both in 1600. I have used the copy of Roberts, very carefully collated, as it seems, with that of Fisher. Neither of the editions approach

to

to exactness. Fisher is sometimes preferable, but Roberts was followed, though not without some variations, by Heminge and Condel, and they by all the folios that succeeded them. JOHNSON.

THE END.

